April 25, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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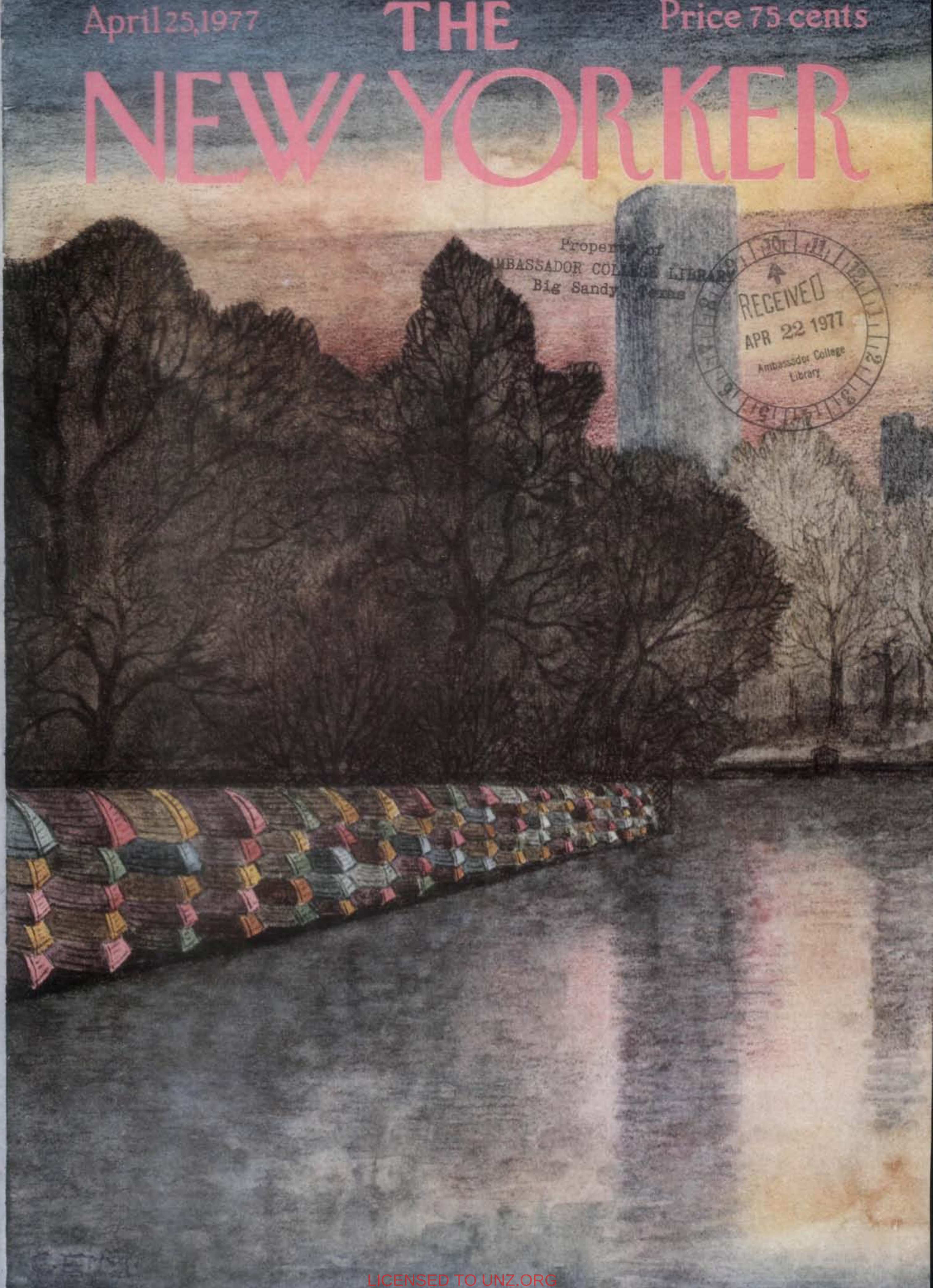

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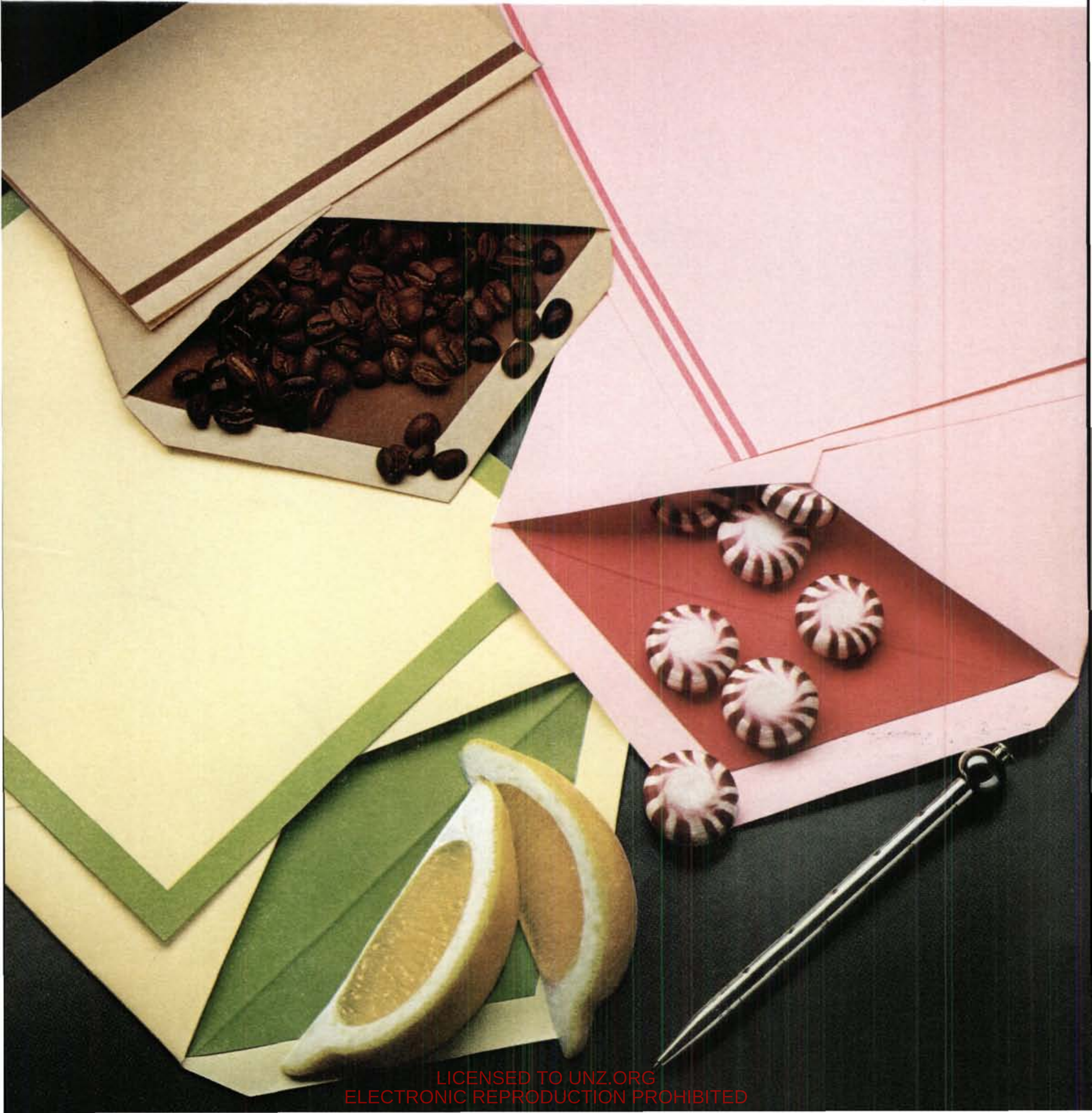

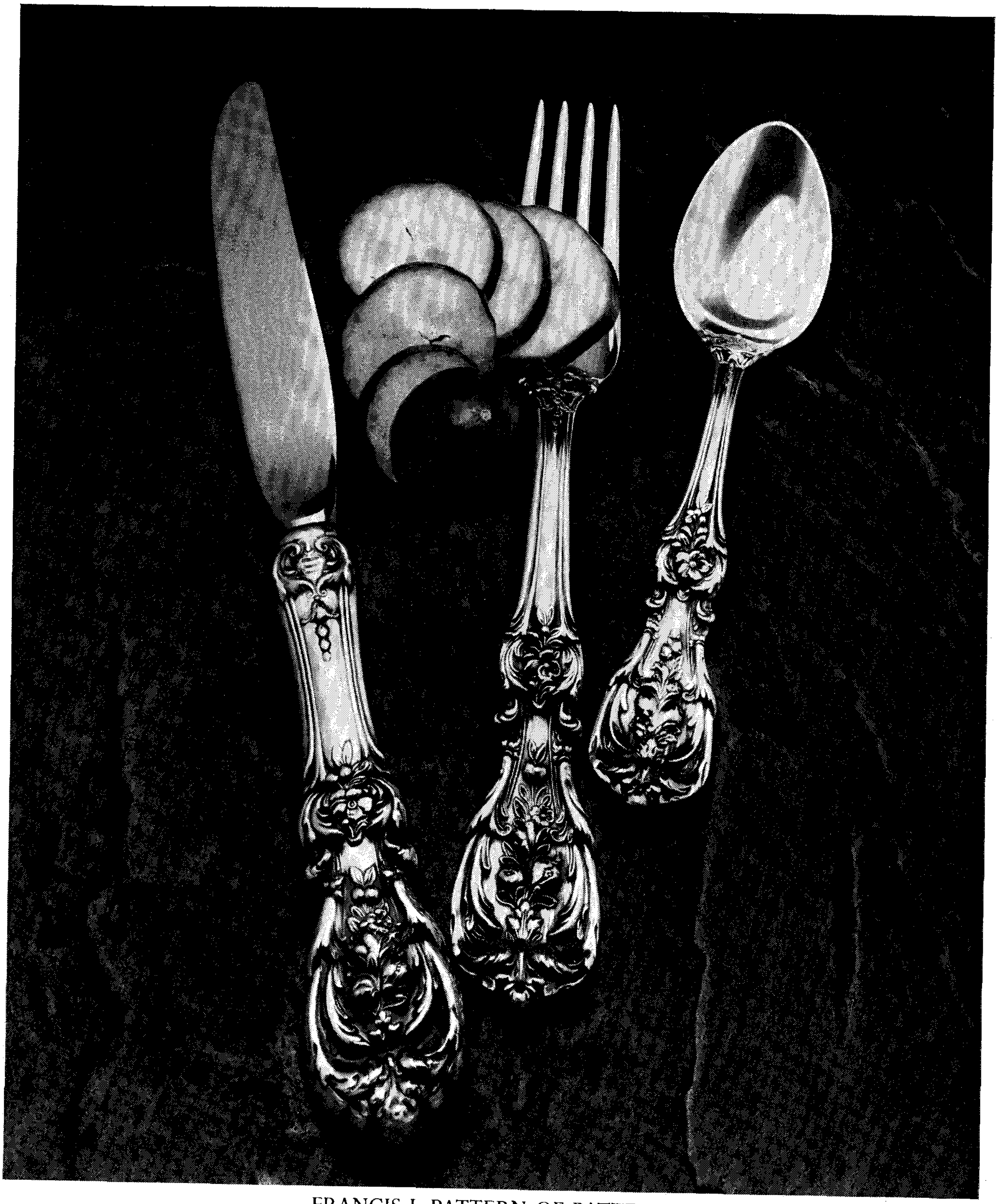

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Three Neanderthal creeps in Chicago fail to pull off a heist. David Mamet's synthetic rough language is ably spoken by Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anna Christie—A clumsy early work by O'Neill, which provides a vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (It did the same for Garbo in her first talkie.) Also in the cast are Robert Donley, Mary McCarty, and John Lithgow. José Quintero directed. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—A musical based on the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie," with a book by Thomas Meehan, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Martin Charnin. Andrea McArdle is in the title role. Directed by Mr. Charnin. Previews Wednesday, April 20. Opens officially on Thursday, April 21. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A seven-week engagement of the Theatre Company of Boston's revival of David Rabe's play, starring Al Pacino. David Wheeler is the director. Previews through Saturday, April 23. Opens officially on Sunday, April 24. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cold Storage—Most of the action of Ronald Ribman's comedy about suffering takes place on the roof of a hospital, and most of the funniest lines are delivered, with masterly skill and relish, by Martin Balsam, as a terminal-cancer patient. With Paul Sparer and Michael Lipton. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dirty Linen—A sometimes comic but never witty finger exercise by Tom Stoppard. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Endgame—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Joseph Kesselring's comedy **Arsenic and Old Lace** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel again playing Tevye, a part he originated shortly after the Civil War. An excellent production of a syrupy musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

The Great MacDaddy—This revival, the second offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Charles Weldon, in the title role, and Graham Brown, Frankie R. Faison, and Barbara Montgomery, among others. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hagar's Children—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable evening, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the

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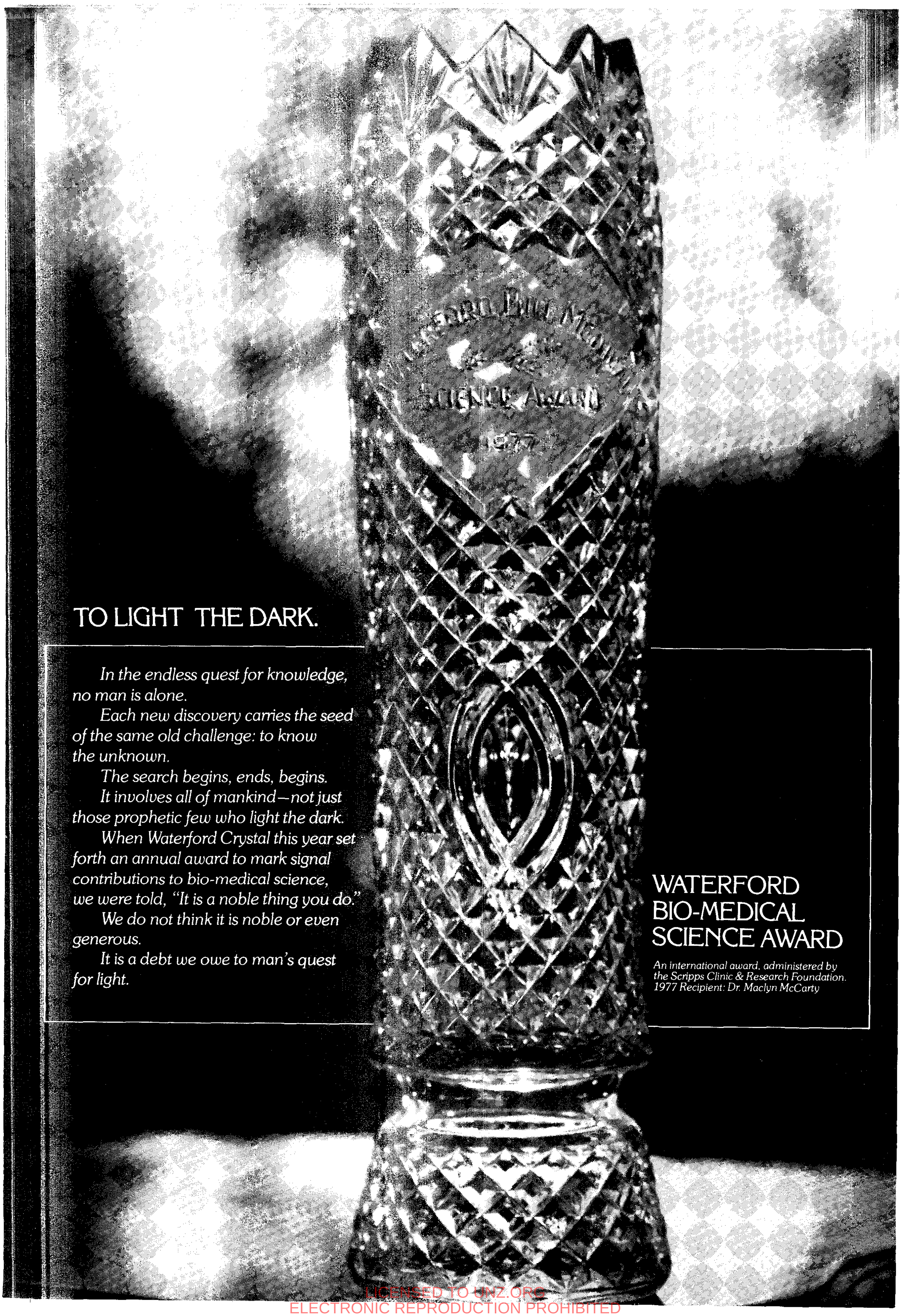

TO LIGHT THE DARK.

In the endless quest for knowledge, no man is alone.

Each new discovery carries the seed of the same old challenge: to know the unknown.

The search begins, ends, begins.

It involves all of mankind—not just those prophetic few who light the dark.

When Waterford Crystal this year set forth an annual award to mark signal contributions to bio-medical science, we were told, "It is a noble thing you do."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Meryl Streep and Christopher Lloyd in Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill's musical, adapted by Michael Feingold. Previews through Sunday, April 24. Opens officially on Monday, April 25. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ladies at the Alamo—Paul Zindel's harsh comedy about five ambitious women seeking to retain their places in the pecking order. Estelle Parsons heads the superb cast. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Worth a king's ransom ($453,271,645). (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

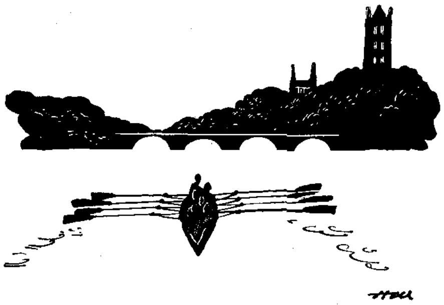
Monsters—Two one-acters. William Dews' "Side Show" is a harsh Grand Guignol comedy about a pair of Siamese twins, cleverly played by Robert Drivas and Richard De Fabees. Albert Innaurato's "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie" is about a hugely fat boy and, later, man who is "eating himself to death" to the bafflement and disgust of his unloving family. James Coco gives the performance of his career in the title role, and Rosemary De Angelis is wonderful, too, as Benno's sharp-tongued, embittered mother. The play, while not for the squeamish, is both funny and tragic. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Tom Courtenay stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Forty years of amusing songs and satiric takeoffs, by two youthful stars. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Romeo and Juliet—A difficult play to do justice to. This production, directed by Theodore Mann, gives the play solidity at the expense of its singing quality. Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright are the doomed lovers. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Patricia Elliott, and Joyce Ebert. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An entertainment made up of Stephen Sondheim's music (mostly) and lyrics. Imported from London with the original cast—Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, David Kernan, and Ned Sherrin, who also directed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 21, at 2.)

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starting Here, Starting Now—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music), as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

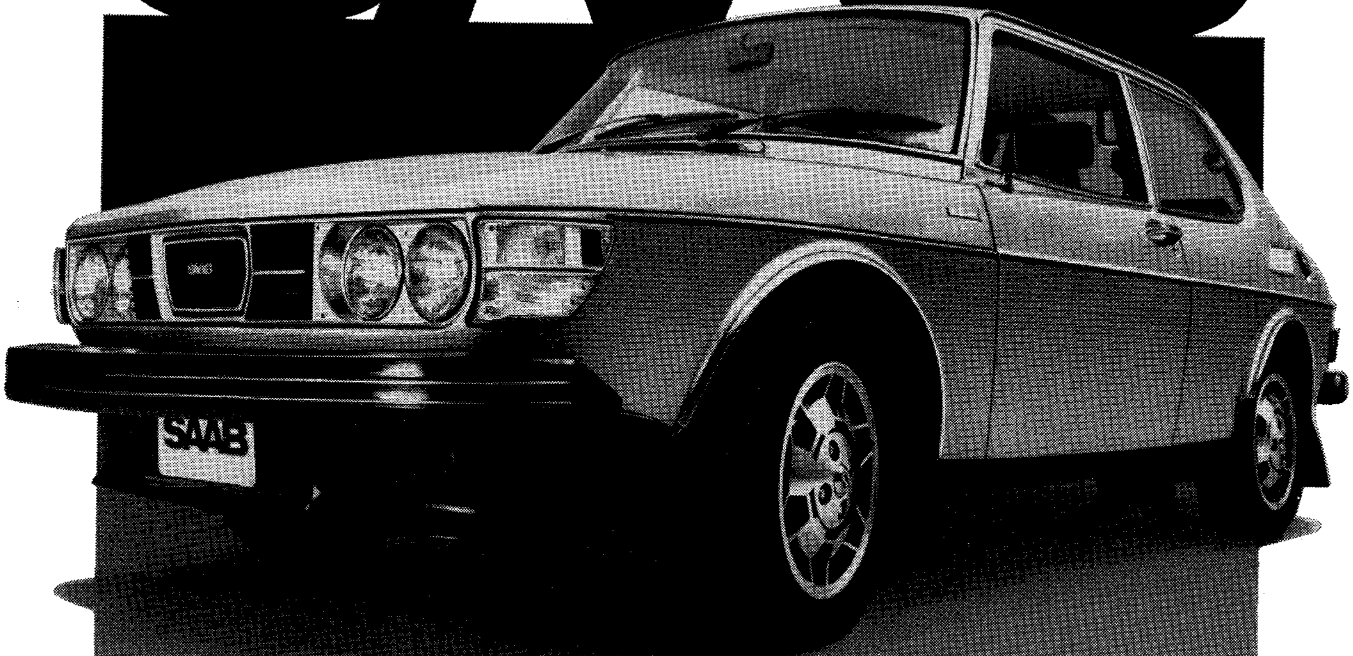
Statues, Exhibition, and **The Bridge at Belharbour**—Three two-character, one-act plays by Janet Neipris. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

Théâtre de la Ville—This company from Paris, appearing here for the first time, in a thirteen-performance engagement of Giraudoux's play "La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu" (known here as "Tiger at the Gates"). With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Anny Duperey, and José-Maria Flotats; directed by Jean Mercure. Opens Wednesday, April 20, and will run through Saturday, April 30. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,073 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is

SAAB



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Double Lane Change (Time)	☑	2.36 (SEC)	☐	2.43 (SEC)
Double Lane Change (Speed)	☑	69.3 (MPH)	☐	67.3 (MPH)
Slalom 75' Spacing (Speed)	☑	45.8 (MPH)	☐	44.4 (MPH)
Braking				
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BROADWAY IN CONCERT—Richard Kiley in **KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY** (book and lyrics by Maxwell Anderson and music by Kurt Weill), the second in a series of three musicals in concert form. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday through Friday evenings, April 20-22, and Monday evening, April 25: "La Bayadère," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, April 23: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 26: "Shadowplay," "Firebird" (company première), "Grand Pas Classique," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 27-28: "Shadowplay," "Firebird," "Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Friday evening, April 29, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 30: "La Sylphide" and "Push Comes to Shove." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30; Saturday, April 30, at 8; and Sunday, May 1, at 2 and 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Serenade," and "The Moor's Pavane."... ¶ Wednesday, April 27, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 28-29, at 8: "Concerto Grosso," "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "Allegro Brillante," and "From Gentle Circles" (première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, April 20, and Thursday matinée, April 21: "Choreographic Offering," "Phantasmagoria," and "The Green Table" (company première).... ¶ Thursday evening, April 21: "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "The Shakers," "Landscapes," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Friday evening, April 22: "Ritmo Jondo," "The Wingèd," and "The Emperor Jones."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 23: "Psalm," "The Wingèd," and "The Emperor Jones."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 23: "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "The Shakers," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Psalm." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

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JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—"Argot," excerpts from "The Spirit of Denishawn," and "Four Temperaments." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, April 27-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 2 and 7:30.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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ILLINOIS JACQUET (Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. 755-1640. Through Saturday, April 23, from ten to two-thirty.)—There are two unique and beautiful things about Jacquet—his name and his sound on the tenor saxophone. His tone stems from Ben Webster and Herschel Evans, but it has its own richness and texture. It is the kind of sound one would like to rent for the summer or hang on a wall or wear. Jacquet, a small, spry man, has recently taken up the big bassoon, on which he also gets a remarkable timbre, although he occasionally mumbledy-fums it while getting around its difficult keys. His group is made up of **MILT BUCKNER**, who helped invent the "locked-hands" (parallel-octaves) piano style in the early forties (unfortunately, he is playing only organ at Storyville), a loose drummer named George (Dude) Brown, and a young guitarist named Gray Sargent, who has studied Charlie Christian and Charlie Parker microscopically. The fare is largely blues and ballads, and the group, just back from a European tour, jives around a lot during and between numbers.

JIMMY ROWLES (Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. 228-6440. Weeknights from ten.)—Jazz musicians are often considered instant poets: hook on the saxophone strap, tighten the reed, fill the lungs, and, lo—an epic. But they are even more vulnerable than poets, who at least can fight the lyric fight in private. So we must attend sharply when a particular musician suddenly seems to have it all together. Witness Jimmy Rowles, who will be here through April. He stirs us in every number, be it "Charade," "Good Bait," "Mean to Me," "That's All," "The Day You Came Along," or "Over the Rainbow." There, in surprising admixture, are the Euterpean single-note lines, which come from deep within the house and are gone before they are fully registered; the double-time dashes; the sly, leaping harmonies; and the humor and taste and intelligence. A visit to Rowles is all the more essential in that it now looks as if—mystery of mysteries—he may never be properly recorded. The extraordinary **GEORGE MRAZ**, on bass, is partly responsible for Rowles' tonic condition.

RONNY WHYTE (Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. 628-3333. Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven to midnight.)—Whyte (handsome, dapper, easygoing) is a first-class cabaret singer. His voice and resonant delivery resemble Bobby Short's, his diction sparkles, and he is a creditable accompanist and jazz pianist. He favors the sort of songs that have fallen by the wayside or been dropped from shows on opening night or have landed on the cutting-room floor. A typical Whyte program: Rodgers and Hart's "Johnny One-Note," Irving Berlin's "Puttin' on the Ritz," Cole Porter's "Don't Monkey with Old Broadway," Dietz and Schwartz's "I Love You So," Kay Swift's "Sawing a Woman in Half," Noël Coward's "Nina," and Rube Bloom and Johnny Mercer's "Here's to My Lady." Whyte is working in the bar at Les Mareyeurs, a seafood house, and it is rough going. The room, which fronts on Madison Avenue, is small and roaring, and it is to his credit that he nonetheless makes his songs ring and float and shine.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the most engaging experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. **PHILLY JOE JONES**, who is best known for his work with Miles Davis in the fifties, and who is still a robust drummer, leads his quartet, Grand Prix, through Saturday, April 23; on Tuesday, April 26, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will bring in his sextet. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

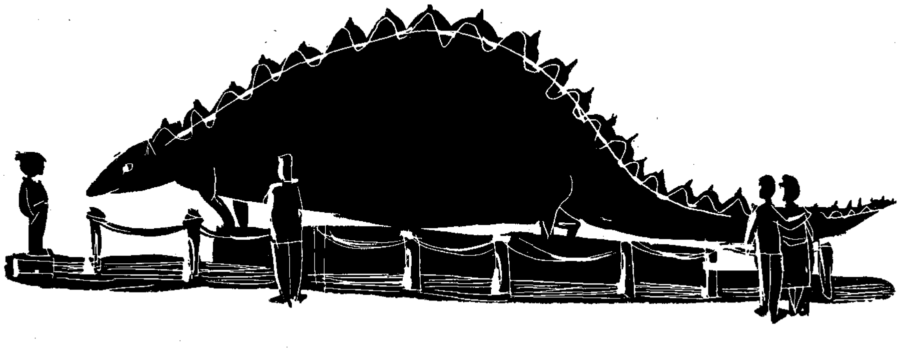
BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—that may be too small for giving a ball but is just the right size for an intimate cabaret. **BABY JANE DEXTER** is a trumpeting, growling contralto, whose sins and virtues come in an equal mix. Reshaped and redirected, she could move easily down the swinging path that Janis Joplin was aimed at. Her accompanists—**BILL SCHNEIDER** on piano, **JOHN CARUSO** on bass, and **CHRIS ADAMS** on drums—are excellent. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

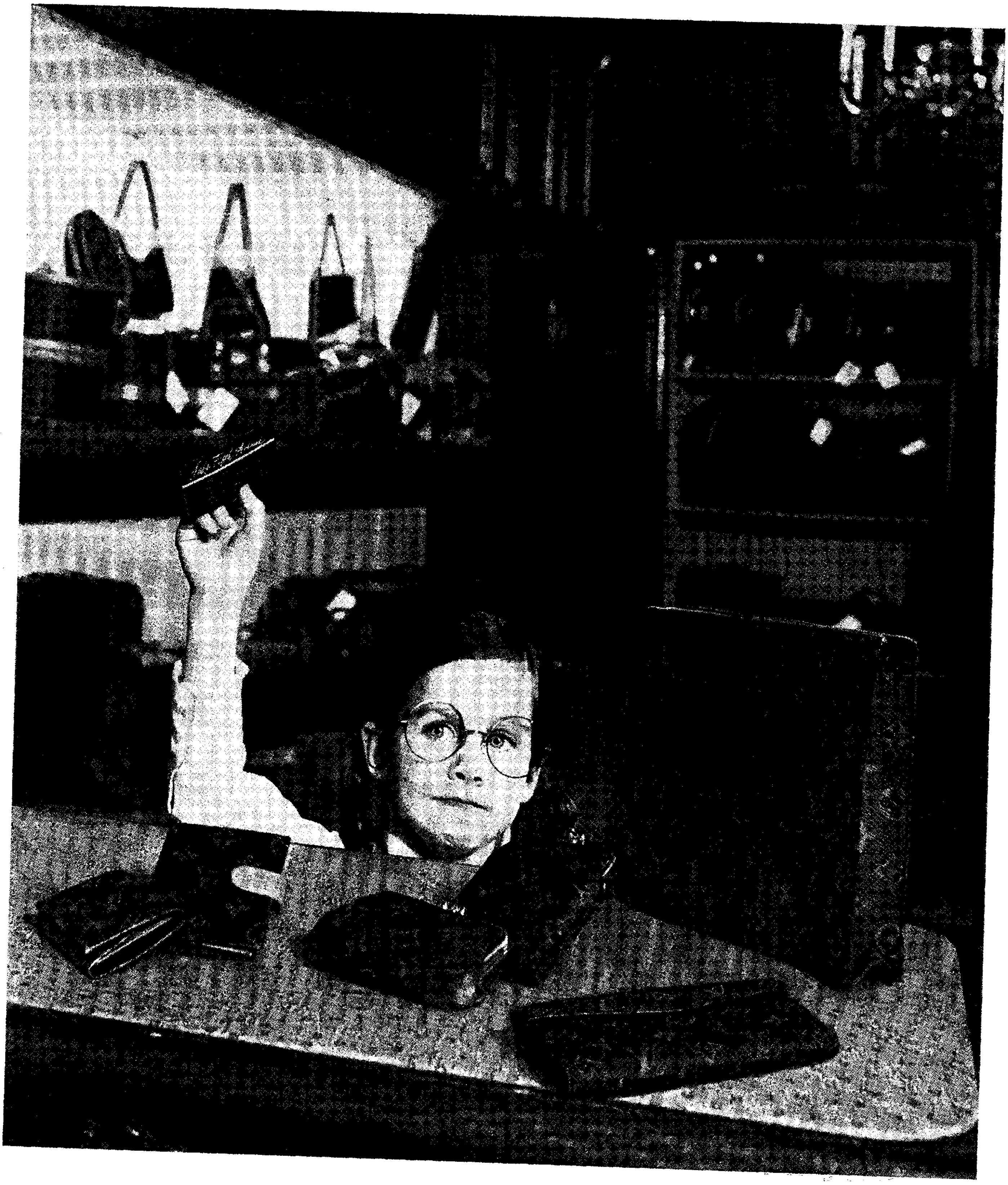
BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in fine musicians to play in its cocktail lounge. The management puts them in the picture window on Fifth Avenue to lure in patrons, and the strategy is successful. The current window occupant is pianist **SAMMY PRICE**, who used to lead the Texas Blusicians (a recording-studio group from the forties that included Lester Young), and who remains the pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908). Through Saturday, April 23. Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30, pianist **DICK HYMAN** and bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will perform. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Pianist Sonelius Smith's trio is here on Wednesday, April 20; Thursday through Saturday, April 21-23, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** will head up a quintet; on Tuesday, April 26, Taksim, a Middle Eastern jazz group, will perform; and on Wednesday, April 27, saxophonist George Adams will arrive with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: singer, guitarist, and songwriter Elliott Murphy performs fine, sturdy rock with his band on Wednesday, April 20; Thursday through Sunday, April 21-24, keyboard jazz-rock activist George





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What I will buy is: The Caretaker for $68. The Cigarette Case for $45. The Coin Purse for $25. The Identification Case—(do you think Mummy know who she is?) Well anyway it's $25. Certainly the Cosmetic Case for $45. and, en plus, a Key case for $22. How I will pay is: Charge and send it thank you very much. Nanny's much tooooooooo tired to cope. Louis Vuitton Collections.

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Duke will lead his band; on Monday and Tuesday, April 25-26, folkie Eric Andersen will be present; on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, saxophonist Ronnie Laws will head up his group; and on Friday, April 29, **STUFF**, a two-year-old, New York-based two-drum and two-guitar stellar rhythm-and-blues sextet, will begin a three-night visit. Originally calling itself the Encyclopedia of Soul, the band—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummers **STEVE GADD** and **CHRIS PARKER**—played for more than a year before enthusiastic, knowing audiences uptown at Mikell's. The members of Stuff met or heard about each other through their various recording-studio affiliations; Dupree and Tee used to back Aretha Franklin and the late King Curtis; Gale is a longtime studio man; and Gadd has probably turned up on more records in the last couple of years than any other musician. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark time panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **JIMMY ROWLES** (see above) and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** are here weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON**, the restrained, elegant pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does wonderfully by himself, too. He's in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. On Wednesday, April 20, the Ramones run through their loud, simple, and short-beyond-belief oeuvres. On Thursday, April 28, Television, one of the more music-oriented, as opposed to image-oriented, bands that play here, will come in. The quartet's leader, Tom Verlaine, says his main influences are Ravel, Albert Ayler, and the Rolling Stones' tune "19th Nervous Breakdown." Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** and her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, are present Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER**, *the* Kansas City blues shouter, has come back for an extended stay, and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, who should be seen by all Otis Spann partisans, and guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, April 26, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will sit in with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 24, pianist **JOHN BUNCH'S** trio will perform opposite guitarists **MARTY GROSZ** and **WAYNE WRIGHT** from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-five-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. Sunday, April 24, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** performs with tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thirty. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Pianist Monty Alexander leads a trio through Saturday, April 23; on Monday, April 25, tenor-saxophone hero of the mainstream, **STAN GETZ**, will arrive with his quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**PEE WEE ERWIN**, filling in for Roy Eldridge until Saturday, April 23, joins resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone for Tuesday-through-Saturday-night sessions. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MC ALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dinner.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE** (see above) is here Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven to midnight.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO**, the father of the vibraharp, is the paterfamilias to a quartet—it comprises pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD**—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. On Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will lead his occasionally exotic-sounding quintet—one of Hamilton's charts could be used to score an epic desert movie. On Wednesday, April 27, guitarist **JOE BECK**, who sounds more and more like Cornell Dupree lately, will bring in his R.& B.-inspired band. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The Alessi Brothers, a rock band co-piloted by twins, is here through Sunday, April 24; on Wednesday, April 27, the **DEADLY NIGHTSHADE**, a fine, heavily amplified country trio—acclaimed by feminists, college students, and good old boys alike—will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook is here singing standards and hits from her Broadway past Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. Dining. Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female-impersonator, performs Saturday nights from two.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, informal below-stairs room. **ILLINOIS JACQUET** (see above) and his trio are here through Saturday, April 23. Tuesday, April 26, will begin a week-long tribute to Duke Ellington, with tap dancer Chuck Green and trombonist Matthew Gee heading the list of performers. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS**, pianist, composer, and guru to twelve young associates, guides his disciples through highly percussive arrangements. Music from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **RICHARD SUDHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, **SAM PARKINS** on tenor saxophone, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar, **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS**, pianist and leader, has charge of a twelve-part aggregation; Wednesdays and Thursdays, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads up a nonet; and on Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and trumpeter **DANNY STILES** work with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **CHARLIE MARIANO** is on hand through Saturday, April 23, performing with keyboardist Mike Nock's quartet; on Sunday and Monday, April 24-25, John Scofield, a rising guitarist, will lead a quartet that includes drummer Billy Cobham; and on Tuesday, April 26, **JOE PUMA** will team up with **ZOOT SIMS**. The hours are from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—Singer Helen Schneider winds up her stay on Saturday, April 23. Sunday through Tuesday, April 24-26, **MILLSENBLUM**, an off-beat, engaging young singing and songwriting duo, which has played Bombay, Boston, and Boiceville (in the Catskills), will perform at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, new-jazz giants pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and saxophonist **ANTHONY BRAXTON**, who can both bend steel with their bare hands, will trade sets. On Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, Taylor will alternate with Charles Earland, an electronic-keyboard-funk player. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. **BETTY CARTER**, a tightrope-walker of a singer, finishes up on Sunday, April 24; on Tuesday, April 26, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will begin a stint here with his quintet. Trumpeter **DANNY STILES** will round up seventeen ablebodied studio colleagues to play on Monday, April 25. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays are given over to four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and a trio; and Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for **EARLE WARREN**, Paul Quinichette, Jo Jones, Jr., and other Countsmen. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

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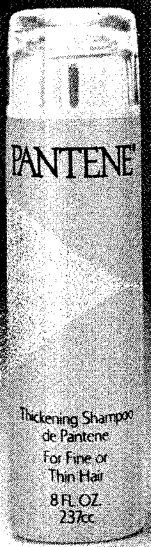

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2-4536) will be **BHASKAR—DANCES OF INDIA** on Wednesday, April 20, at 5:45.

Loft Jazz—New music and new jazz in Spartan surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (677-9728). Wednesday, April 20: **CLIFFORD JORDAN**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21: **BILLY LYLES**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 22: **DIZZY REESE ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23: **GENIE SHERMAN**. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 24: **LEWIS MCMILLAN**. . . . ¶ Monday, April 25: **GIL COGGINS TRIO**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 26: **MARTY COOK**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 27: **SPIRIT OF LIFE ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28: **RAY ANDERSON AND THE PEOPLE**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29: **GEORGE V. JOHNSON, JR.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30: **MARVIN BLACKMAN**. (Performances weeknights at 8 and Sundays at 4.)

Steve Allen—With Terry Gibbs and his orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, April 22, at 8.)

Teddy Pendergrass—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 22, at 8.

Loudon Wainwright III—With Mose Allison. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, April 22, at 8.)

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Mike Brecker. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

Jazz Sisters—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, April 24, at 2, 3, 4.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Jack Lawrence) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 24, at 8.)

Nana Mouskouri—Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesday, April 26, at 7:15; Wednesday through Friday, April 27-29, at 8; Saturday, April 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 1, at 3.

Frank Sinatra and Robert Merrill—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Peter Allen—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, April 28, at 8.

Rod McKuen—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8.

Anthony Braxton, Joseph Jarman, and Roscoe Mitchell—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:30.

Weather Report and **Al DiMeola**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 30, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Garland Jeffreys and **Tony Bird**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Bernard and François Baschet—The flowerlike petals of these large stainless-steel sculptures serve as sounding boards for their various glass and metal sonic devices, which give off astonishing chords when rubbed or strummed. Through Saturday, April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—Large figurative paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Learmonth, 178 E. 72nd St.)

Gretna Campbell—Summery landscapes of the deep Maine woods, and wintry ones of the New Jersey hills, by an artist who struggles, with considerable success, to hold on to her first fleeting vision of her chosen subject. Through Saturday, April 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Janet Culbertson—Paintings and drawings of the Galápagos Islands and their enormous indigenous tortoises. Through Thursday, April 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Large, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. The artist is a Montenegrin now resident in Paris. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alix Deonna—Surrealist drawings. Through May 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William F. Draper—Realist landscapes of Guatemalan jungles, South Carolina swamps, the Machu Picchu ruins in Peru, mountain villages in Ecuador, and the rolling mountains of Ireland. Through Saturday, April 23. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Large oil-based acrylic color-field paintings (the largest is just under twenty-four feet long and eight and a half feet high), in which boulders of strong color seem to be caught in some cataclysmic upheaval. Through Thursday, April 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Günter Grass—Etchings by the German novelist. Through May 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Philip Guston—New paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Lily Harmon—Works that combine collage and painting. Through Saturday, April 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Heliker—Still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors (some with figures). Through May 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Large, restful landscapes of the Vermont countryside, with occasional views of the Connecticut River. Through Thursday, April 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

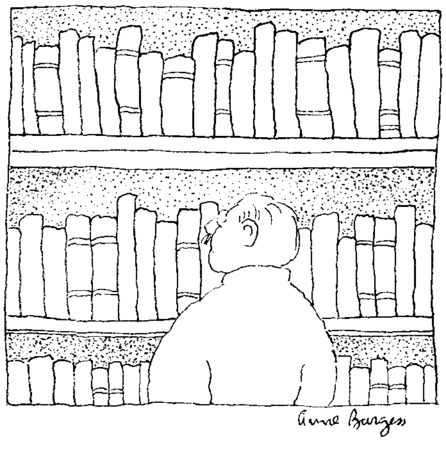
Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Old-fashioned oils and watercolors by an Australian-born painter who studied in Paris and London and settled down in this country to do his urban landscapes and his scenes of Maine harbors teeming with tall sailboats. Through May 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Donald Mallow / Guy Bardone—Outsize, super-realist watercolors done in and around Blue Hill, Maine; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 23. / The Jura Mountains in summer and winter and other landscapes, plus still-lifes. Through May 7. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Small constructions, uniformly eight inches by eleven, in wide white frames; also collages of heavy oiled paper, combined with burlap and wide strokes of heavy vinyl paint. Through Saturday, April 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—Landscape paintings made up of large blocks of primary colors. Through Saturday, April 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Heavily painted watercolors and brush drawings, mostly of nightmarish birdlike creatures, by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through May 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)



Morteza Sazegar—Large paintings based on the grid principle. Through Saturday, April 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Ten vigorous drawings and a number of lithographs, all depicting American-Indian subjects. Through Saturday, April 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Sharpe—Squiggles, dots, and short parallel rows of clear color make up these imaginary landscapes seen from imaginary airplanes and set down in oils or watercolors. Through Saturday, April 23. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Helen Soreff / Stanley Lindowasser—Abstract paintings and drawings in which horizontal lines, varying in thickness along their length, appear like slashes in their neutral backgrounds. / Two walls of a gallery room and its floor are covered with three grids made up of cords painted in patterns of bright colors. Through Saturday, April 23. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Moses Soyer (1900-74)—Small paintings, including four self-portraits. Through Saturday, April 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Marina Stern / Sidney Laufman—Realist paintings of industrial plants. / Recent landscapes of Sarasota, Florida. Through May 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Tucker—Three large abstract sculptures, one of them a menacing wooden structure, like a mine entrance, plus abstract drawings, by a British artist now resident in Canada. Through Wednesday, April 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21. . . . **CARLTON**, 127 E. 69th St.: Collage paintings by four artists: Donald Windham, Arthur Gibbons, Howard Hussey, and Abby Karp. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: "Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age," comprises more than eighty works by Wyndham Lewis, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, Jacob Epstein, and others. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . **EX LIBRIS**, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St.: A sampling of drawings, illustrated books, photographs, and other works by Russian Constructivists (Malevich, Moholy-Nagy, Berman, among them) and by comparable artists in other countries. Through May 13. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a dozen twentieth-century artists ranging from Matisse to Willem de Kooning. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Three American realists—Louis Black, who works in ink wash on board; Michael Filmus, who does landscapes, primarily in charcoal and pastel; and Robert Kipniss, whose landscapes are in oil and pencil. Through May 7. . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A selection of works, including some by stars of the early days of this magazine, among them Mary Petty, Peter Arno, James Thurber, and Ralph Barton. Through May 14. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current exhibit includes a splendid Modigliani portrait (of green-eyed Marie Vasilieff), a colorful Vlaminck landscape, and a small wooden Calder stabile done in 1943, when all our metal was going into arms. Through May 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Alden Mason and Jon Friedman and collages by Maureen McCabe. Through Saturday, April 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: About ninety works make up a show that is a benefit for and on loan from the University of Rochester's art gallery. Included are paintings (by El Greco, Ingres, Luks, and others), medieval sculptures, and decorative objects. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Models for proposed greatly enlarged works by, for instance, Christo (a miniature Whitney Museum all trussed up in

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tarpaulins), George Sugarman (a cutout in colorful composition board of a proposed cabaña), Louise Nevelson (a freestanding construction), and—this one already in its intended size—a Cleopatra's Needle by Muriel Castanis, who works in lace stiffened by a resinous solution. Through Saturday, April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Bill Barrell / Peter Dean—Mythological figures and situations are the starting point for many of the fresh, lighthearted oils by this artist. / Psychedelic subject matter and clamorous colors are characteristic of this artist's compositions, which are full of rampaging beasts and human figures as well as imaginative symbols. Through Tuesday, April 26. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Botkin—Collages of cut up and painted fabric applied to board. Through Saturday, April 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Bernard Chaet—Still-lifes in oil of items from the kitchen utility drawer, as well as of fruits and vegetables, by an artist who was the resident realist at the Yale School of Art when it was otherwise wholly committed to abstract works. Through Saturday, April 23. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Roy De Forest—Wildly fanciful paintings in which dogs, foxes, rabbits, horses, and occasional people are depicted in flat, sharply contrasting colors. Also drawings and a construction. Through Friday, April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Piero Dorazio / Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings characterized by broken bands of color. / Small geometric sculptures on pedestals. Through Wednesday, April 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A new series of painted-paper collages, entitled "Théâtres de Mémoire," in which every inch of the large panels is filled with his well-known hollow-eyed figures and doodles. Through Saturday, April 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Expressionist still-lifes and landscapes. Through May 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Bill Haendel / Barbara Smukler—Mr. Haendel, working with raw, handmade paper before it dries and hardens, molds objects from it—a shirt and some socks on a clothesline, for example—or uses the pulp to make three-dimensional papier-mâché figures, mostly of First World War doughboys. / Mrs. Smukler works in acrylics on large, unsized canvases, laying down vertical strands of color that vary in width and intensity as they go, forming a pulsating screen over the whole surface. Through May 7. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Semi-abstract oil paintings, some on canvas and some on paper, in several of which dolls and other toybox figures are the basis of her lively and vividly colorful compositions. Through Saturday, April 30. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—In addition to his characteristic studies of circus people—acrobats, clowns, defiant-looking women liontamers—this exhibition, consisting largely of works never shown before, includes a number of landscapes and still-lifes. Through May 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Paul Linfante / Grégoire Müller—Pastel representations of apples, and self-portraits. / Etchings. Through Tuesday, April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Lorber—Painstakingly realistic oil paintings of basketry and of groups of slender twigs. Through Thursday, April 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Carlos Mérida—Cubist paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 30. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Frank Metz / Ruth Eckstein—Oils and watercolors of the eastern Long Island wetlands and the rocky beaches of the Bay of Fundy. / Small abstract works combining *frottage* and collage, and prints. Through Thursday, April 28. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Claire Moore—Collage drawings in which anecdotes are spelled out in printed words (the way it's done in ransom notes), emended holographically, and sometimes illustrated with line drawings. Through Friday, April 22. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Horace Pippin (1888-1946)—A retrospective of the powerful primitive paintings by this black artist from Pennsylvania. A benefit exhibition. Through Saturday, April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rodney Ripps—Large three-dimensional works that combine painting and sculpture. Through May 14. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Deborah Remington—Abstract works that seem to be based on emblems and heraldic devices and are painted in rich, vibrant colors twice; she allows the first effort to dry and then goes back over it again. Through Saturday, April 30. (Hamilton, a new gallery at 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Paintings done over the past twenty-odd years by this French-Canadian abstractionist, who sometimes lays on plaques of paint that resemble mosaics, sometimes piles it on like a Howard Johnson sundae, and sometimes seems to have picked up the dribble stick where Jackson Pollock dropped it. Through May 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Robbins—Blurred images of motorcyclists hurtling along, drawn (sometimes in color) by an artist whose aim is to catch the visual quality of speed. Through Saturday, April 23. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—A dozen pieces by this pioneer in found-metal sculpture, these dating from 1956 to the present. Through Saturday, April 23. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Sun discs and Memphite tomb entrances are the basis of a new series of abstract paintings done with stains and reflecting the artist's memories of a stay in Egypt. Through May 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

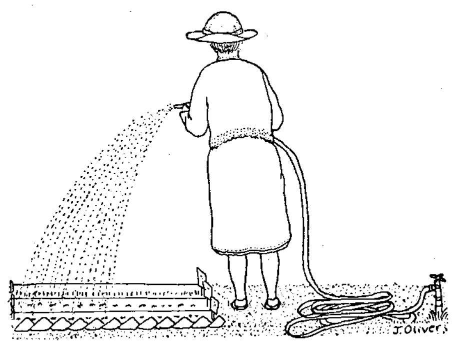
Susan Wilmarth—Abstract oil paintings in which panels of rich, dark color, polished off with beeswax, are relieved by a row of bright, hard-edge rectangular windows near the top. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, April 30. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Minimal paintings by three generations of artists, among them Mondrian, Newman, and Rockburne. Through May 7. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Antonio Berni—Large and rather garish paintings by a South American artist who often puts real clothes, collage style, on the figures he paints, adds three-dimensional busts to his painted nudes, and strews his backgrounds with found objects—flattened beer cans, Coca-Cola signs, straw mats. His main theme is the cruelty of life. Through May 7. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Chris Britz / Cork Marcheschi—Big canvases that have been fixed to selected areas of building walls and sprayed with an acrylic airbrush, so that the effect of a rubbing is achieved, showing every brick, doorway, window, electric outlet, and so on in a veiled, shadowy monotone. Through May 4. / Electrical and neon displays, in most of which the viewer steps on a pedal and watches electricity jumping the gap between wires and causing weird lighting effects. Through Thursday, April 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)



Alan Cote—Abstract canvases in which a kind of abbreviated latticework is prominent. Through May 11. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Robert Cumming—Whimsical pieces, including a tiny upright piano, about three and a half inches long, with a man standing inside the back of it; a set of huge steel pen points, two of which serve as abdominal armor for a nude couple shown in a photograph ("Pen Pals" is its title); and a swarm of metal mosquitoes housed in an exquisitely finished case. Through May 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Antonio Gaudí (1852-1926)—A loan show of the remarkably delicate architectural drawings (for palaces, residences, fountains, piers, and so on) by this eccentric and imaginative Spanish genius whose church, still under construction in Barcelona, is one of the wonders of the architectural world. Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Sandra Gross / Brian Kazlov—Large abstract paintings in which a rough-hewn grid pattern is worked out in a tough acrylic, achieving the sort of scarred-plaster texture one sees on the interior walls of wrecked buildings. / This artist uses industrial dyes mixed with acrylics to create a metallic paint which he pours onto diamond- or kite-shaped canvases and touches up later with a brush. Through Saturday, April 30. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—"298 Circles," an environmental work of thirty-one-and-a-half-inch discs painted in graduated shades of white and suspended from the ceiling just about down to the viewer's hips, so that wading through them is like walking into one of Monet's lily ponds. Through Saturday, April 30. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Pat Lasch—Small works on muslin, each consisting of a small photograph of a member of her family bordered by hand-painted doily-like patterns. Through Wednesday, April 27. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

John Lees—Neo-Impressionist oils, some of studio interiors and some of them depicting streams in which one suddenly catches sight of a speckled trout. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 23. (Thorp, 139 Spring St.)

Noel Mahaffey / Dorothy Handelman—Large superrealist paintings that comment on the conflict raging on Times Square and Piccadilly Circus between neon incandescence and the pitch-black dark of night. / A lyrical account, in printed words and small, allusive photographs, of a romance that starts abroad and moves in gentle stages across this country. Through Saturday, April 23. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

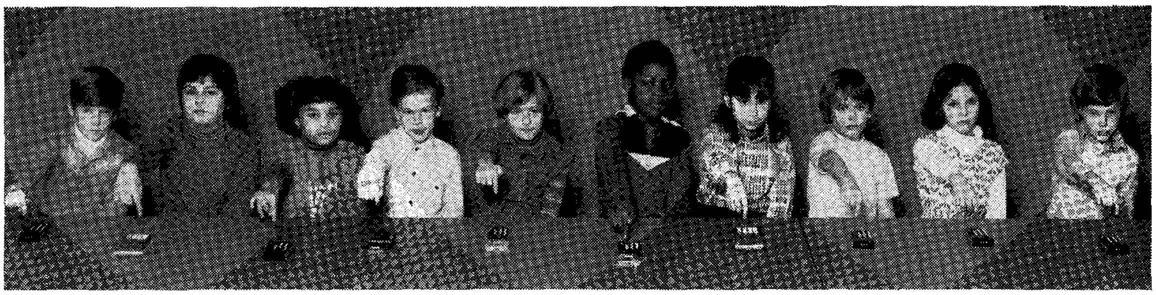
Robert Rauschenberg—A number of shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. A double exhibit of new works starts Saturday, April 23, at Castelli and Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Prints, handmade-paper works, two clay sculptures, and other objects. Through May 14 at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Silk screens through May 27 at Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.

Peter Saari / Tony King—Mr. Saari makes what appear to be fragments of Etruscan architecture, with remnants of fresco ornamentation, and sets them on mockups of ancient cornices and entablatures. / Large canvases divided into two sections—the upper one a photographic image printed directly on the linen, and the lower one a painted simulation of deeply carved wood panelling. Through Saturday, April 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Stone—Huge sculptures (the largest is thirty feet long and eight feet high) consisting of thick Plexiglas and aluminum sheets cut into geometric shapes. Through Saturday, April 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

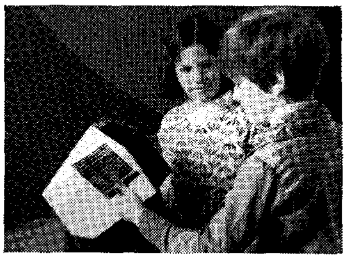
Jack Tworkov—New paintings in which one of the senior New York artists works out fresh geometrical progressions. Through May 5.

Reading, writing, and what?

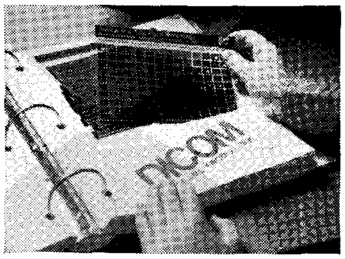


Just in case on some grim day in their future they push the buttons and nothing happens, "math skills" are still taught in the third grade.

Right or wrong, modern pedagogy refrains from recommending flogging for incorrect answers in arithmetic. The modern pedagogue, a kindly person who first eliminates boredom, inattention, and plain naughtiness as explanations of the error, seeks to spot some misconception of principle. Just where is the break in the chain of concepts?

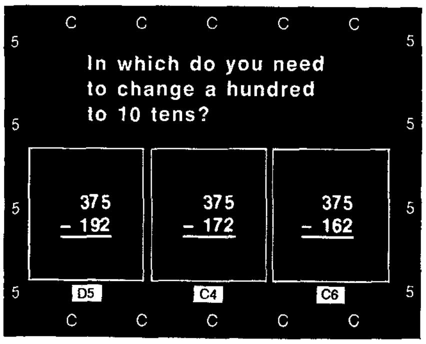


To help answer, a diagnostic method worked out with Educational Testing Service* of Princeton, N.J. is being introduced across the country. Now join the third grade and pay attention:



Your friend Sylvester is initiating you. Sylvester claims he breezed right through the 4th blue microfiche. He explains that when you finish you see a frog with the number 7, which you write down and hand in to Mrs. Brown. So you take out the 4th blue microfiche, put it in the reader, turn on the light inside, and shift the microfiche to Row A, Column 1.

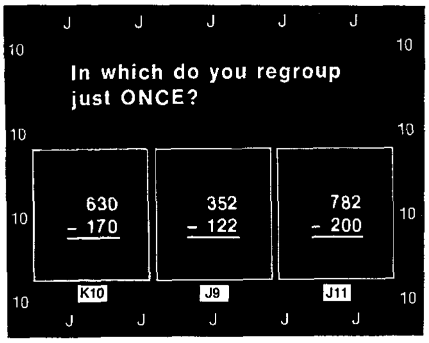
- At A-1 you are told to shift to B-1.
- There, if you are quite sure that 1 hundred = 10 tens, you are directed to C-1.
- Easy choice. You know that 1 hundred, 3 tens = 13 tens, so you go to C-2.
- This one is tricky. 4 hundreds, 2 tens does not = 42, nor is it the same as 5 hundreds, 12 tens. Deciding that it is the same as 3 hundreds, 12 tens, you now go to G-2 and from there to a lot of easy subtractions.
- Now at C-5 you are confronted with this:



In which do you need to change a hundred to 10 tens?

375 − 192 | 375 − 172 | 375 − 162

- You are getting a little bored and make a quick decision for C-4, which leads you to more subtraction. They get harder, but you are paying good attention now. Then at J-10 comes this horrible question:



In which do you regroup just ONCE?

630 − 170 | 352 − 122 | 782 − 200

- Is it J-11?

At J-11, which is also about regrouping, you are guessing again. You guess K-8 which turns out to be the frog. You're done! When you report the frog's number to Mrs. Brown her key will tell her that you understand enough about subtraction to regroup tens as ones, that that's more than Sylvester understands, but that you fail to recognize whether regrouping is required once or twice. Tomorrow, during individual-project time, she will enlighten him and then get you out of your own, slightly higher-level hangup.**

If you care for more enlightenment about DICOM Programs from Kodak (which call not for a computer terminal but for a Kodak Ektalite reader, obtainable for around $100), please so inform Dept. 55Y, Kodak, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Kodak

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*Which also writes and administers the Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SAT).

**Never mind that your grandfather would probably also exit at Frog 8. He didn't learn to regroup either. He called it "borrowing," but in those days kids had to learn arithmetic instead of mathematics.

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(Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Helene Valentin—Columns of unstretched canvas to which many layers of paint have been applied, plus other works. Through Saturday, April 23. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Margaret Wharton—This carpenter-artist takes chairs apart, does surprising things to them, and puts them back together in a metamorphic manner. One exception is a chair that has been sawed into nine lesser chairs, the last one being a spindly thing with matchstick-size members. Through Saturday, April 30. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Kes Zapkus—Large oil and acrylic paintings organized around a grid. Through May 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Joyce Cole, Fred Gutzeit, and Carol Haerer. Through May 7. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bob Lobe—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Liz Phillips—What the artist calls a sound sculpture—the sound being produced when viewers pass sound-activated radio fields and when stop lights change in the vicinity of the show (thanks to a telephone hookup with the Department of Traffic). Through Saturday, April 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Beatrix Potter (1866-1943)—A comprehensive exhibit of original works, including studies of plants and insects and portraits of her pet animals. Many of the works have not been seen in this country before. Through May 14. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Works in a variety of mediums by artists associated with the gallery, including Faith Bromberg, Kate Helsy, and Herbert Kallem. Through Wednesday, April 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—At **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Nine artists who make small works exclusively, among them Donna Dennis, Michael Hurson, and Tony Berlant. Through Friday, April 22. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: Louise Bourgeois, Lila Katzen, Rosemary Mayer, and eleven other artists. Through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

Fine Arts Building, 105 Hudson St.—**SRAGOW** is showing fragile wall constructions and drawings by Jody Shields. Through Saturday, April 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **ARTISTS SPACE** is showing two installations by Michael Brewster, one being a large, dim room in which an ominous electronic hum impinges on the space, thereby shaping it and justifying its classification as sculpture; the other is a smaller room in which those with 20-20 audition can hear a tiny cricket chitter. Through Saturday, April 23. . . . **FINE ARTS BUILDING GALLERY** is showing printed works by a German theoretician named Hans-Peter Feldmann. Through Saturday, April 23. . . . **PRETTO** is exhibiting a sort of rebus by the Conceptualist John Baldessari consisting of two sets of photographs representing each letter of the alphabet—"Z" is a zipper, for example, and "U" is some discarded underwear. Through May 3. (Opens at 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Fifty vintage photographs of turn-of-the-century Paris. Through May 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Mark Feldstein—Sharply defined black-and-white prints of urban sights. Through Saturday, April 30. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Pablo Monasterio—Landscapes in Mexico and France, along with still-lifes and interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 30. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Wright Morris—Photographs from his entire career. Through Saturday, April 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through May 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Milton Rogovin—Portraits of people in Chile, Appalachia, and Buffalo. Through Friday, April 22. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Stephen Shore—Color photographs of city streets, storefronts, and suburban landscapes. Through Saturday, April 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roman Vishniac / Philip Trager—The Jewish ghettos of pre-Second World War Kraków, Warsaw, and other East European cities figure in a show of more than a hundred photographs. Also color prints of images transmitted by a microscope. / View-camera photographs of Connecticut architecture. Through Saturday, April 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: More than a hundred vintage prints from the Julien Levy collection, including works by, among others, Atget, Gertrude Käsebier, and George Platt Lynes. Starts Friday, April 22. . . . ¶ William DeLappa is showing four series of photographs reminiscent of old family albums. Through May 8. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. Some have been exhibited before. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from Russian peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg. Through May 17. (Complementary shows are at Blum-Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.; Getler-Pall Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.; and, starting Saturday, at Leo Castelli and Sonnabend Gallery, both at 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The centerpiece of Robert Irwin's retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and photographs is a gauzy fabric stretched the length of the fourth floor (the partitions have been removed) and suspended from the ceiling to eye level. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on New York life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through Sunday, April 24. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Lewis W. Hine. Through May 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A small slide and photographic exhibit about the career of the museum's laureate anthropologist, Margaret Mead. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Furniture and decorations from the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and eight of these articles have been lent to the museum for this show. Architectural drawings and sketches fill out the exhibition. Through May 22. . . . ¶ A show of architectural drawings of nineteenth-century Berlin. Through Friday, April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through Sunday, April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Snow boots from Denmark, raincoats from Japan, wedding decorations from Mexico and Poland. No joints. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Speeches, letters, diaries, and photographs pertaining to the social and intellectual history of American women. On loan from the Smith College archives. Through May 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459,

Maybe you shouldn't have taken a bath last night.

If you have dry skin,

don't spend an hour soaking in a sudsy hot tub. Many dermatologists say those long sudsy soakings can take out too much of your skin's natural moisture. And actually leave it drier after bathing than before.

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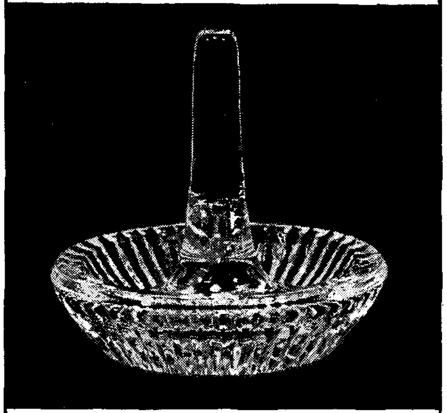

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 20, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Sharon Daniels, Henry Price, James Billings, Richard McKee, Alan Baker, and Howard Hensel; conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Puli Toro, Gaetano Scano, and Thomas Jamerson; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Friday, April 22, at 8: "Trilogy," consisting of three short operas in English—"The Impresario," with Patricia Brooks, Syble Young, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, Edward Pierson, Will Roy, Charles Roe, William Ledbetter, and David Griffith; and "Carmina Burana," with Elizabeth Haley, Abram Morales, and Charles Roe. Manuel Rosenthal conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 24, at 1: "Trilogy"—"The Impresario," with Patricia Brooks, Syble Young, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 24, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Victoria Vergara, Pablo Elvira, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Will Roy; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 26, at 8: "Trilogy"—"The Impresario," with Patricia Brooks, Syble Young, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Thomas Jamerson; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8: "Lily," with Susan Belling, Joy Blackett, Geanie Faulkner, Sandra Walker, Victoria McCarty, Ara Berberian, George Shirley, and Benjamin Matthews; Leon Kirchner. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8: "Trilogy"—"The Impresario," with Gwenlynn Little, Paula Seibel, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Haley, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with RoseMarie Freni, Richard Taylor, Philip Steele, Charles Roe, Harlan Foss, and Melvin Lowery; and "Carmina Burana," with Melvyn Novick and Thomas Jamerson. Manuel Rosenthal conducting both. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Verdi's "Falstaff." Staged by Tito Gobbi, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Sixten Ehrling. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, April 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, April 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Neville Marriner conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 21, at 8:30; Friday, April 22, at 2; Saturday, April 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting a varied program on Thursday, April 28, at 8:30; Friday, April 29, at 2; Saturday, April 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 3, at 7:30 (all with Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore).

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Silvia Marcovici, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 25, at 8.)

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Betty Jones, soprano; RoseMarie Freni, mezzo-soprano; John West, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing a semi-staged performance of Puccini's "Turandot." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

Municipal Concerts Chamber Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting. (St. Jean the Baptiste School Auditorium, 173 E. 75th St. Sunday, April 24, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, April 24, at 2:30, with William Whitehead, organ. . . . ¶ Congregation Shaare Zedek, 212 W. 93rd St. Sunday, April 24, at 7:30; no soloists.) No tickets necessary for either concert.

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series, this one with the Concord String Quartet; Joseph Celli, English horn; and Kirk Nurock's Natural Sound Group. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, April 29, at 8.)

Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum—F. John Adams directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 8.)

"Elijah"—James Frazier, Jr., directing the Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra in a benefit performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio, with the Cathedral Choir of Zion Baptist Church, in Philadelphia; the Boys Choir of Harlem; Josephine Morris, soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, contralto; John Carpenter, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone; and Jonathan Battles, treble. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Werner Torkanowsky directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Jane Bryden, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Charles Bressler and Lance Vining, tenors; and Raymond Murcell, bass. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 25, at 8.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, April 30, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music from England and France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 20-21, at 8, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 22, at 8; no assisting artists. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Misha Dichter, piano; and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Brahms program. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Janet Steele, soprano; the

New York String Quartet; Joe Passaro, percussion; and Parnassus. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 22, at 8, a program entitled "Music in the New World, Part I." . . . ¶ St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 24, at 2:30, a program entitled "The Four Faces of Orlando di Lasso.") Tickets for either concert at the door on the day of the concert.

Andrew Rangell—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 23, at 2:30.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Alain Planes—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 30, at 8, the last in a series of recitals by Mr. Starker.)

Music from Stony Brook—The last in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by Julius Levine, bass; David Glazer, clarinet; Martin Canin and Gilbert Kalish, pianos; Arthur Weisberg acting as bassoonist and conductor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichordist, assisted by three harpsichordic colleagues (Edward Brewer, Mary Jane Newman, and Judith Norell), winding up a series of programs presenting the cycle of Bach concertos for that instrument. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 2:30.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 3.)

Virgil Fox—Organ and harpsichord, in the second of two all-Bach concerts entitled "The Bach Gamut." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, April 24, at 5. For information about tickets, call 541-4623, weekdays between noon and 5.)

Eugene List—Piano, in a recital postponed from March 23. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 25, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Elias Tanenbaum, Francis Thorne, and others. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, April 25, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Daniel Heifetz—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 26, at 8.)

Sung-Ju Lee—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 26, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—The last in a series of recitals of piano music of France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Ko Iwasaki and Staffan Scheja—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—The second of two programs, this one devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music and dance, with the Baroque Dance Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

York Winds—A wind quintet from Canada. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The LaSalle Quartet; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode, piano, and Charles Wadsworth, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 5.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday and Thursday, April 20-21, at 2. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday, April 29, at 8, and Saturday, April 30, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, April 22, at 8:05; Saturday, April 23, at 2:05; and Sunday, April 24, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Montreal, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 26-27, at 8:05.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, April 23.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 30.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta; Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 30.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 23, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 30.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Dallas. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, April 24, at 1:35. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: New York Apples vs. Seattle-Portland. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Thursday, April 28, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Diane Wakoski reading from her own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Denise Levertov reading from her own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Saturday, April 23, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Kenneth Koch reading from his own works. (College Parlor, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Tuesday, April 26, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—The twentieth national benefit exhibition will include such items as ecclesiastical garments stitched in a stained-glass effect; a Winnie-the-Pooh Christmas stocking; and needlework done by Betty Furness, Dina Merrill, Tammy Grimes, Renata Scotto, Ethel Merman, and Henry Fonda. Through Wednesday, April 27. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

Greek and Byzantine Coins—The Robert F. Kelley collection of more than a thousand coins, including a Byzantine gold solidus offering the earliest known coin depiction of Jesus, minted by the Emperor Justinian II at the end of the seventh century, and a gold coin with the likeness of Alexander the Great. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 21, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings by such artists as Winslow Homer, Childe Hassam, and Rembrandt Peale; from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, April 22, at 2: American-Indian art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2: French furniture, porcelains, clocks, and decorations; from the collection of Dr. Annella Brown. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 27, at 2: Chinese Export porcelains, from the collection of Edgar William Garbisch and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 23. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including glass and watercolors; from the Garbisch collection. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 22.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 24, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 21: "Harlan County, U.S.A."
From April 22: "Providence."

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702)
April 20: "Not a Pretty Picture."
April 21-27: "Images" and "Bad Company."
From April 28: "Alice in the Cities."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 26: "The Last Tycoon."
From April 27: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport '77."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 28 (tentative): "Audrey Rose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through April 26: "The Late Show."
From April 27: "Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Wizards."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Welcome to L.A."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 23: "Man on the Roof."
From April 24: "Jacob the Liar."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Annie Hall."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beast" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 28 (tentative): "Airport '77."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 28 (tentative): "Rocky."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 27: "The Wonderful Crook."
From April 28: "The Wild Duck."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 26: "Silver Streak."
From April 27: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Demon Seed."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 28 (tentative): "Network."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Islands in the Stream."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Audrey Rose."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rocky."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 28 (tentative): "Fun with Dick and Jane."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 26: "Network."
From April 27: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Demon Seed."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Bound for Glory." From April 27 (tentative): "The Late Show."
Theatre 3: "Little Orphan Sammy" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "Islands in the Stream."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through April 27: "The Littlest Horse Thieves."
From April 28: "The Sting."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 26: "Silver Streak" and "Mother, Jugs & Speed."
From April 27: "A Star Is Born."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 23: "Providence."
From April 24: "Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wizards."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Late Show."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Demon Seed."
Theatre 2: "Islands in the Stream."
Theatre 3: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 20: "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."
From April 21: "Chinese Roulette."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 26: "The Last Tycoon" and "The Tenant."
From April 27: "The Late Show" and "St. Ives."

REVIVAL HOUSES

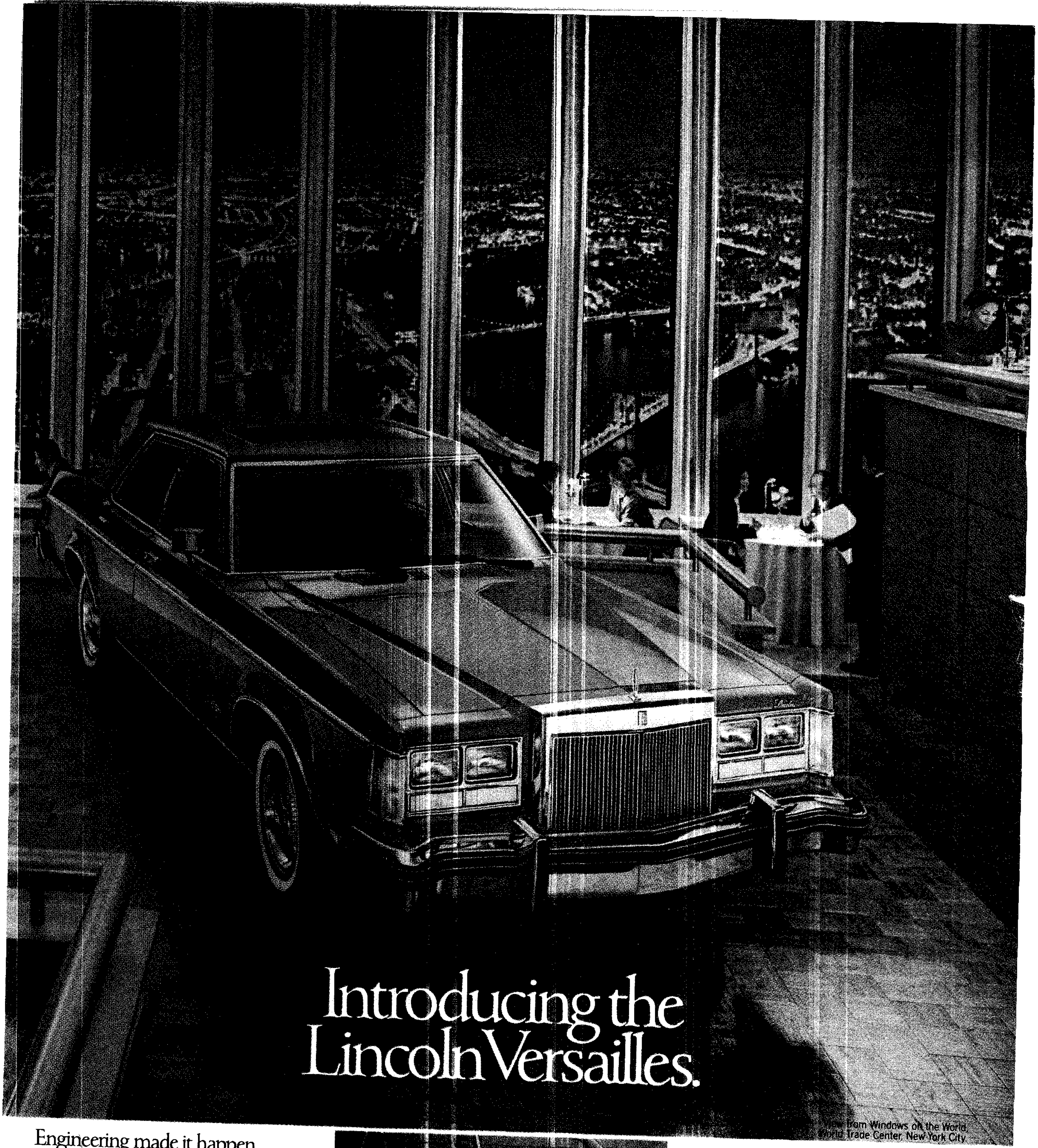
(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 20: "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Giulio Brogi; and "Partner" (1969), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Pierre Clémenti, Stefania Sandrelli, and Tina Aumont.
April 21: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; and "The Spider's Stratagem."
April 22: "Hour of the Wolf" (†); and "The Exterminating Angel."
April 23: "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson; and "Hour of the Wolf." (†)
April 24: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna."
April 25: A program of two films from Iran.
April 26: "Black Roots" (†) and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†)
April 27: "La Chinoise" (†) and "A Letter to Jane." (†)
April 28: "The Middle of the World" (1975), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Philippe Léotard and Olimpia Carlisi; and "La Chinoise." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 20: "What Price Hollywood" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Gregory Ratoff; and "The Actress" (1953), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, Teresa Wright, Anthony Perkins, and Kay Williams.
April 21: "Just Before Nightfall" (1971), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, François Périer, and Anna Douking; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.
April 22: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant.
April 23: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll." (†)
April 24: "Lola Montès" (†); and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
April 25: "Murder at the Gallop" (†) and "The Detective." (†)
April 26: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (†) and "A Pain in the A . . " (†)
April 27: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.
April 28: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†) and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 21: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.
April 22-23: "Fillmore" (1972), directed by Richard T. Heffron, a record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.
April 24-25: "The Goddess" (†) and "The Legend of Lylah Clare." (†)
April 26: "Seven Beauties" (1976) and "Swept Away" (1975), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.
April 27-28: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, dubbed in English by Woody Allen.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 20: "The Drunken Angel" (1948), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
April 21-23: "Yojimbo" (1962) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, di-



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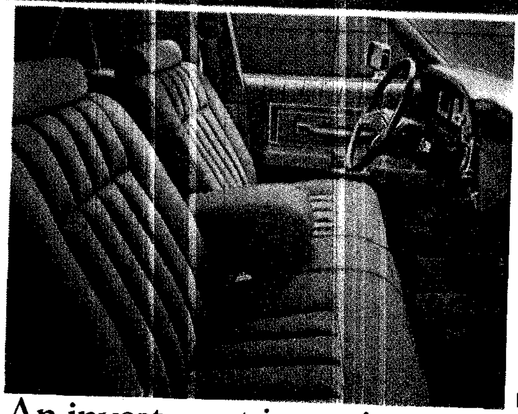

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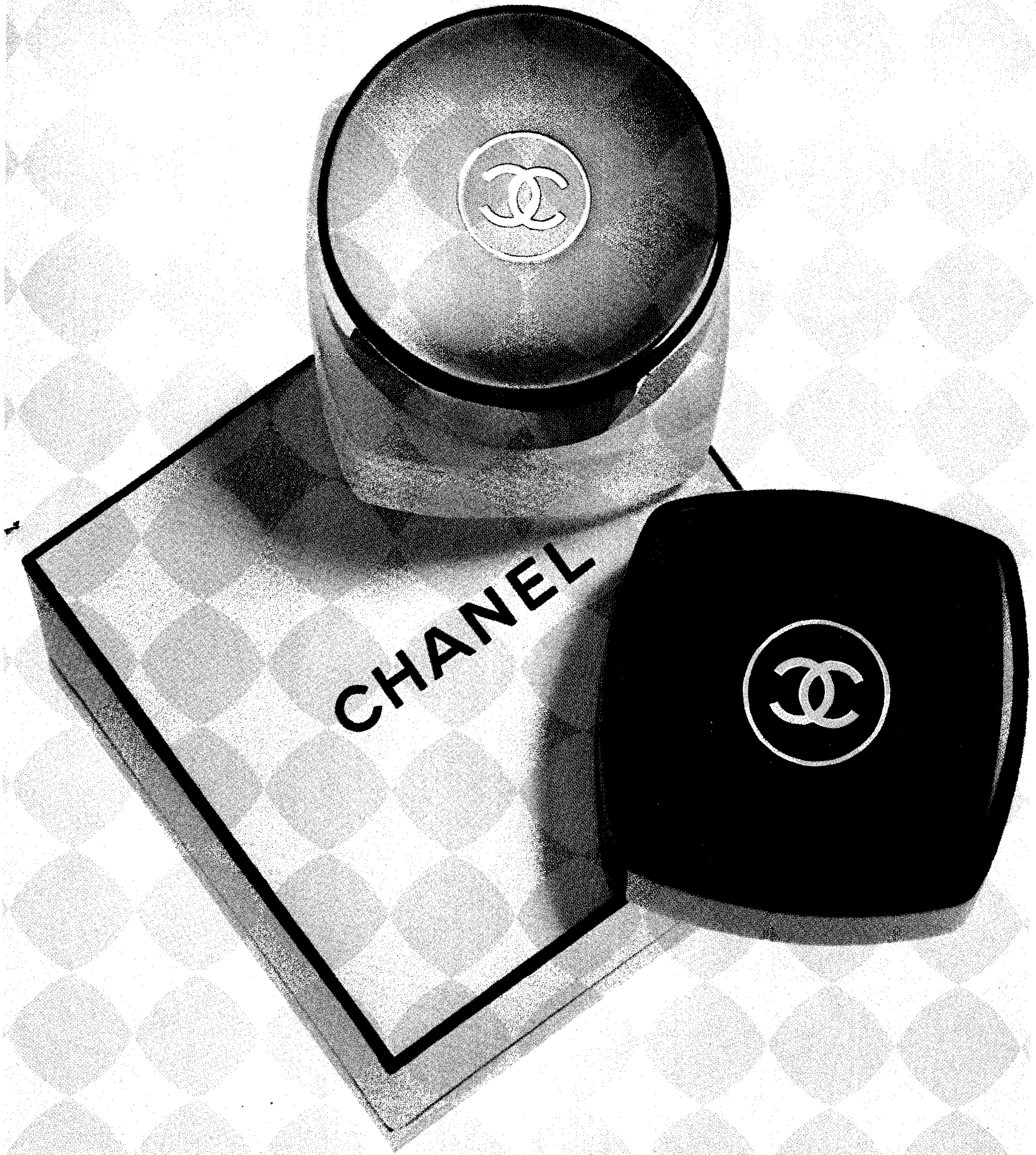

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rected by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

April 24-25: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Kuroneko" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo.

April 26-27: "Tora-San, the Intellectual" (1976), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; and "High and Low" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

From April 28: "Kill!" (1968) and "The Sword of Doom" (1967), both films in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 26: "Uncle Vanya" (†); and "The Caretaker" (1964), directed by Clive Donner, with Robert Shaw, Alan Bates, and Donald Pleasence.

From April 27: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 20: "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933), directed by James Cruze, with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943), directed by William Wellman, with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

April 21-23: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

April 24-25: "Sidewalks of London" (†) and "Waterloo Bridge." (†)

April 26-27: "The Stars Look Down" (†) and "Kipps." (†)

From April 28: "That Night in Rio" (†) and "Down Argentine Way." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 21 at 2:30: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938), directed by Henry King, with Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.... ¶ April 22 at 2:30: "The Iron Mask" (1929), directed by Alan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte.... ¶ April 23 at noon: "Peck's Bad Boy" (1921), directed by Sam Wood, with Jackie Coogan.... ¶ April 23 at 2:30: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1944-47), directed by Hans Richter and Kenneth Macpherson.... ¶ April 24 at noon: "Peck's Bad Boy."... ¶ April 24 at 2:30: "8 x 8" (1954-57), directed by Hans Richter.... ¶ April 25 at noon: "The Sculpture by Isaac Witkin" (1976), directed by Christina Jurzykowski and Neal Marshad; and "An American Potter" (1976), directed by Charles Musser.... ¶ April 25 at 2:30: "Dreams That Money Can Buy."... ¶ April 26 at noon: "The Sculpture by Isaac Witkin" and "An American Potter."... ¶ April 26 at 2:30: "Emil und die Detektive" (1931), in German, directed by Gerhard Lamprecht, with Fritz Rasp; no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.) The museum auditorium will be closed for renovations from April 28 until June 2.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—April 20: The final three programs in a series on contemporary composers (Gordon Mumma at noon, Pauline Oliveros at 2, and Terry Riley at 4).... ¶ Starting April 22: "Maui," a video program by Frank Gillette. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Chaplin, Gehr, Landow, Summers, Griffith, Murnau, Nelson, Eisenstein, Brakhage, and others. Showings April 20-21 at 7 and 9; April 22 at 8; April 23 at 2:30 and 8; April 24 and 26 at 8; and April 27-28 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"A Good Dissonance Like a Man" (1976), directed by Theodor W. Timreck, about the life of Charles Ives; and "The Dreamer That Remains: A Portrait of Harry Partch" (1973), directed by Stephen Pouliot. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (TR 9-5674)—A series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. April 23 at 1: "Prix de Beauté" (1930), in French, directed by G. W. Pabst and Genina, with Louise Brooks; no English subtitles.... ¶ April 23 at 3: "The Great Ziegfeld" (1936), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with William Powell, Luise Rainer, and Myrna Loy.... ¶ April 24 at 1: "July 14th" (1933), in French, directed by René Clair, with Annabella and Gaston Modot; no English subtitles.... ¶ April 24 at 3: "Big City" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer.... ¶ April 26 at 4: "The Struggle" (1931), directed by D. W. Griffith.... ¶ April 26 at 6: "Street Scene" (1931), directed by King Vidor, with Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, and Estelle Taylor.... ¶ April 26 at 8: "Tales of Manhattan" (1942), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Henry Fonda, Rita Hayworth, and Paul Robeson.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 20 at 6: "Well-Spring of My World" (Denmark; Christian Braad Thomsen).... ¶ April 20 at 8:30: "Local Color" (United States; Mark Rappaport).... ¶ April 22 at 6: "Coming of Age" (West Germany; Sohrab Shahid Saless).... ¶ April 22 at 8:30: "Anatomy of a Relationship" (France; Luc Moullet and Antonietta Pizzorno).... ¶ April 23 at 6: "Local Color."... ¶ April 23 at 8:30: "Well-Spring of My World."... ¶ April 24 at 6: "The Preparatory" (United States; Terence Cahalan) and "Rubber Gun" (Canada; Allan Moyle).... ¶ April 24 at 8:30: "Brandos Costumes" (Portugal; Alberto Seixas Santos).... ¶ April 25 at 6: "L'Affiche Rouge" (France; Frank Cassenti).... ¶ April 25 at 8:30: "Devices and Desires" (Great Britain; Giles Foster) and "Elizabeth Swados—The Girl with the Incredible Feeling" (United States; Linda Feferman).... ¶ April 26 at 6: "Brandos Costumes."... ¶ April 26 at 8:30: "The Preparatory" and "Rubber Gun."... ¶ April 27 at 6: "Devices and Desires" and "Elizabeth Swados—The Girl with the Incredible Feeling."... ¶ April 27 at 8:30: "L'Affiche Rouge." (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (D. W. Griffith.)

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.... ¶ Columbia I; through April 28, tentative.)

Alice in the Cities (1974)—Directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Jean Renoir Cinema; starting April 28.)

Annie Hall—With Woody Allen and Diane Keaton, directed by Mr. Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Audrey Rose—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Loews Ciné.... ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 28, tentative.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23.)

Bad Company (1972)—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 21-27.)

Between the Lines—With John Heard and Lindsay Crouse, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Sutton; starting April 27.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)—The Italian title for Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy about a group of petty thieves eager to commit a jewel robbery, is "I Soliti Ignoti," which is the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." The thieves are good-natured and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, and as the leading safecracker in Italy, whom the thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, born in 1945 and the writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (6/14/76) (New Yorker; April 20.)

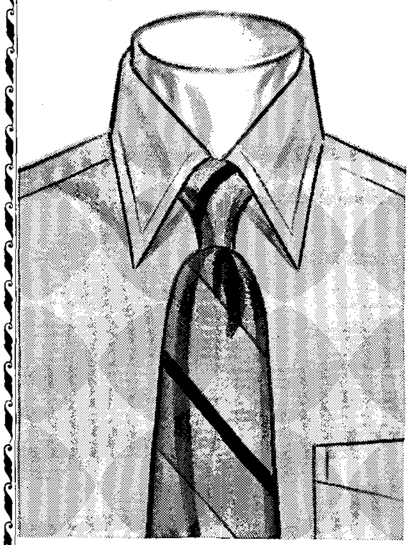
Black Roots (1970)—Lionel Rogosin's rap documentary; the talk is about black culture in America. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 26.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam war veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of super-buyers run amok in F.A.O. Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Quad Cinema; through April 26.)

Chinese Roulette—With Margit Carstensen, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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German. (New Yorker; starting April 21.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 27-28.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Demon Seed—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Detective (1954)—Father Brown, the detective priest of G. K. Chesterton's stories, is perhaps too facile a role for Alec Guinness, and he shows a hitherto unsuspected tendency toward endearing, owlish coyness. But the film is an amusing series of chases, well directed by Robert Hamer ("Kind Hearts and Coronets"). Peter Finch is the connoisseur-thief who steals beautiful things simply to round out his collection of objets d'art; when he makes off with the cross once owned by Saint Augustine, Father Brown goes after him. Joan Greenwood plays a rich, pious widow; Cecil Parker is Father Brown's bishop; the exquisitely desiccated Ernest Thesiger is a librarian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hardworking smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell," in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for thirty-six years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 28.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; April 20.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Waverly; through April 28, tentative.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of success centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Unfortunately, he's so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her a star. This is a fascinating, conscientious, ambitious, bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast: the intense Kim Stanley in the lead, with Patty Duke playing the heroine as a child, Betty Lou Holland as her mother, Lloyd Bridges as her prizefighter husband, and Elizabeth Wilson as her final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in "Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Cinema Village; April 24-25.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Art; through April 21.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 22-23.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 21-27.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). The movie brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Loews Orpheum, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Jabberwocky—Based on the Lewis Carroll poem, with Michael Palin, directed by Terry Gilliam. (Cinema I.)

Jacob the Liar (1975)—Directed by Frank Beyer. In German. (Plaza; starting April 24.)

Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Edward Rigby, and Hermione Baddeley; the script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 26-27.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, and Olympia; through April 26.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Sutton; through April 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 27, tentative.)

The Legend of Lylah Clare (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. The stale, gaudy script (adapted from a teleplay by

Robert Thom and Edward De Blasio) provides roles for Coral Browne as a bitch columnist, Rossella Falk as a predatory European lesbian, and Valentina Cortese as a designer. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Michael Murphy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. (Cinema Village; April 24-25.)

A Letter to Jane (1972)—A forty-five-minute-long lecture demonstration that is a movie only in a marginal sense. A single news photograph appears on the screen; it is of tall Jane Fonda towering above some Vietnamese, and on the track Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin discuss the implications of the photograph. Their talk is didactic, condescending, and offensively inhuman. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 27.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall; through April 27.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 24.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Plaza; through April 23. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 24.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (Playboy; through April 26.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

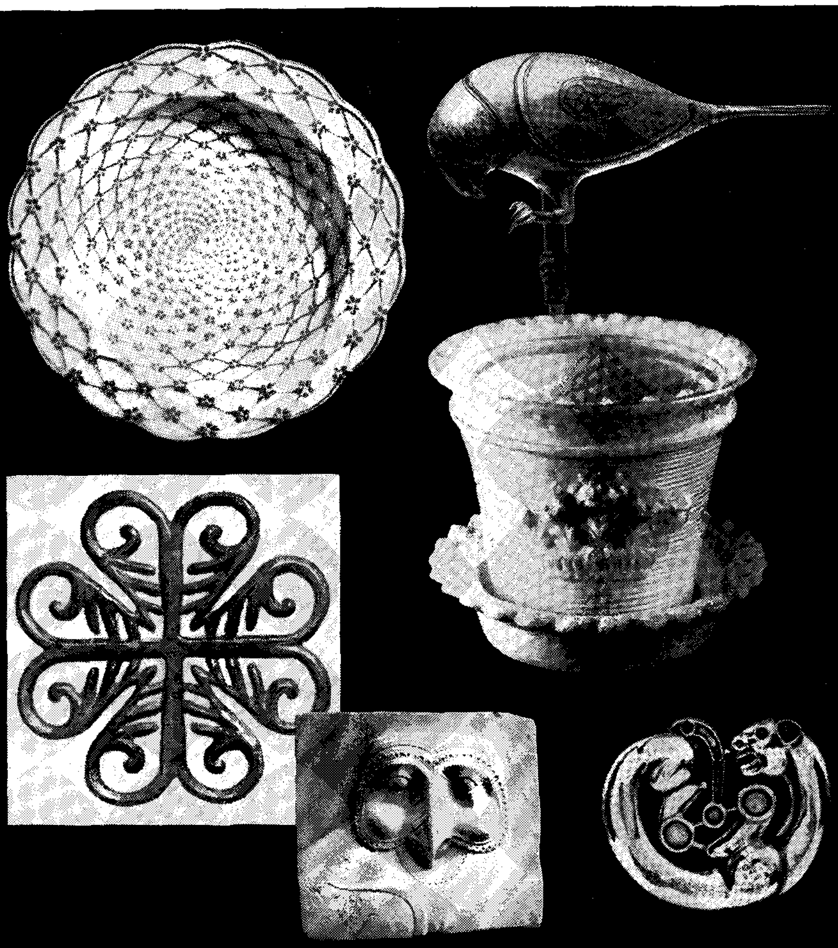
Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through April 26. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through April 28, tentative.)

Not a Pretty Picture (1967)—With Michele Manenti and Jim Carrington, directed by Martha Coolidge. (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 20.)

A Pain in the A . . (1975)—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. The topic of hotels is the most interesting one to think about here, because of its value to French farce; the film allows one time to muse, though it is comic enough, especially in the lugubriousness of Lino Ventura about the tenacious friendship of Jacques Brel. In French. (9/1/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glaceed. And the other characters doesn't seem to age with the years, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar



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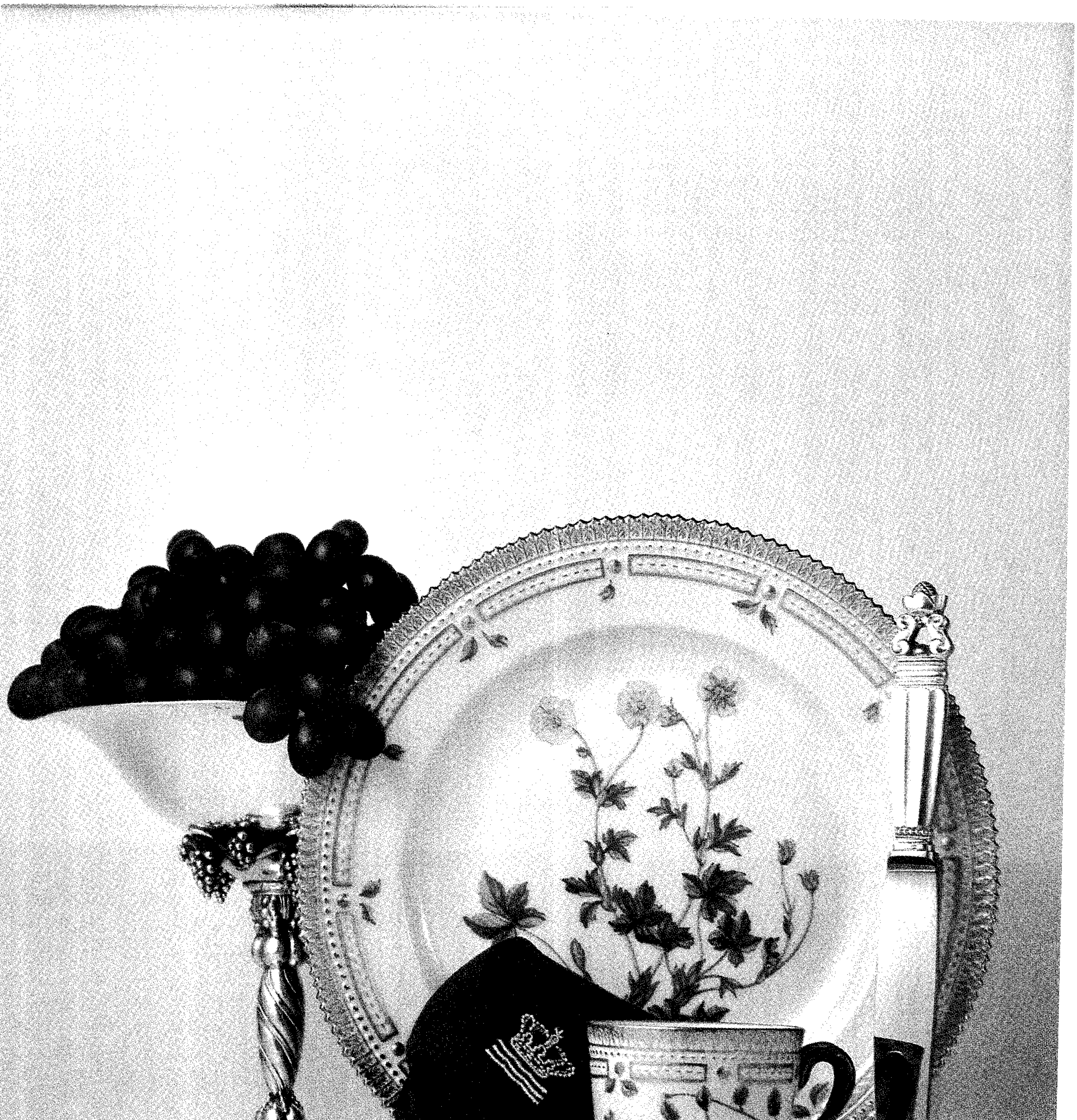

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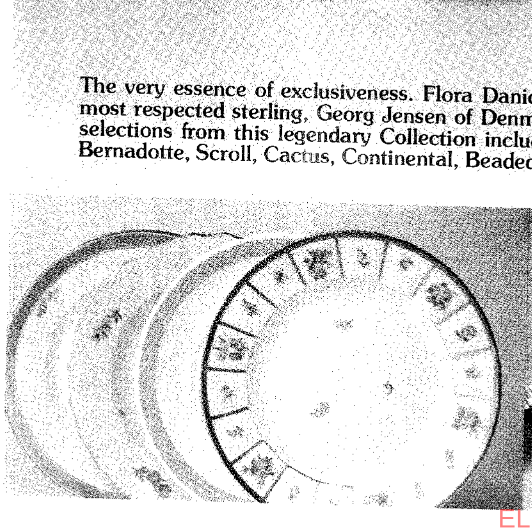

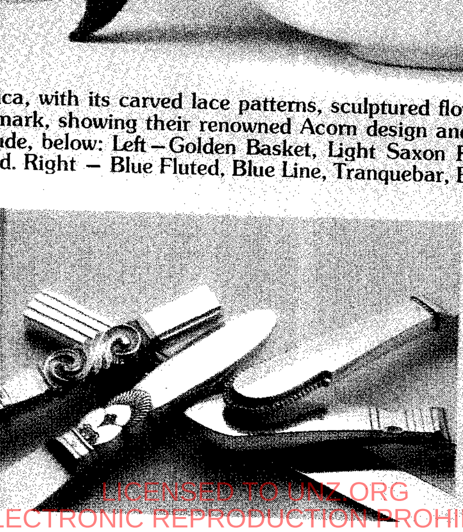

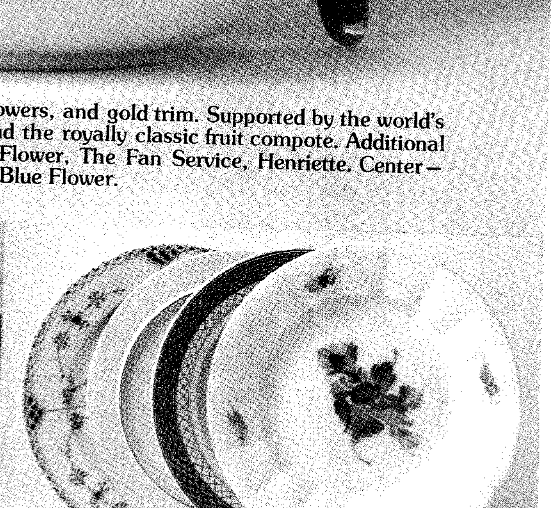

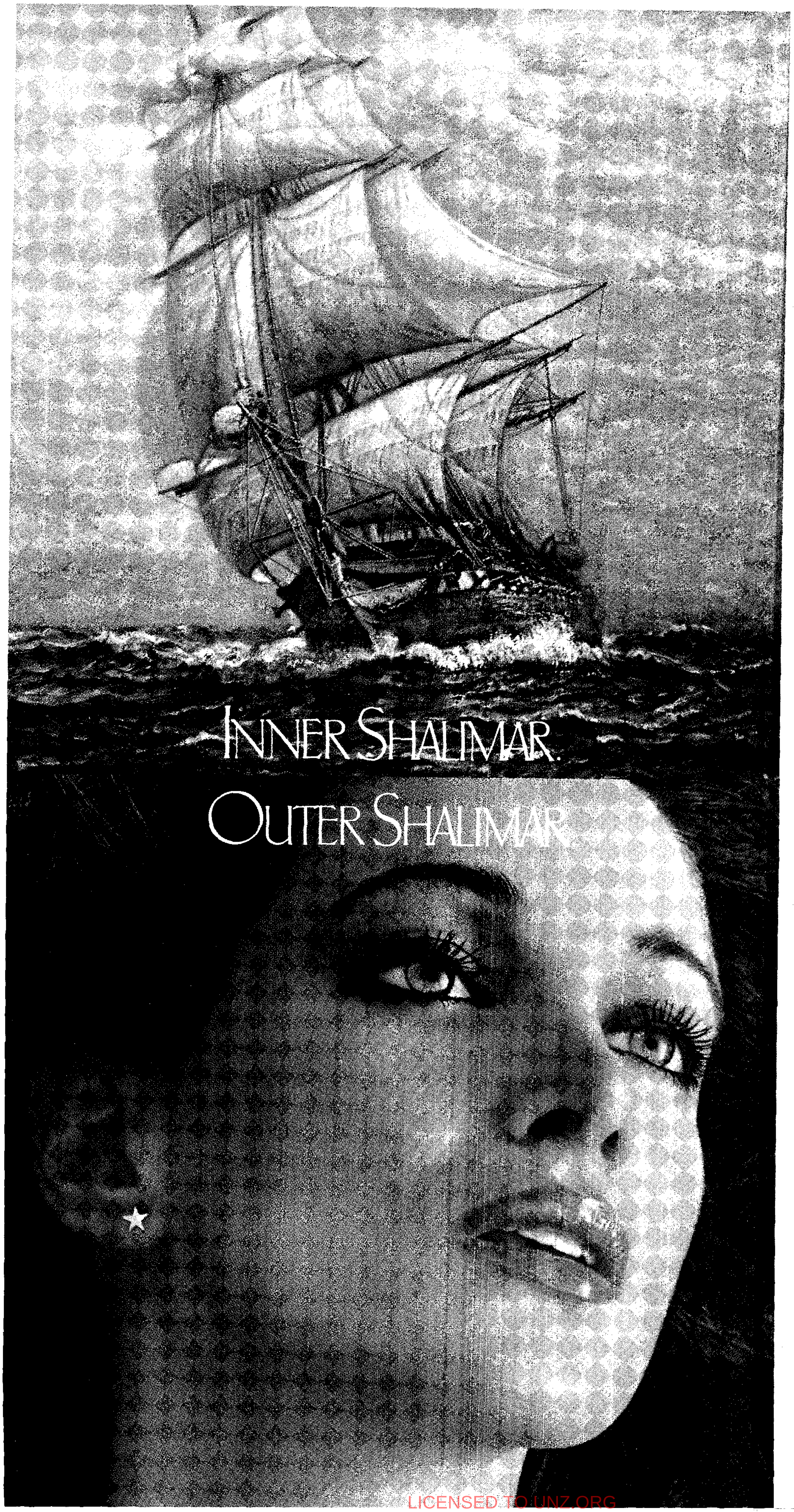
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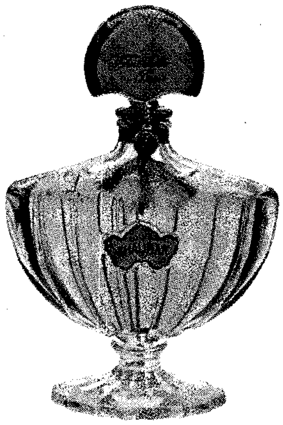

SHALIMAR
BY GUERLAIN.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wilde story has its compelling side and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he has a feeling for plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives the film momentary authority. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird," the viewer can grasp that the man who would destroy her really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. Harry Stradling did the cinematography; the Albright Brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the portraits. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3; through April 23. . . . ¶ Art; starting April 22.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through April 28, tentative.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Olympia; starting April 27.)

Sidewalks of London (1938)—Vivien Leigh in her pre-Scarlett O'Hara days, as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 24-25.)

Silver Streak—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. (1/17/77) (72nd Street East, and Playboy; through April 26.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Playboy; starting April 27.)

The Stars Look Down (1939)—Though this Carol Reed film contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," it's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist, not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naively, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 26-27.)

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Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 26.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Music Hall; starting April 28.)

The Tenant—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsey and shock, as Polanski's latest films have been; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman, who gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertains great fear of guilt. (7/5/76) (Olympia; through April 26.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the cipher that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 28.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's typical overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Coronet.)

Uncle Vanya (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (4/18/77) (Thalia; through April 26.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 24-25.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Fine Arts.)

The Wild Duck—With Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz; directed by Hans W. Geissendoerfer. In German. (68th St. Playhouse; starting April 28.)

Wizards—An animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Trans-Lux East, and Paramount.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (68th St. Playhouse; through April 27.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT 6 A.M. one day last week, we were walking along Forty-fourth Street between Sixth and Fifth. The block was still dusky and muted—the sun was concealed behind the Pan Am Building and its ilk—and the street itself was a dull, dark gray. Suddenly, a big white Sanitation truck came along, spraying water from its undersides. The truck rumbled steadily eastward, and was soon gone. The street, however, was transformed. The drab pavement had vanished under a shallow, sparkling sea. In the gutter, rivers raced along, divided into streams, formed rapids and waterfalls, diverted into lakes and ponds. A pigeon marched through a small lagoon, and its skinny red legs created circles intersecting circles, like the hoops of a juggler. Trucks and taxis coming down the street made hissing sounds and tossed up spray, and left behind long pale treads—snakeskins and Persian rugs. The water lapped the dirt piles at a Con Ed excavation, making pools of ochre. Thin oil slicks slid along the gutter, silver blue, folding into paisley patterns, cardiograms, shot silk, marbled bookbindings, Art Nouveau. In the middle of the street, where the water had run off, there were straggly Rorschach figures. Bubbles rode the rapids near the curb; streams divided around a cigarette box, a scrap of lemon skin, pop-tops and sodden paper bags, matches, a sprig of light-green leaves, paper cups and straws, a newspaper in French. Where Forty-fourth Street came to Fifth, there stood a final lake and, at its eastern edge, a metal grate with thirty openings, equal-sized. The water, arriving here, tumbled into one or another of the holes, splattering and splashing into the drain below. We saw the reflection of blue sky on the surface of the final lake, and, looking up, observed that it would be a splendid day.

• •

Souvenirs

A FELLINI setting, if ever we saw one: Pier 32, at Canal Street and the North River, as the Hudson bordering Manhattan is officially denominated; an enormous, cavernous shed, invitingly cool and dim inside; and (after our eyes have adjusted), unfolding in rows upon rows, to left and right, wooden desks, traffic signs, floor polishers, hard-backed chairs, Dictaphone stands, typewriters, dictating machines, addressing machines, fire-alarm boxes, barber chairs, dentist chairs, taximeters, a six-foot-high bookbinding press, a supermarket scale, and a fireplug. A wide aisle separates the rows, and parked halfway down it is an orange New York City pickup truck. In the bed of the truck is a desk, and seated behind it, holding a hand microphone, is a black-bearded man wearing a black Western hat.

The scene, last week, was that of the first pier auction of surplus equipment ever held under the auspices of the Salvage Division of the Department of Purchase of the City of New York. In the past, such unneeded equipment had been sold by sealed bid; the purpose of this auction, according to Municipal Service Administrator John T. Carroll, was "to experiment to see if we can't make a little more money during this fiscal crisis." The man in the bed of the pickup truck was Edward Ellerbe, the city's auctioneer for the occasion. Clustered around him were perhaps two hundred people—a group about evenly divided between prospective bidders and members of the press.

"Has anybody seen a steam generator?" a television cameraman was asking as we approached. "I don't know why, but I'm supposed to shoot a steam generator."

"The trouble is, they're selling these things in order," complained a short, corpulent man in a tweed sports jacket. "The only thing I want to bid on here is a barber chair, and it's seven-hundred-and-fifteenth on a list of seven hundred and twenty-nine sales."

"Are you a barber?" the man was asked.

The man said no.

"Then why do you want a barber chair?"

"I don't really know," he said. "I just always wanted one."

Up in the back of the pickup truck, Mr. Ellerbe began the auction by calling for bids on the first wooden desk.

There was an uncomfortable silence.

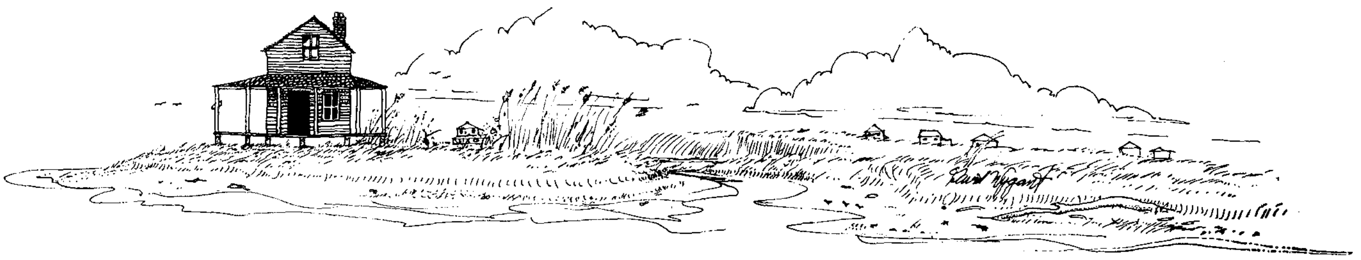
"Isn't there one bidder?" he called out. "Once it's passed, you can't buy it!"

"I'll give a dollar," someone said.

"The upset price is five dollars," said Mr. Ellerbe.

There was another silence, and the auctioneer shrugged. "I'll take five," he said.

The next desk brought five dollars



from a Brooklyn woman, who wanted it for her home.

Eventually, Mr. Ellerbe did still better with desks. He sold one for as much as thirty-six dollars. "It's worth it for the brass drawer pulls," said the successful bidder, who was a dealer from Deer Park, Long Island, named Irwin Harmon. "After I shine them up, my customers will think the desk came out of the Mayor's office."

A few minutes later, Mr. Harmon also bought up a stock of octagonal red stop signs.

With Mr. Ellerbe still sitting behind the desk in its bed, the pickup truck made a U-turn and began rolling slowly past a row of typewriters and addressing machines. One of the latter brought ninety-five dollars—the best price of the day, as it turned out—from a sandal-shod man whose jacket was dotted with buttons urging independence for Northern Ireland.

The city collected only twelve hundred and ninety-eight dollars on the daylong auction—a figure that disappointed Administrator Carroll and also Purchase Commissioner Robert I. Cohen, both of whom we came upon as we left the pier.

"The next time we try this," Mr. Cohen was saying to Mr. Carroll, "maybe we ought to tag each item and advertise it as a garage sale."

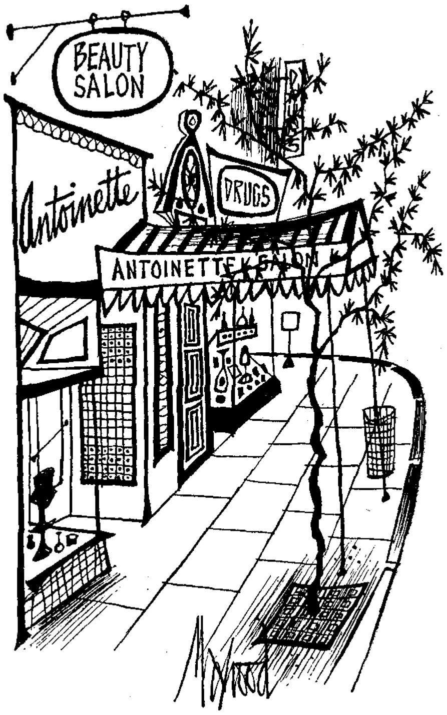
"We'd have to clear the procedure with the Corporation Counsel," Mr. Carroll replied, "but if we do get his permission, I'd prefer to call it a tag sale."

"I don't care what you call it," said Mr. Harmon, the Long Island dealer, who was standing nearby waiting to pay for his purchases, "but I hope you'll keep on selling this stuff. There's a tremendous market now for authentic New York souvenirs. I don't know why, but lots of my customers—and many of them are people who ran out on the city years ago—are spending a lot of money to buy things that remind them of the place."

Bull (Cont'd.)

CIRCUMSTANCES across the Atlantic have set the stage for this sequel to the poignant saga of Gallagher's Pioneer, the courageous bovine expatriate. As this department reported last month, Gallagher's Pioneer is the year-old Aberdeen Angus bull from Ghent, New York, who while waiting to fly from Kennedy Airport to the Salon International de l'Agriculture, in Paris, took an unscheduled ramble through the garage of the J.F.K. Animalport, a shelter run by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Because Gallagher's Pioneer was not equipped at the time with a proper halter or a nose ring, his half-hour frolic—otherwise known as "the loose-bull incident"—created minor havoc at the shelter's garage and major consternation for Jerry Brody, a local restaurateur and Angus breeder, who owned him. The only significant damage suffered was a slight dent in G.P.'s reputation as an easygoing fellow—a casualty that Mr. Brody attributes to inexpert handling of the bull rather than to any congenital flaws in G.P.'s character. The loudest reverberations of *l'affaire* Animalport came from France, where Salon officials who had been awaiting the chance to get a close look at an Angus—a breed that is largely unknown in Europe—began to lose interest. After a series of delays, however, G.P. did make it to Paris for the agriculture exposition, and when we met Mr. Brody for lunch one day recently at the Grand Central Oyster Bar he brought the story up to date. Mr. Brody ordered scallops and mussels in a mustard vinaigrette over asparagus, and talked. We ordered smoked Chinook salmon and a half-dozen Louisiana Bastian Bay oysters, and listened.

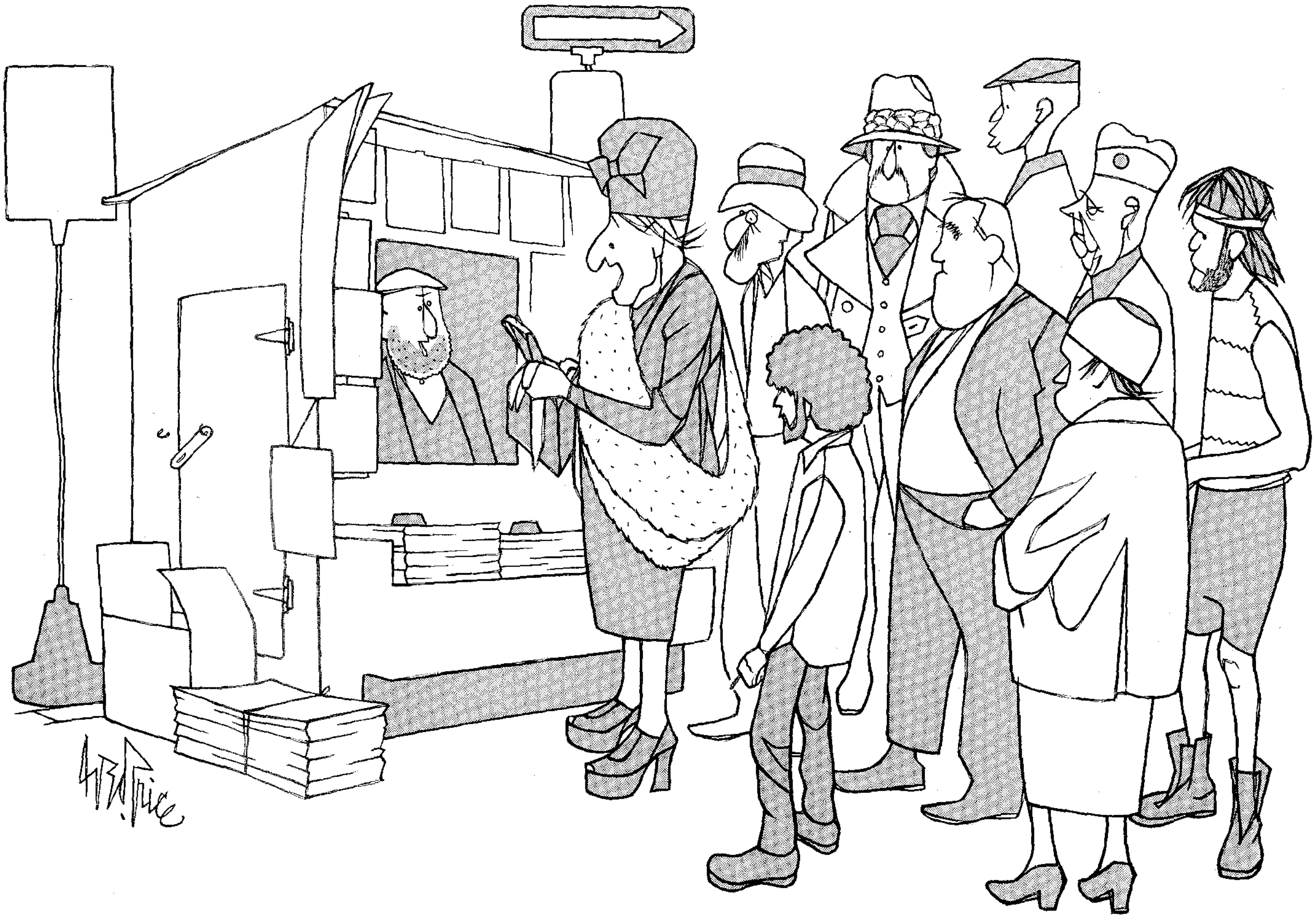
"As you may know, this bull had to stop in Frankfurt on his way to Paris, didn't land until three in the morning, and wasn't unloaded for four more hours," Mr. Brody said. "After that, he had to stand all alone in a concrete quarantine pen for two weeks—bulls hate concrete—while a bunch of people took all the same blood tests that had been taken in this country. Almost every guy who showed up wanted some blood. My wife and I arrived in Paris on a Friday morning, two days before the exposition opened, and we went to a meeting at the American Embassy. The people there showed us the setup of the United States pavilion, and it seemed very nice. They had seven pens in a row—six for Holsteins and one for an Angus, ours. Someone asked what kind of liability insurance I had. I didn't have any. He said that the previous year a Holstein had busted loose and knocked down a few things, so I arranged for some.



"The next morning, we went out to the Salon, which was beautiful, only now they seemed to have *seven* Holsteins coming and still only room for seven pens. But they said, 'Don't worry, we're going to put you in a special place. And, by the way, the bull is here. Do you want to see him?' So we go out a back door, and there he is, all right—in a horse trailer. Big enough for one horse. You might say that he was tightly secured. He had on a halter and a nose ring, and he was standing inside this trailer, with no place to move, no way to sit down. You have to understand that, no matter what I had told the French, as far as they were concerned this bull had a reputation as the brute that tore up Kennedy Airport—not just the Animalport garage, or the Animalport itself, but the entire terminal. Anyway, the only thing I could do was water him and hope that he got into his pen soon.

"At four o'clock that afternoon, I got a message at my hotel to call the U.S. exhibit. The guy in charge of the Holstein setup says, 'I think you should come back out.' I say, 'Any problems?' He says, 'No, just come.' This was the point at which I should have figured out something that I now realize: you've got to stick with your animal. When I got to the pavilion, everything was O.K., although they hadn't made much progress setting up his pen. But Lyle Springer, from the American Angus Association, was on hand, and I said, 'Lyle, you're in charge.' So I left and went to dinner, and at ten o'clock that night there's another message at the hotel: 'Unable to unload bull. Have taken him back to quarantine. Signed, Springer.'

"Now, this made me pretty upset. First thing the next morning, I went out to see what had happened, and they'd already dismantled whatever effort they'd made to build a pen for the bull. Then, almost immediately upon my arrival, the agricultural attaché



“‘*Us.*’”

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from the Embassy, who is actually a nice guy, attacked me. He said that he'd lived with animals all his life and his father used to be a rancher, and that when he's at a livestock show he's never far from his animal. A man from the Holstein-Friesian Association of America starts telling me how impossible I am to please. I say, ‘What are you guys mad about? I'm the one who's supposed to be mad. It's my bull that's been knocked out of the show.’ Lyle Springer tells me, ‘That bull was so agitated that we couldn't even take him out of the trailer, so we just sent him back to quarantine.’ I said, ‘Well, of course he was agitated! He'd just stood inside a horse trailer, tightly bound, for fourteen hours. I'd be agitated, too.’ Meanwhile, Gallagher's Pioneer had lost altogether fifty pounds since he left the farm, so he was down to seven hundred fifty, although I must admit that he still looked gorgeous.

“I had to figure out something, so I went to see a friend at Cofranimex, a livestock-import-export company, and he put me in touch with the *commissaire technique*—the technical director—of the Salon. I asked if we couldn't perhaps build a pen outside the pavilion, in the area where Gallagher's Pioneer had had to wait in the horse trailer. The *commissaire* said, ‘Let's have a look at the spot.’ Unfortunately, by now the Salon had opened, and it was an equine day, and the parking lot was jammed with every kind of horse trailer in the world. But I saw an elevated spot, with a cement railing and some grass, and asked, ‘What about that?’ The *commissaire* said, ‘I'll call you back at five o'clock,’ and when he did he said it was O.K., and by one o'clock the next day the pen was ready, and at three o'clock Cofranimex brought the bull—this time not in a horse trailer but in a truck. This was, of course, a momentous occasion. There were about thirty people on hand, with cameras and everything, standing around the truck waiting to get a sight of this monster. They opened the gate of the truck, and this little bull poked his head out, looked around, retreated for a second, and then just slowly walked down the gangway, up three or four steps, and right into his pen. Nobody led him, nobody had to touch him. It was a magnificent performance. Now take a look at this.”

Mr. Brody handed us a clipping from the French newspaper *Journal du Dimanche*—a photograph with a long caption under the headline “C'EST LE ‘CONCORDE’ AMÉRICAIN.” Here is a translated excerpt from the article:

> This representative of the Black Angus breed, which is unknown here but which produces excellent meat, has made a strong impression since he landed on French soil. Hardly had he climbed down from the van when he escaped—sowing a fine panic in the stands. Instead of revenging themselves for the difficulties the Americans are making about the Concorde, all those at the Salon set themselves to calm him. They even fixed up a special stall for him outdoors.

Retrieving his clipping, Mr. Brody said, “Well, that part of the article is—how shall I say this delicately?—*not true*. I told the reporter about what had happened before we arrived in France, and he got his facts mixed up. But it gives you a good idea of how the French feel about the American response to the Concorde. During the exposition, I think we did a good job of cleaning up the bull's bad reputation. Lyle Springer spent a lot of his time at the pen, scratching him with a big stick. The bull loves that. And I'd get inside the enclosure and pet him and scratch his ears. I spent the rest of my time trying to sell him, since agriculture restrictions wouldn't allow us to bring him back to the United States. We almost made a deal with a French marketing group that has a crossbreeding test program sponsored partly by the Ministry of Agriculture, but that fell through. I was disappointed, because I had envisioned the ad we would take out in the *Aberdeen-Angus Journal:* 'Gallagher's Pioneer achieves the great American dream of standing his stud in France.' The fact is that there still won't be Angus bred in France for a while. The English and some Scots looked at him, and we had one serious bid, but we finally sold him to an Angus breeder from Cologne, Germany. Before the bull can leave France for Germany, though, he has to spend five months quarantined on a farm in Lorraine. That's where he is now.

"The show ended on a Sunday night, and Monday morning we finally did something right. We got up at five o'clock and went to the Salon to make sure that he was properly loaded. He was. That's the last time I saw him. What did I learn from this thing? I met a few European breeders and I learned how to ship a bull and, in particular, how not to ship a bull. Mainly, I learned: Don't ever leave your bull alone."

Two Teas

WHEN our white-gloved office boy proffered us the silver salver with the mail the other day, we found two invitations to tea. We immediately called an English friend of ours and asked if she'd like to come along. "Tea!" she cried, by way of a response. "Vicars! Rupert Brooke at Grantchester! Devonshire teas, with homemade jam and scones and yellow clotted cream! And those teas at university, when one bicycled round to eat buttered crumpets in talk-filled Gothic rooms!"

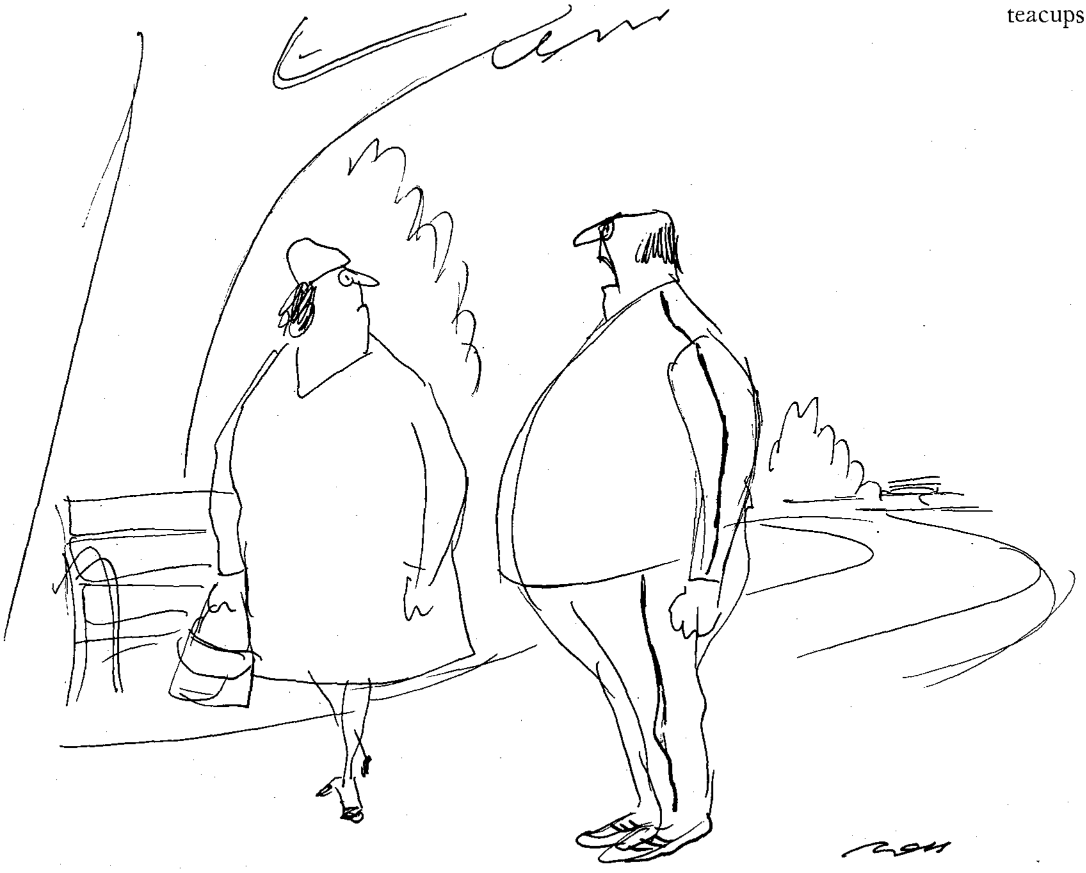
The first invitation was grandly sepia-on-ecru, and it read "The Victorian Society Scholarship Fund Cordially Invites You to a High Tea." (We learned in due course that the American Victorian Society grew out of the English one, that both are bent on preserving Victorian architecture, and that the Scholarship Fund is a child of both, committed particularly to the goal of education.) The card included, under the letterhead of Kensington Palace, a

Message from His Royal Highness
The Duke of Gloucester
Patron of the Victorian Society.

This message said that H.R.H. was sorry he wouldn't be able to come to tea with us, but he hoped it went well, because the cause was worthy. The Duke's typing seemed to have been done on a sit-up-and-beg Victorian machine, and his signature—Richard—looked as though it had been put between a thumb and forefinger and gently squeezed.

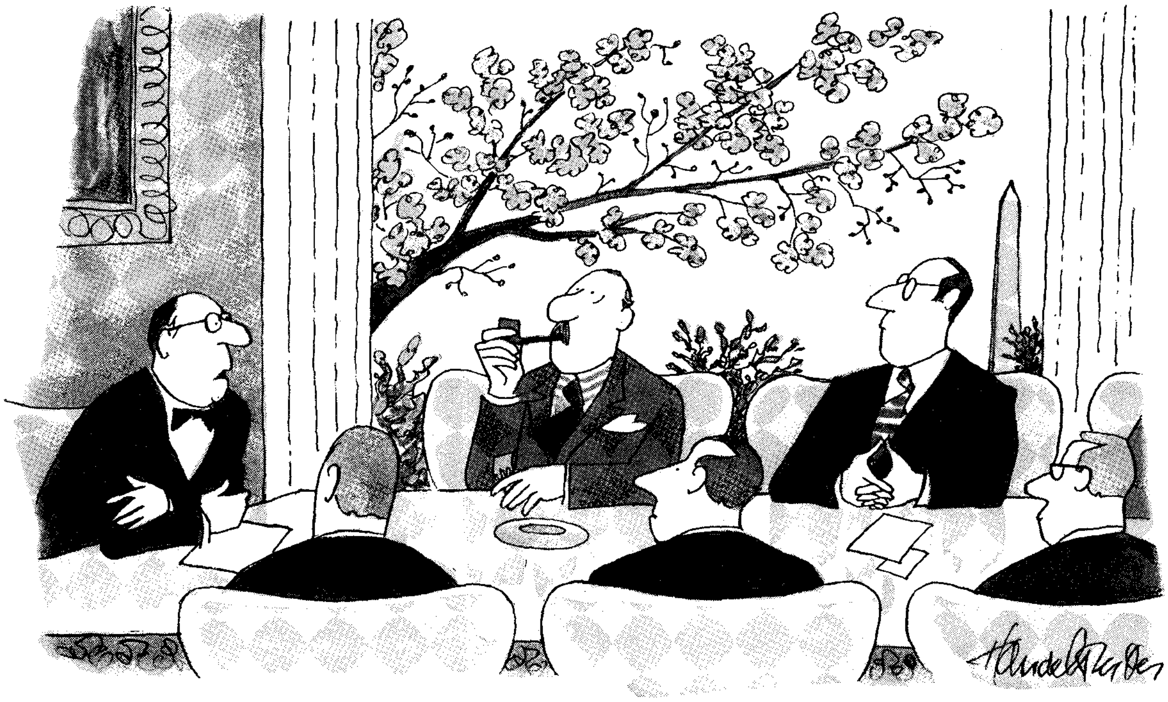
The tea took place one rainy evening at six-thirty ("A most unorthodox hour," said our friend, with a sniff) at B. Altman, which acted as the benefit's principal host and sponsor. Our friend was wearing the ancient black felt hat she sports on showery days, and we were happy to keep a grip on her familiar elbow as we rose side by side on the escalators through floor after eerie floor of the after-hours store, under the unfriendly gaze of fashion dummies. A space had been cleared on the furniture floor for the guests, a white trellis gazebo sheltering some quaint string musicians, and the tea table. We stood at one end of the long, white-draped trestle, next to a silver tea urn and neatly marshalled ranks of flowery Wedgwood teacups. Our eye swept down a table length on which were carefully laid out—with all the inviting formality of a freshly set-up chess game—platters of tea sandwiches of various shapes and in a choice of brown or white bread; plates of scones and lemon-curd tartlets; cake stands bearing Madeira, sponge, and Dundee cakes; and trays of Scotch eggs and sausage rolls. In the distance, at the opposite end of the buffet, we made out a second silver urn with ranks of cups, and spotted the dapper figure of Maurice Moore-Betty, the cooking expert, standing next to them. We knew that he had overseen the catering of this feast, and we moved to present him to our friend, whose compatriot he is.

"It's a complete mistake, as you well know, to call this a high tea," Mr. Moore-Betty said. "High tea is cold meats and eggs and Lord knows what else. Frankly, high tea is a mess. This is an afternoon-tea menu. Formal tea is an



"*Just because you saw me walking, Madam, doesn't mean I haven't been jogging.*"

institution that has largely disappeared everywhere, along with a whole way of life. It used to be that when one called on people, one called at teatime, then perhaps stayed on for sherry. Now I never have anything to eat at teatime except on weekends, when I'm in the country. But all that you see here are the things I ate for tea as a child." Mr. Moore-Betty told us what some of the fillings in his sandwiches were, and we tried to remember the list of possibilities later, when waitresses circulated through the throng and paused before us with their platters. "It's not polite to stare too hard at sandwiches, trying to tell if they're fish or fowl," our friend said in warning. "And any chap who would peel back a corner of bread to detect the filling is absolutely beyond the pale."



"We are a watchdog committee, gentlemen, but it will facilitate our work if everyone here remembers that we have no teeth."

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Our friend was feeling quite sociable that day, and so were we. We talked with Ferris Mcgarity, the import director of Altman's, over a cup of Hu Kwa; we sat and chatted with Henry Russell Hitchcock, the architectural historian, while he consumed a section of Scotch egg; and we expressed admiration for the wing collar of Christopher Forbes, the director of the American Victorian Society. And we listened while a young lady with upswept ginger hair who looked like a Jamesian heroine told us about her flower-arranging service, which is called Foxgloves. When she giggled—which she did a lot—a rosy blush joined up her freckles and tinged a neck that rose lengthily from a Victorian blouse.

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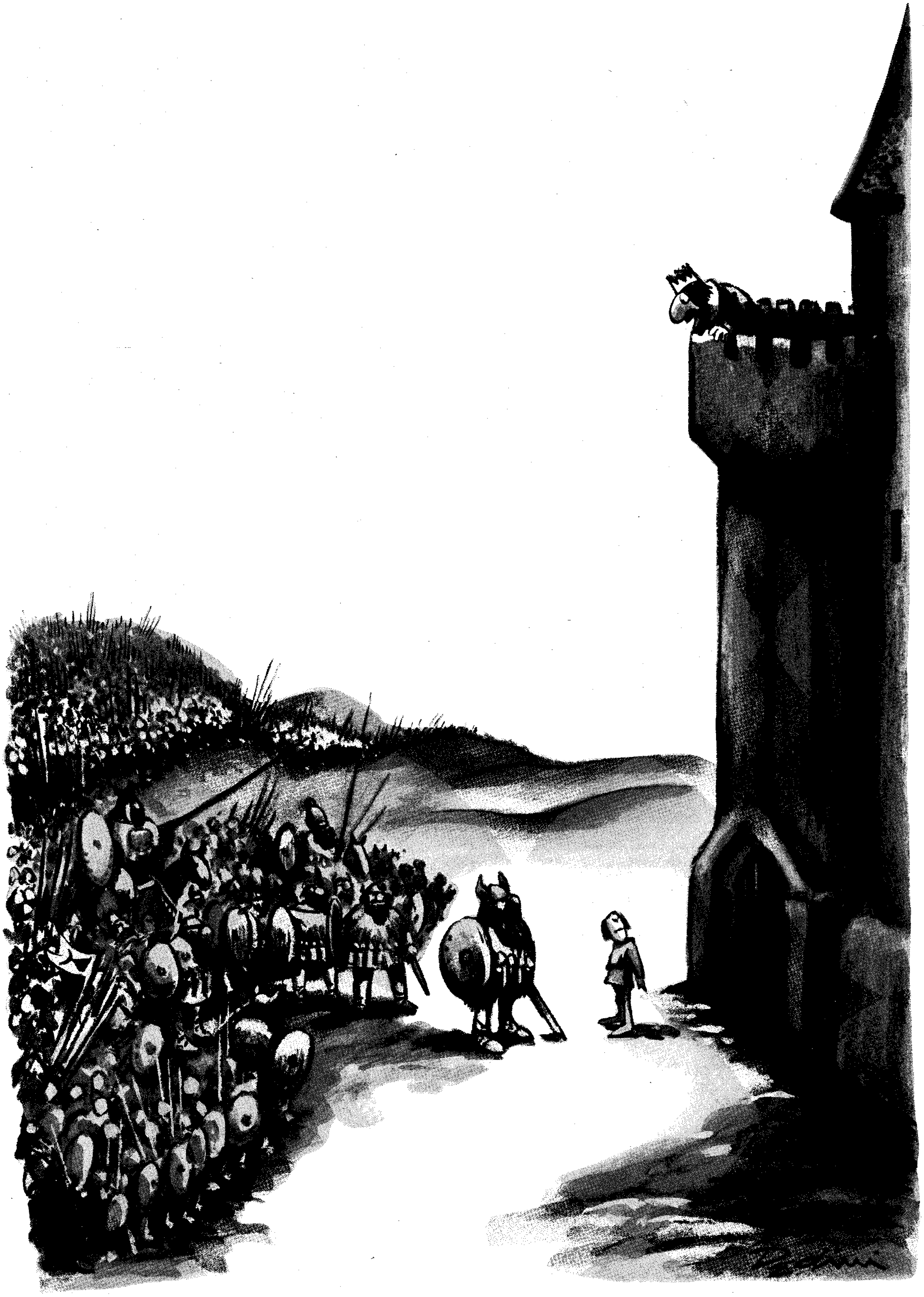
OUR second invitation was to tea at the Tavern on the Green. It was a freakishly warm day, and buds kept bursting open as we glanced at them while we walked up through the Park—again with our friend, who wore a red hat with a veil. We said we had heard that the Tavern was starting to serve afternoon tea daily, because the former chef of the Connaught Hotel worked there and because the restaurant proprietor's wife was English. "The Connaught is the last place in London—except, perhaps, for the Ritz—where one can get a really super, slap-up formal tea," our friend said.

The first of the Tavern's daily teatimes, we discovered, was to be marked by a visit from a group of society ladies, who were gathering ostensibly to discuss arrangements for a charity tea dance but actually to be seen, for media purposes, discussing arrangements for a charity tea dance. We arrived early enough to witness Warner LeRoy, the proprietor, hovering among the hydrangeas in the main dining room as he awaited the ladies' committee. "O.K., they're here," he said urgently when word reached him of the guests' arrival at the Tavern door. "Is everyone in order?" He waved his arms to marshal an honor guard of waiters in black jackets and a captain in a tailcoat. The waiters stood at attention. The captain bowed. The ladies passed. They had petal-smooth faces and Kenneth-styled hair, and coolly perfumed breezes wafted from the folds of their dresses as they glided by. They alighted like a swarm of butterflies around flower-printed tablecloths, and settled to their sippings and nibblings, exchanging silky smiles and little pats. We saw the chef, in his tall hat, staring gloomily through one of the restaurant's glass walls at the bursting outside world. Horse-drawn carriages went by, full of little girls in party dresses, and so did people on foot, who must all have looked to him like chefs off duty from restaurants that didn't serve afternoon tea.

When we sat down at a table with our friend, the waiter flicked our napkins open on our laps. "India tea or China, Madam?" he asked her. She chose China, and poured for us, through a strainer, from flowered pot into flowered cup. On the table were sugar cubes, milk, and hot water in silver-plated vessels. "One feels so many rules and rituals attached to taking afternoon tea," our friend said, eying us almost fiercely because we had downed a cucumber sandwich immediately after a tiny pastry shaped like a swan. "Every English person has an atavistic notion of a sweet-after-savory order of operation at tea. It's probably based on the well-learned childhood lesson of 'No cake without bread-and-butter first.' " She split a fluffy little scone for us then, and topped each half with a dollop of strawberry jam and one of thickened cream. "This seems to be *crème fraîche*," she said. "That's a sensible New York substitute for the sinfully rich West Country or Jersey cream you get in England. And the jam, unless I'm very much mistaken, is the Tiptree wild-strawberry kind called Little Scarlet." The halves of scone garni were popped into our mouths. Our friend's eyes closed at the taste, and a nostalgic bliss crept slowly over her features. "Now, that's what I call a *proper* teatime treat," she told us with a sigh.



"Tell him I couldn't agree with him more."

THE ZOMBIES

IN a high wind the leaves fall from the trees. The zombies are standing about talking. “Beautiful day!” “Certainly is!” The zombies have come to buy wives from the people of this village, the only village for miles around that will sell wives to zombies. “Beautiful day!” “Certainly is!” The zombies have brought many cattle. The bride price to a zombie is exactly twice that asked of an ordinary man. The cattle are also zombies and the zombies are in terror lest the people of the village understand this.

These are good zombies. Gris Grue said so. They are painted white all over. Bad zombies are unpainted and weep with their noses, their nostrils spewing tears. The village chief calls the attention of the zombies to the fine brick buildings of the village, some of them one thousand bricks high—daughters peering from the windows, green plants in some windows and, in others, daughters. “You must promise not to tell the Bishop,” say the zombies, “promise not to tell the Bishop, beautiful day, certainly is.”

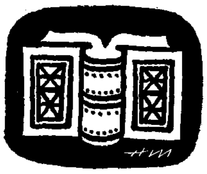
The white-painted zombies chatter madly, in the village square, in an impersonation of gaiety. “Bought a new coat!” “You did!” “Yes, bought a new coat, this coat I’m wearing, I think it’s very fine!” “Oh it is, it is, yes I think so!” The cattle kick at the chain-link fence of the corral. The kiss of a dying animal, a dying horse or dog, transforms an ordinary man into a zombie. The owner of the ice-cream shop has two daughters. The crayfish farmer has five daughters, and the captain of the soccer team, whose parents are dead, has a sister. Gris Grue is not here. He is away in another country, seeking a specific for deadly nightshade. A zombie with a rectal thermometer is creeping around in the corral, under the bellies of the large, reddish-brown animals. Someone says the Bishop has been seen riding in his car at full speed toward the village.

If a bad zombie gets you, he will weep on you, or take away your whiskey, or hurt your daughter’s bones. There are too many daughters in the square, in the windows of the buildings, and not enough husbands. If a bad zombie gets you, he will scratch your white paint with awls and scarifiers. The good zombies skitter and dance. “Did you see that lady? Would that lady marry me? I don’t know! Oh what a pretty lady! Would that lady marry me? I don’t know!” The beer distributor has set up a keg of beer in the square. The local singing teacher is singing. The zombies say: “Wonderful time! Beautiful day! Marvellous singing! Excellent beer! Would that lady marry me? I don’t know!” In a high wind the leaves fall from the trees, from the trees.

THE zombie hero Gris Grue said: “There are good zombies and bad zombies, as there are good and bad ordinary men.” Gris Grue said that many of the zombies known to him were clearly zombies of the former kind and thus eminently fit, in his judgment, to engage in trade, lead important enterprises, hold posts in the government, and participate in the mysteries of Baptism, Confirmation, Ordination, Marriage, Penance, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. The Bishop said no. The zombies sent many head of cattle to the Bishop. The Bishop said, Everything but Ordination. If a bad zombie gets you, he will create insult in your bladder. The bad zombies banged the Bishop’s car with a dead cow, at night. In the morning the Bishop had to pull the dead zombie cow from the windscreen of his car, and cut his hand. Gris Grue decides who is a good zombie and who is a bad zombie; when he is away, his wife’s mother decides.

A zombie advances toward a group of thin blooming daughters and describes, with many motions of his hands and arms, the breakfasts they may expect in a zombie home.

“Monday!” he says. “Sliced oranges boiled grits fried croakers potato croquettes radishes watercress broiled spring chicken batter cakes butter syrup and café au lait! Tuesday! Grapes hominy broiled tenderloin of trout steak French-fried potatoes celery fresh rolls butter and café au lait! Wednesday! Iced figs Wheatena porgies with sauce tartare potato chips broiled ham scrambled eggs French toast and café au lait! Thursday! Bananas with cream oatmeal broiled patassas fried liver with bacon poached eggs on toast waffles with syrup and café au lait! Friday! Strawberries with cream broiled oysters on toast celery fried perch lyonnaise potatoes cornbread with syrup and café au lait! Saturday! Muskmelon on ice grits stewed tripe herb omelette olives snipe on toast flannel cakes with syrup and café au lait!” The zombie draws a long breath. “Sunday!” he says. “Peaches with cream cracked wheat with milk broiled Spanish mackerel with sauce maître d’hôtel creamed chicken beaten biscuits broiled woodcock on English muffin rice cakes potatoes à la duchesse eggs Benedict oysters on the half shell broiled lamb chops pound cake with syrup and café au lait! And imported champagne!” The zombies look anxiously at the women to see if this prospect is pleasing.



A houngan (zombie-maker) grasps a man by the hair and forces his lips close to those of a dying cat. If you do heavy labor for a houngan for ten years, then you are free, but still a zombie. The Bishop’s car is working well. No daughter of this village has had in human memory a true husband, or anything like it. The daughters are tired of kissing each other, although some are not. The fathers of the village are tired of paying for their daughters’ sewing machines, lowboys, and towels. A bald zombie says, “Oh what a pretty lady! I would be nice to her! Yes I would! I think so!” Bad zombies are leaning against the walls of the buildings, watching. Bad zombies are allowed, by law, to mate only with sheep ticks. The women do not want the zombies, but zombies are their portion. A woman says to another woman: “These guys are zombies!” “Yes,” says the second woman, “I saw a handsome man, he had his picture in the paper, but he is not here.” The zombie in the corral finds a temperature of a hundred and ten degrees.

The villagers are beating upon huge drums with mops. The Bishop arrives in his great car with white episcopal flags flying from the right and left fenders. “Forbidden, forbidden, forbidden!” he cries. Gris Grue appears on a silver sled and places his hands over the Bishop’s eyes. At the moment of sunset the couples, two by two, are wed. The corral shudders as the cattle collapse. The new wives turn to their new husbands and say: “No matter. This is what we must do. We will paste photographs of the handsome man in the photograph on your faces, when it is time to go to bed. Now let us cut the cake.” The good zombies say, “You’re welcome! You’re very welcome! I think so! Undoubtedly!” The bad zombies place sheep ticks in the Bishop’s car. If a bad zombie gets you, he will scarify your hide with chisels and rakes. If a bad zombie gets you, he will make you walk past a beautiful breast without even noticing.

—Donald Barthelme

DUBIN'S LIVES

PART TWO

ONE morning in early September, despite Fanny's working in the house, Dubin the biographer hurried downstairs for a cup of hot coffee to keep him awake. His wife, Kitty, had slept badly and had borne him along for part of the ride. When he returned to his room he found Fanny there, gazing at pictures and mementos on the wall; she was examining in particular a framed blue-and-white beribboned gold medal.

The girl was standing close by the wall. Nearsighted, he thought, yet she rarely wears glasses—terrible vanity. Glasses or none, she was reading the citation of the medal in the frame. Dubin knew it by heart: "Presented by Lyndon Baines Johnson/President of the United States of America/to William E. Dubin, for his Achievement in the Art of Biography/at the White House, December, 1968."

"My Medal of Freedom," Dubin explained. He was formal, would not impose.

"Terrific," Fanny said, turning to him. "I've seen it here but never read what it was for, because you like to get back into your room so fast. The reason I came in just now is that your door was open and I thought you were reading in Gerald's room so I could dust here."

He set down the cup on his desk, trying to keep it from rattling. A puddle of coffee had spilled into the saucer.

"It was presented to me about a year after the publication of 'H. D. Thoreau'—do you know him—American writer, 1817-62, author of 'Walden' and other works? He was a disciple and ambivalent friend of Emerson—idealized his wife, Lidian; knew all the transcendentalists."

"I've read some of 'Walden.' Parts of it turn me on." She was at ease, respectful.

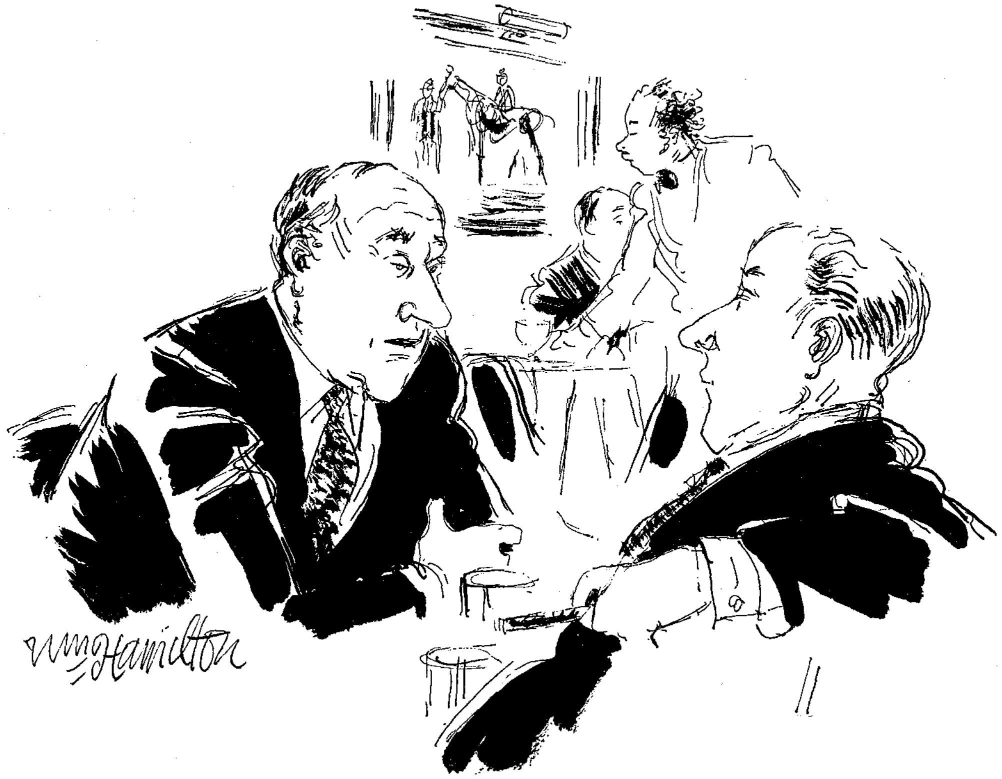
"Really? Wonderful." Dubin had been about to say they had much in common but caught himself.

"That was in my American Lit class. You might not think so, but all my life I've wanted to live closer to nature, except I've never figured out how."

She said she had joined a Buddhist commune near Tupper Lake that summer. "Which was to be no sex and very vegetarian, including growing your own lettuce and beans. I liked it but one of the swamis there was a macho secret acid-tripper and eventually got on my nerves, so I had to split."

The swami stared actively—pursued her with his naked eye? Dubin felt then drawn to her in a way that saddened him.

He pointed to a small picture in a hand-carved frame on the wall.



"I know I'm not myself. I haven't been myself since Gulf & Western took me over."

"That's Henry Thoreau—not exactly a handsome man but people liked his looks. Hawthorne said they became him more than beauty."

He beamed at her.

Fanny stared closely at the picture.

"Note the longish nose—Emerson said it reminded him of the prow of a ship. They say Thoreau pretended to try to swallow it—got his lower lip over it, for laughs. He tooted a flute and danced with himself. In winter they skated on the frozen Concord River, our boy waltzing like Bacchus on ice. Emerson leaned his sober face into the wind and self-reliantly shoved off. Hawthorne, his daughter Rose said, skated like a Greek statue on runners. Henry clowned on the ice. With luck he might have become a comedian. Mostly he settled for a solitary life in the woods—you make your fate: he was there in every wind and weather. Some say it wrecked his health and shortened his life—but out of the experience came his journal, in which he was a figment of his own imagination. And from which he extracted various miraculous treasures, including much of 'Walden.' Or it might have worked the other way: he had the journal and went into the woods to see what it wanted to say."

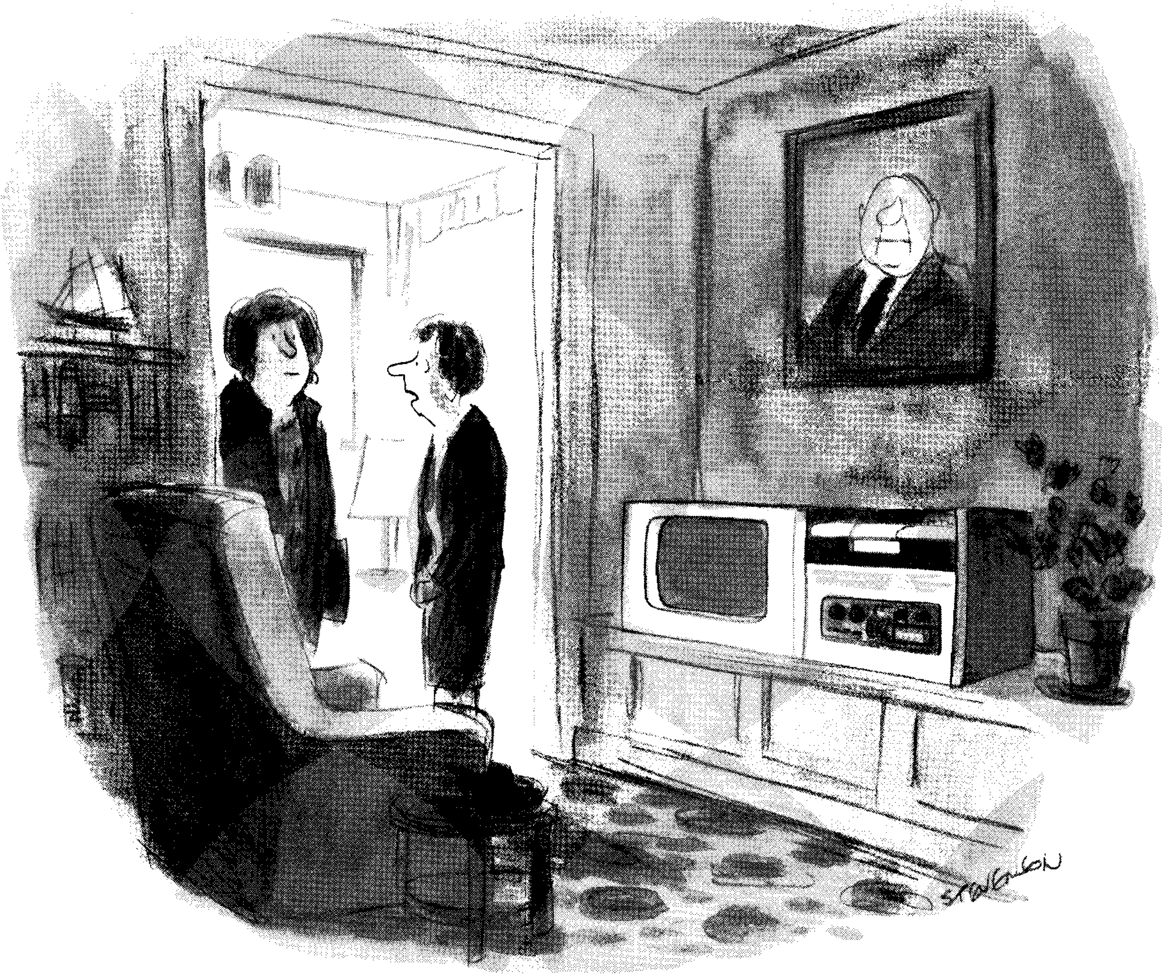
Fanny gave him the first warm smile he had had from her.

Dubin, heartened, went on spontaneously: "He was ambitious to become a major American artist, although not admitting same. Perry Miller makes him more egotistically conscious of each move toward his literary fate than I do. Not everyone knows what his own metaphors mean, who or what he's secretly becoming. To my way of thinking Thoreau's major concern was not so much smoking out his literary destiny, which overtook him soon enough, but given who he assumed he was, learning how to live his life. He said, 'One doesn't soon learn the trade of life.' He spent years learning, which is to say he lived to learn, to apprehend and control the forces that shaped him. He said he didn't want, when it came time to die, to discover he hadn't lived."

Dubin laughed a little—why he wasn't sure. "Once, he set fire to the Concord woods and almost destroyed the town. Death, you might expect, inhabited his journal."

"What you said before, did he mean that there's a certain way we ought to live?" Fanny seriously asked. "Like *one* way?"

"Not one but obviously a way that suited him."



"I have faith that someday, somehow, Ed will turn up. In the meantime, I'm taping 'Bionic Woman' for him."

"Do you think so?" she asked curiously.

"I think life has to come to something. Don't you?"

"Sort of—but it can't without things that are natural and necessary. For instance, did he have a girl? I know he wasn't married—what did he do for sex?"

"He died chaste," the biographer said soberly. "He's one of those people who could live on sublimated sex. There are more around than one would think. But given how he lived and considering what he accomplished, who's to say how much he missed or that he missed much?"

He laughed tentatively.

Fanny made a face. "I don't buy that. It might sound O.K., but when you get right down to it he missed the biggest pleasure of life."

His glance fell on her breasts. Dubin quickly looked into her brown-tinted greenish eyes. Fanny observed him with unself-conscious nearsighted intensity. Her expression momentarily surprised.

"One of his best friends," Dubin admitted, "said, 'No man had a better unfinished life.' I'm not justifying his celibacy—Fanny—I simply say he found his own way. Essentially he was a happy man. 'I love to live,' he said, and I believe him."

"What about you?" she asked. "Do you love to live?"

He listened for mockery but heard none. "I think so."

"Are you happy?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I also ask myself."

"What do you answer?"

"It's my question," she said.

"Yes," Dubin said.

He thought she seemed disappointed.

"Anyway, I have my doubts about Thoreau, if you don't mind me saying so," Fanny said. "It must be a dry lay, banging nature."

"There are many ways of love," Dubin ventured.

"Not if you have to do it to a tree, Mr. Dubin."

He laughed warmly. "Please call me William."

She seemed almost angry with him. To hold her there he quickly went on concerning his medal: "I didn't want to accept it at first, because I didn't like what Johnson had done to escalate and prolong the Vietnam war. But my wife said it wouldn't be gracious to turn it down if my country wanted to honor me; so I accepted it."

Fanny mildly grunted.

"After dinner Johnson took me aside and asked me to write his 'truthful biography.' He held my hand in his big hand and said that Lady Bird had loved my book, and there was no doubt at all in his own mind that I could do a first-rate 'Life of L.B.J.' I said I was honored but couldn't accept his kind suggestion."

"Good for you."

"That's what my daughter said. Anyway, I backed off as best I could. I said that though I'd done a life of Lincoln, on the whole I preferred to work with literary figures. You son of a bitch, his eyes said, I'm a better man than you. Yes, I thought, I took your medal.

"Later, he told my wife, 'No man worked harder for peace than I did.' And when we left, he loaded us with presents. She got a yellow scarf with border designs of a million LBJs strung together, and a glass bowl embossed with the Presidential seal. He gave me a waterproof watch engraved, 'Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You.' The watch never kept good time, but I had the medal framed and there it hangs on the wall—I feel a certain affection for it now—and here we are, you and I."

They were standing within inches of each other, Fanny leaning against the wall, breathing audibly, her pelvis casually thrust forward. She seemed wholly relaxed, as if she'd forgiven him for having burdened her with his desire to know her. Now that she was about to quit working for them, perhaps she had decided that he wanted not very much from her. She must be sought after by men, Dubin thought, yet even in the best of circumstances he doubted he would have tried to entice her into bed. She was only a few years older than Maud and he sensed in himself something approaching an incest taboo, once removed—you don't try to bed down a girl your daughter's age—let alone other inhibitions. I like to look at pretty women, though in her case maybe I overdid it, considering I had her cornered in my house.

"Here's a picture my wife snapped of Johnson handing me the medal."

Fanny examined it. "You look like a little dog who doesn't want to bite the bone."

"Correct."

Neither of them spoke for a moment.

"What are you writing now?"

She seemed not at all concerned that she wasn't doing her work; neither was he.

"A new life of D. H. Lawrence, English novelist, poet, superb letter writer, man of rages, 1885-1930—he too died young."

"How was it you picked him?" Fanny asked. "Is he as important as Thoreau? I mean what did you have in your mind?"

"I'm not absolutely sure," said Dubin slightly hoarsely. "One day I woke up with him persistently in mind. So far as I could remember I hadn't dreamed of him, but I couldn't shake the sight of this fierce-eyed, consumptive, red-bearded man hectoring me. The experience puzzled me because I couldn't understand what he'd been saying. Maybe, to answer your question, I decided to write about him because I wanted to elucidate the mystery."

Dubin said he had read nothing of Lawrence's for years. "He and Thoreau, though they led vastly different social lives, had more in common than is apparent. Both were oppressed by dominating and possessive women; both loved the natural world; both were puritans. And both were less than fully heterosexual. Thoreau, as I said, sublimated his sexuality. Lawrence seemed never satisfied with his sexual nature. He felt he needed a man's love as well as a woman's to complete him but never had the courage, or perhaps the luck, to realize a bisexual relationship. If it weren't for his sexually daring wife, a liberated woman of varied experience, he would have been a lot more unsatisfied than he was. Ultimately, he made a mystique of sex, preaching it as a dark force of blood-consciousness through which we sink once more into primal mystery. It's a paradox that his theories meant more to him at the end than the physical sex that had failed him."

"That might be," said Fanny. "But the sex in 'Lady Chatterley' is real sex, give or take a little."

"It's ideologically self-conscious but—you're right—his sensuous world is real, heightened, no matter what the theories come to."

They gazed earnestly at each other.

"I guess your coffee is cold," Fanny said.

Dubin thought it might be.

"You sure know a lot about Lawrence."

"I don't pretend to see him plain. For instance, he says things in his letters that may be fictitious though he speaks as if he were telling the factual truth. I have to figure him out as I get further into the writing."

"You do know a lot."

"My work is what I know." Dubin laughed embarrassedly. He remarked, "Lawrence, you understand, was never an exponent of free sex. He didn't like people aimlessly copulating. He said sex should come on us unaware, as a 'terrible thing of suffering and privilege and mystery.' "

Fanny at once looked troubled.

"To me it's having pleasure and being open about it. Not worried or afraid. Why should I be?"

"Why, indeed?"

"I'm not ashamed of the way I live my life, Mr. Dubin."

"I should hope not." He again asked her to call him William.

"William," Fanny said.

"What I'm driving at is that too many people, especially since the Lawrence revival, think of his sexual opinions as exactly the opposite of what they were. Though he gave the impression of being radical he was in many ways a very conservative man. Marriage, for instance: His own with Frieda was rough-and-tumble—Katherine Mansfield saw bruises on her body when they went bathing together—but beyond question it was a vital enduring relationship. He was deadly serious about the marriage relationship. A true marriage established an unconscious connection 'like a throbbing blood circuit;' and he once wrote a correspondent something like this: 'Your most vital necessity in this life is that you shall love your wife completely and implicitly and in entire nakedness of body and spirit.' "

CUL~DE~SAC

Here in the public garden
among others lingering—
lingering musically in the dark of
trees, the statues' thoughtful poses—
here in the once royal park
as you look toward the daylight
dense and dying beyond the streets

you are tempted. To wipe from you
this life that is insufficient.
To turn. To have but one
concern: the music

to be taken back
as though by someone's hand
who knows exactly where you want to reach

to return
to the gravel path's end
(or is it the beginning?)
where the park's great
wrought-iron gates open
to the deep glow
of the dying light
to the music's source
the shadowed classic lawn
to your own dark shape
coming close.

—Arthur Gregor

• •

"Wow," said Fanny quietly. "Do you think he really did that?"

"He wanted to, he tried."

"Wow," she said.

"On the other hand, despite her marriage to him, Frieda Lawrence sought and had sexual experiences with other men. She told people she was close to that Lawrence, who was always touch-and-go in sex, was impotent at forty-two."

Fanny was unhappy to hear it. "I mean a man like him. It sort of wipes you out."

"What stays with me most from the biographies I write," Dubin went on, "apart from what one learns about the drama of human lives—the unexpected turns and twists they take—the joyous ways they do and the sad ways they don't work out"—the biographer's eyes misted and he had to cough a huskiness out of his throat—". . . what stays with me most is that life is forever fleeting, our fates juggled heartbreakingly by events we can't foresee or foretell. Whatever comes we are always pitifully vulnerable. Therefore what the poets say about seizing the day is incredibly true, dear Fanny. If you don't live life to the full, or haven't for whatever reason, you'll learn to regret it—especially as you grow older—every day that follows."

"Do you regret it?" she serenely asked.

He gazed at her gravely.

"I'd regret it beyond bearability if I were not involved in the lives of others."

"You mean in your books?"

"Largely, but not only so."

"And that gives you your big charge?" she mocked him. "To me life is what you do. I want it to enjoy and I don't want to make any kind of lesson or fairy tale out of it."

He felt momentarily depressed, nervous, almost bereft.

She seemed, then, affected by him, her color heightened, and in her eyes something resembling affection seemed to show.

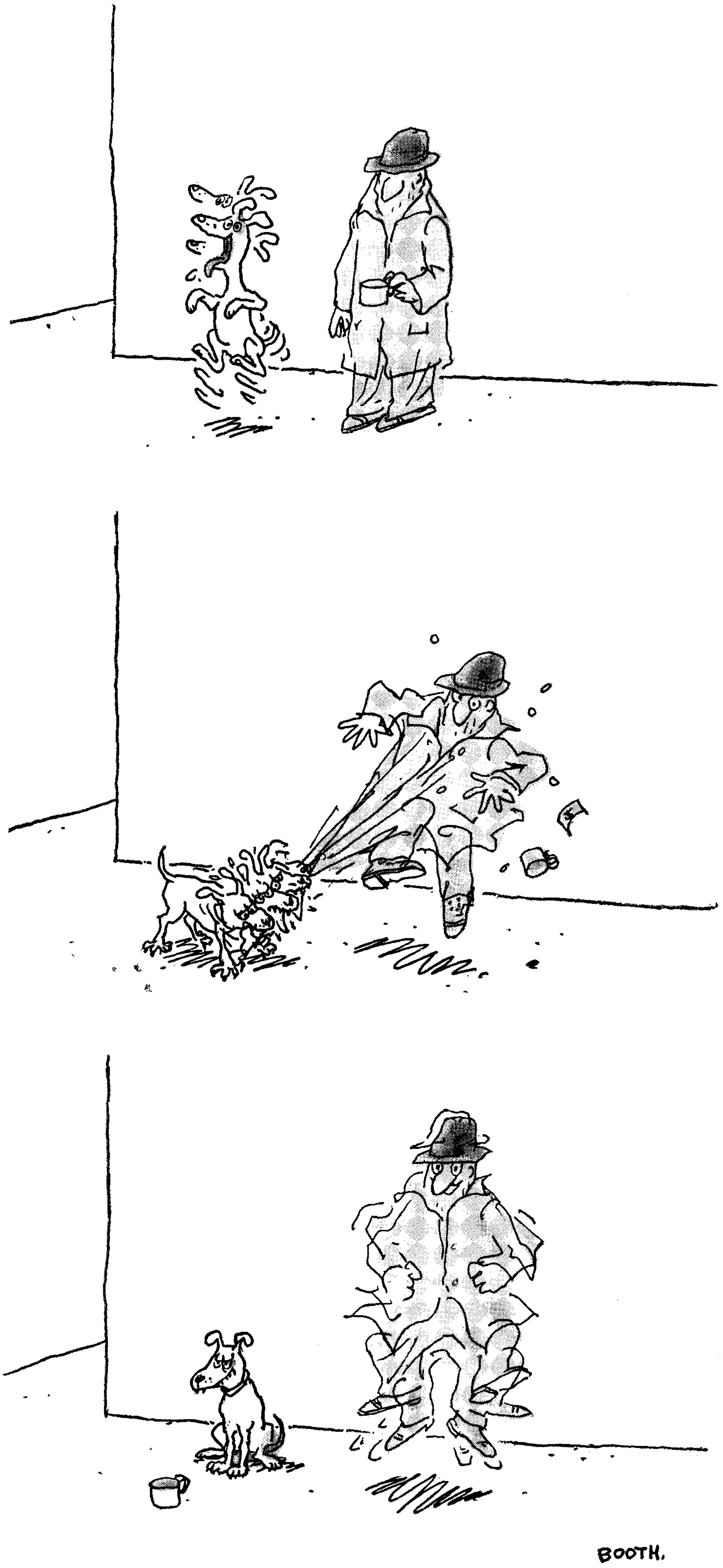
Dubin impulsively drew a book out of one of the shelves. "Accept," he said, "a copy of my earliest work: 'Short Lives.' Nobody in it lived past forty."

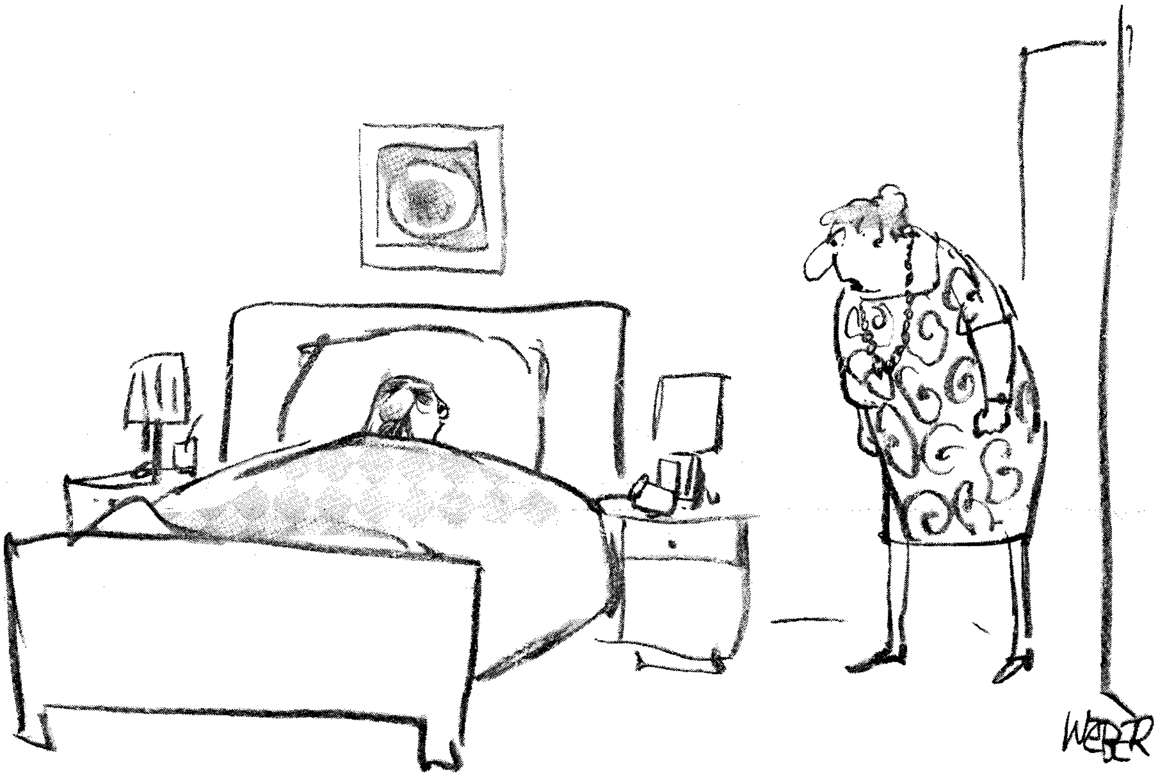
She took it, after momentary hesitation, and pressed the book to her breast.

"You're beautiful, Fanny," Dubin whispered.

She touched his arm with four fingers.

Moved by her, though he told himself he had wooed her falsely with the long business about his Medal of Freedom, his refusal to write President Johnson's life, his too long account of





"Your body's trying to tell you something!"

the lives of his betters, Dubin drew Fanny into his arms with immense relief. She rose to him on bare toes, with pointed breasts, forceful hips, hairy chin, and hungry tongue. They kissed deeply.

THEY passed on the stairs as strangers—sometimes she brushed against him; he felt her fine hair graze his forearm. Dubin, returning to his study, forcibly concentrated, let her flow off in a flood of facts. Sometimes he felt her presence outside his door but did not ask her to come in. He often thought of their embrace. It had caused Fanny to reverse direction—stop evading Dubin—gave him satisfaction: the little victories of life. But while he worked the study was a privileged place, really sanctum. He was into his chapter and feeling a long sense of future pleasure: savored the joys of accretion, of laboring and building order; appreciative of the self who served him best.

One early afternoon, a few days after they had kissed, Fanny knocked on his door and Dubin opened it, imagining she had read "Short Lives" and would want to know when they could talk about it. But she hadn't read the book—just knocked to say hello. She seemed unsure of herself interrupting him at his work. Her eyes were large and characteristically tense. Observing this, Dubin invited her in. He had known he would if she came to the door.

Fanny sat in his armchair, crossed her fine bare legs, and smoked. She had washed her hair and it hung loose and light. She wore earrings, a fine touch. Dubin turned his chair to face hers. He thought he should be feeling close to her. He regretted the menial work the girl did in his house. He knew she typed and had thought of asking her to type for him, but only Kitty typed for him.

Fanny asked if she could borrow "Sons and Lovers" and Dubin quickly got her his copy from a bookshelf. She said, as she fingered the book, that she had enjoyed their recent talk.

"I also wanted to say—and I'm sorry if I am taking your time, but we don't have much of a chance to talk otherwise—I just wanted to say that the truth about my own sexual experience—at least as I am now—is that I have become a better person because of it."

"I wish I were a better person," Dubin said.

He imagined she had felt a need to say this and might just as well to an older man. If you said it to a young man he would want to put you to bed to make you a still better person.

"I'm not kidding," she insisted.

"You are gifted, Fanny."

"How do you mean that?"

"Truly. Some people are gifted in life."

Her body softened. She seemed about to reach out her hand but they were not within touching distance.

Dubin asked her why she had joined the meatless sexless commune on Tupper Lake.

"I like to test myself," Fanny replied.

The biographer wished he had had her kind of freedom when he was a young man.

"What kept you from having it?"

"I was a satisfied romantic. I loved longing."

"Did you have any affairs?"

"I felt a hunger for the presence of women—I'm describing an aesthetic response, not saying that was all."

"You don't have to say that to me," Fanny said. "I'm not in women's lib."

He said his wife had recently become interested in the movement. "At least she reads about it."

Dubin went on to say his mother had been a sick woman and he had no sisters. "I had a younger brother who drowned when he was six. My company at home when I was growing up was mostly my father. He never remarried after my mother died. I missed a feminine presence, I missed the beauty of women. I tried to appease loneliness by often falling in love."

"Did you sleep with any of them?"

"Not usually those I loved. Not often others. It was a different world in those days, Fanny. There was a lot I missed."

"Not that different," she said.

They were interrupted by Kitty, who had knocked once and walked in. "Oh, excuse me, I didn't know you two were talking."

Fanny got up quickly.

"Don't go, please," said Kitty.

"We were talking about Lawrence," Dubin said.

"Your husband loaned me a book," Fanny said to Kitty.

But she left it behind when she went home for the day.

Dubin, during the evening, had thoughts of asking her to go for a walk with him, the short walk.

The next time Fanny was working in the house Dubin spied her on the porch, taking time out for a cigarette. He went out with his coffee cup and sat on the bottom step as she sat nearby on a canvas chair. Fanny's legs were parted and he could see her yellow underpants at the crotch. Her feet were bare.

Dubin turned to the hills. To the north was the nameless mountain he looked at when he wanted to look at a mountain.

He asked Fanny what her plans were in New York.

She said she didn't know.

He talked facing the hills. His back was warm in the sunlight.

"Plans are not my strong point," she said.

When he turned to her again Fanny made no attempt to bring her knees together.

He drank up his coffee and went upstairs.

A few minutes later Dubin was jolted at his desk by a single swift knock on the door and the girl slipped into his room.

He was about to wave her out when she untied her denim skirt and whipped it off. She stepped out of her underpants. Her blouse and bra quickly came off and she was naked.

Dubin was struck by the sight of her—her youthful beauty—infinitely desirable, infinitely moving.

He mumbled his gratitude.

Fanny pitched her lemon underpants at him. Dubin caught them and threw them at her. They struck her breasts and fell to the floor.

Fanny studied him curiously, nervously.

"Whatever you're offering," Dubin confessed, "I can't accept."

"Your wife just went to the flower farm. It's an hour each way."

"This is her house."

"It's yours as well," Fanny said.

"Under the circumstances, I can't."

The girl was angered. "All this beautiful bullshit about seize the day and what life is all about."

Dubin hoarsely laughed at the joke.

She dressed in a grim instant and was gone. Nothing of her remained that he could find.

He picked up his pen and by degrees began to write.

FANNY quit. She had told Kitty she was off to the city, though Kitty had heard she was still in town, living with Roger Foster now, not working. Dubin one day at lunch asked her what she had thought of Fanny.

"I don't think she liked me."

"Did you like her?"

"She is sexy-looking," Kitty said, "but I'm better proportioned."

Kitty had waked that morning saying she ought to go to Montreal to see her father's grave, and possibly her mother's, in Maine, on the way back.

"I owe him a visit. Will you come with me, William? We can do it in a day, and one back."

"Is something bothering you?"

When Kitty thought of visiting graves she'd been thinking about her life.

She seemed distracted. "It's been years since I've gone to see his grave. I wish you'd come with me. I hate long drives alone."

"I can't now. Why didn't you ask me before I began the chapter?"

"It wasn't on my mind then."

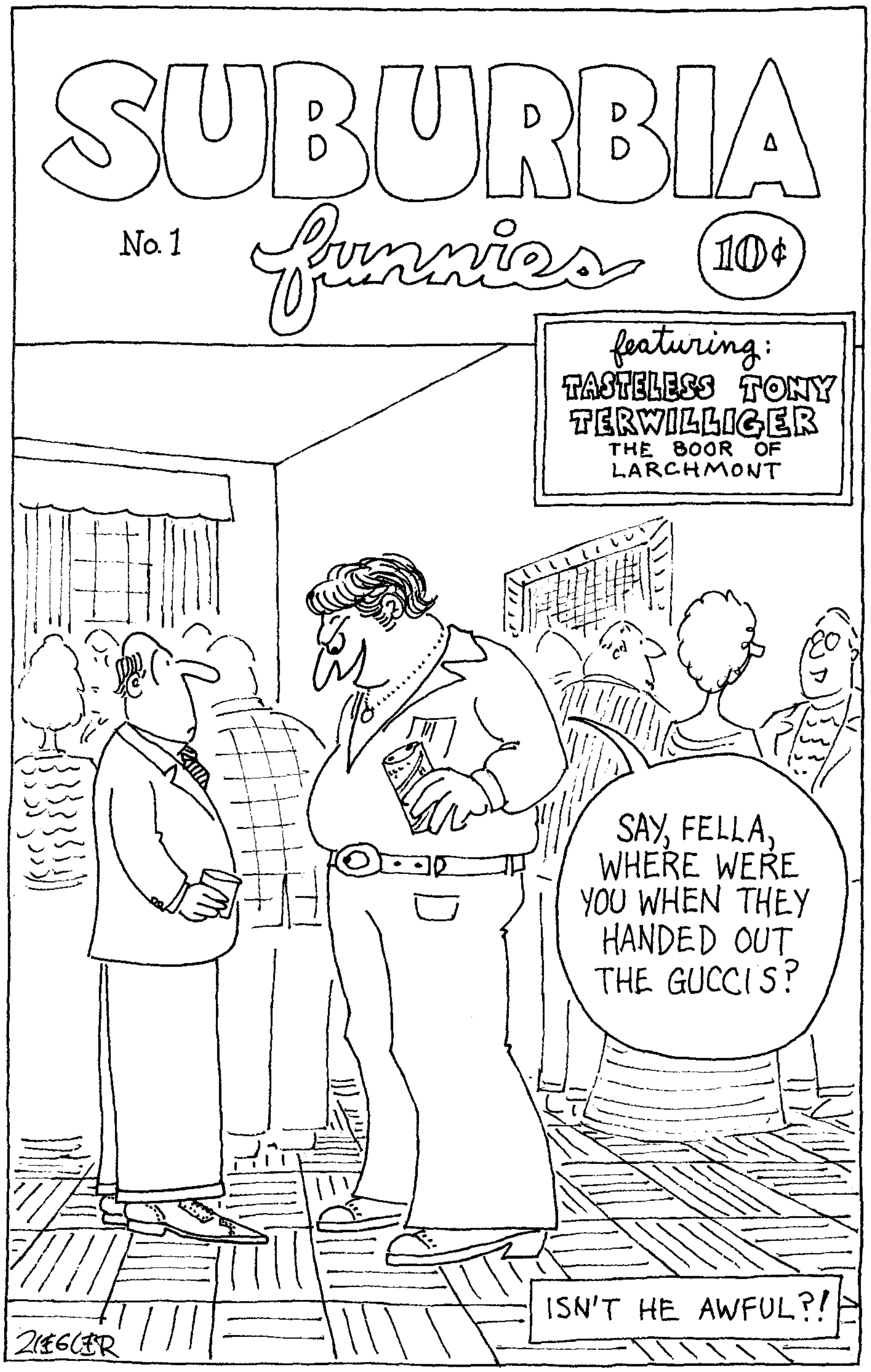
Kitty, as she dressed, thought it through at a bedroom window. He watched her watching a bird in the vast English elm at the window.

"I guess it's something I have to do myself."

He tried to persuade himself to drop his work and go with her. But the journey was to cemeteries and he wasn't in the mood. He had his own graves to visit that he hadn't been to in years.

Kitty said, "I have to go, why am I lingering?"

After lunch she slipped on two silver bracelets and two large rings. She painted her toes, packed an overnight


SUBURBIA
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TASTELESS TONY TERWILLIGER
THE BOOR OF LARCHMONT
SAY, FELLA, WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THEY HANDED OUT THE GUCCIS?
ISN'T HE AWFUL?!
ZIEGLER

bag, and drove off toward the Northway.

They kissed at the door—goodbye, not for long.

He said he regretted he couldn't go with her. She squeezed his hand.

ON occasion Dubin liked eating a meal out of a can—spaghetti, baked beans—carryover from boyhood, youth—eating alone, but he prepared, instead, a hamburger Kitty had left. The meat burned in the pan, so he called a taxi and rode downtown. He ate a plate of soup and a sandwich at a restaurant counter, and since a glow of light still touched the evening—early fall had run a cool hand through the air—walked home. The stars appeared in cloudy swarms, Dipper brilliant. The biographer pondered the mystery of north. Direction of death, white, glowing, lacking soul? Where was Kitty now? He hoped she wouldn't drive at night. The moon hadn't yet risen. Walking in the dark, he felt a mild sadness of a sort he had known *all his life*. He thought he would listen to some Schubert lieder tonight, then thought, Forget it, I'll go to a movie. Schubert was the first life Dubin had written in "Short Lives." No one had written a good long life of Schubert.

The house, once he was in—he had for a moment stood at the open door—was surprisingly, desolately empty. Dubin was staggered as he entered by the surge of loneliness he felt. Like drops of acid in the bones. Standing at the foot of the stairs in the dark, the biographer tried to puzzle out what was affecting him. As a rule he enjoyed solitude. Being away from home or occasionally remaining alone there awoke moods he rarely experienced when his daily life was geared with Kitty's. What he felt now was more than a melancholy sense of being alone, or perhaps remembrance of that feeling in the past; this seemed a spontaneous grimy awareness, more apparent than ever, of one's existential aloneness: the self's separateness, closed self-conscious subjectivity. Death's insistence of its presence in life? If so nothing new but why now?

What had set it off? The absence of his children—a constant remembrance? One day, no matter how much you enjoyed their childhood, it was over. They take off as though strangers, not confessing who they are. You tried to stay close, in touch, but they were other selves in other places. You could never recover the clear sight of yourself in their eyes. They had become distant relatives: looking for themselves. He had got used to the thought. Therefore it must be mainly Kitty's unexpected going to her father's grave? Should he have gone with her? He switched on the light, waited as though expecting more light, then trod up the stairs, uneasy still, as though he were a man with three legs. He wandered in the silent, empty house, avoiding his study. What did Lawrence do when Dubin was away? The biographer went up to the third floor to Gerald's old room, sat on the boy's bed. The pall of loneliness hung tight—negates the sufficient self. Who rides on Dubin's shoulders? It occurred to him it wasn't so much he was missing Kitty as being too keenly aware of Dubin. You missed yourself; as though you had found that out.

In Maud's room, he put in a person-to-person call to Berkeley. She wasn't there. He left a call-back message. He was looking up Gerry's number in Stockholm when the telephone rang—Maud returning his call?

It was Kitty saying she was in Philadelphia.

He listened carefully. "Weren't you going to Montreal?"

"Once I'd left the house I realized I wanted to see Nathanael's grave. I hope you don't mind?"

He didn't think there was any reason he'd mind.

"I honestly almost never think of him anymore. But when I got into the car I had an impulse to go to his grave and drove south instead of north."

"I don't mind."

"You're easier on me these days," Kitty said. "I appreciate it."

"One learns," Dubin said. "Or he doesn't."

"You sound constrained. Are you all right?"

He was fine.

"I'll go to the cemetery with some flowers in the morning, then I'll drive straight home."

Dubin said he'd been surprised she was in Philadelphia while he was thinking of Montreal.

"Your voice sounds distant. Has something happened?"

"I called Maud. I thought you were Maud calling back."

"Give her my love," said Kitty. "I wish they both weren't so far away."

Dubin said he'd go out for a short walk before turning in and Kitty said she was sorry she wasn't there to walk with him.

When he hung up she called back.

He said he'd thought she was Maud again.

"I'm not Maud, I'm myself," Kitty said. "Please tell me what you're worried about. Is D. H. Lawrence worrying you?"

"No."

"He's a hard person to really love."

"I don't *have* to love him. I *have* to say truthfully wherein he was great and in what he was small."

"Then is something else worrying you? Are you worried about money?"

"I will be next year."

"Are we spending too much?"

"My advance for the book is just about used up. We'll be all right for six months."

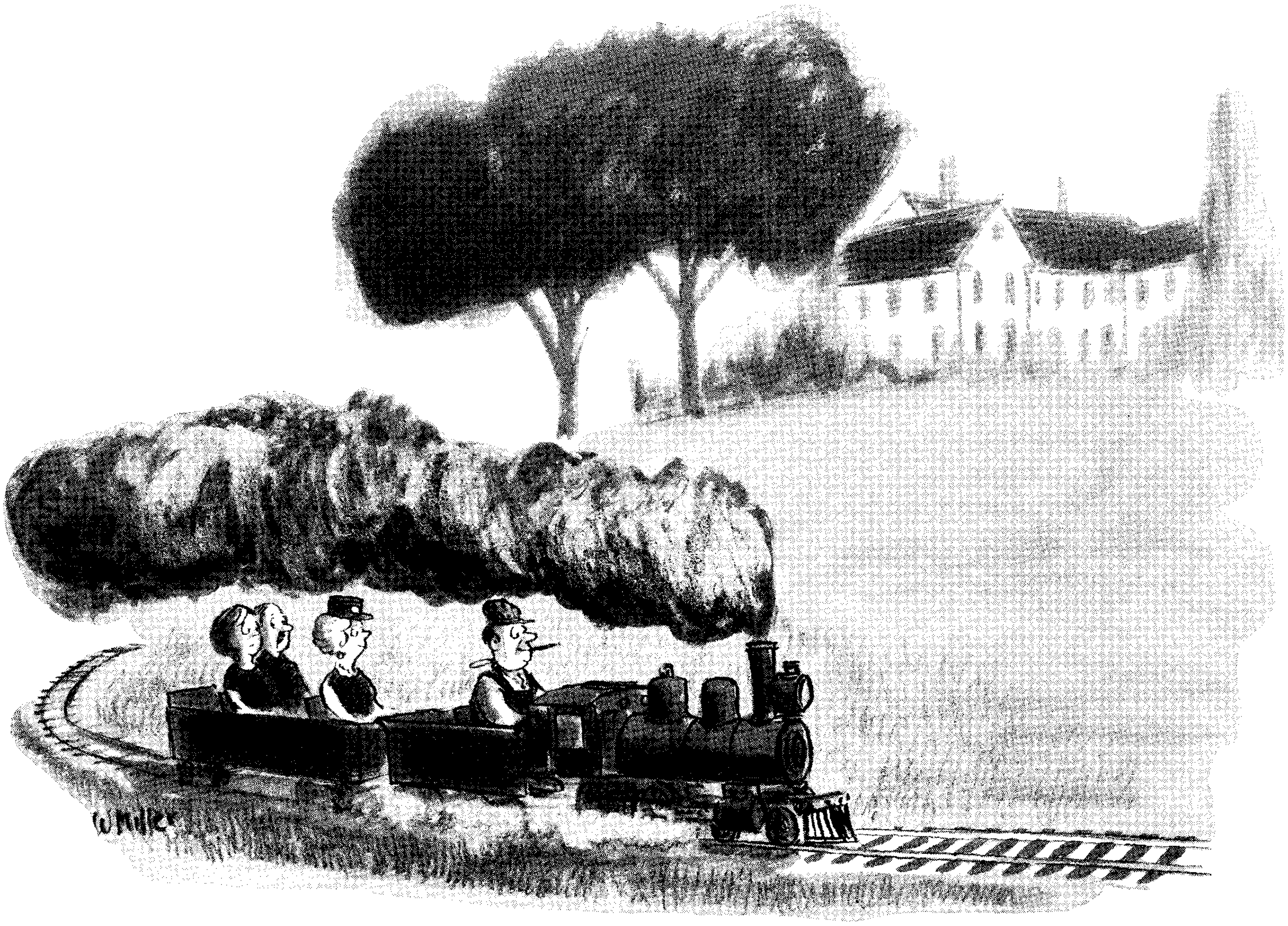
Kitty said if she had to she would find a paying job.

"Good night, love. Don't worry. I'll be home tomorrow."

She was tender on the phone when they were away from each other.

THE night was deeply dark though starlit and Dubin walked longer than he thought. He was standing at the poster window of the Campobello movie house when the last show broke and he saw, amid two dozen people straggling out, Fanny Bick in jeans and clogs, wearing a red halter tied around her midriff, her light hair bound with a white cord. She carried a shoulder bag. He sensed her before he saw her. Dubin watched Fanny, thinking she would look up and see him, but she didn't. She seemed to be still into the movie, conscious of herself; he recalled the feeling. The biographer had not expected to lay eyes on her again and now it seemed to him he would have regretted not seeing her. He looked around for Roger Foster but he wasn't with her. To make sure he hadn't stopped off in the men's room, Dubin crossed the street and let Fanny walk on; when he was sure she was alone, he recrossed and followed her.

A diversion, Dubin thought. He thought he would not talk to her; then he thought he must talk to her. His odd loneliness was still on him. It was a feeling he wanted to throw off, something from youth that no longer suited him. He now felt a hunger to know the girl. He knew what she looked like undressing but not who she was. It seemed to him he could not stand having her remain a stranger. He wanted her to confess herself to



"We used to have such lovely weekends on their schooner. I wonder what snapped."

• •

him. The lonely feeling would ease if he knew more about her. Crazy thing to feel it so intensely, as though he'd earned the right to know. Here I am hurrying after her as if we're both in the same dream.

Fanny sensed something. Her pace quickened, the clogs resounding in the shadowy lamplit street. At the next corner she nearsightedly glanced back with some fright.

"Wait up, Fanny—it's William Dubin."

She waited austerely till he caught up with her. If she was relieved she hid it. But her face, whitened in the street light, offered no welcome.

Dubin tried to tip his hat but had none. He hoped he hadn't frightened her by running after her?

She denied the importance of it.

He explained, referring to the loveliness of the night, that he was out for a stroll before going to bed. "I happened to see you leave the movie and thought I'd say hello. Do you mind if we walk together?"

She said it was a free country.

"Come on, Fanny—you'll have to do better than that."

"I don't mind if you don't, Mr. Dubin."

"Was it a good film you saw?"

"Good enough. Sort of a love story."

"Anything I should see?"

They were walking slowly, her clogs setting the rhythm.

"Better than nothing."

He laughed thinly, felt awkward, as he had in his house when he first began to observe her, impose himself.

"I'm sorry you left without saying goodbye," Dubin said. "I'd bought you a copy of 'Sons and Lovers.' Would you like me to send it to you?"

"Thanks anyway."

"I heard you were living with Roger Foster—are you? He did odd jobs for me when he was in college. He wore a green sweater and his beard had a green cast."

"Well, he has a yellow sweater and doesn't do odd jobs now, and I'm not a cleaning woman."

"I never thought of you as one. It seemed to me a curious experience for somebody like you. I hope I conveyed my understanding, my respect? I wish we'd met under better circumstances."

"Who told you I was living with Roger?"

"My wife happened to mention it."

"She sure is all over the place. I live in his house but not with him."

"I'm sorry about the incident in my study. I regret we couldn't be more congenial."

She said nothing to that.

Dubin asked her if she had left because of the incident.

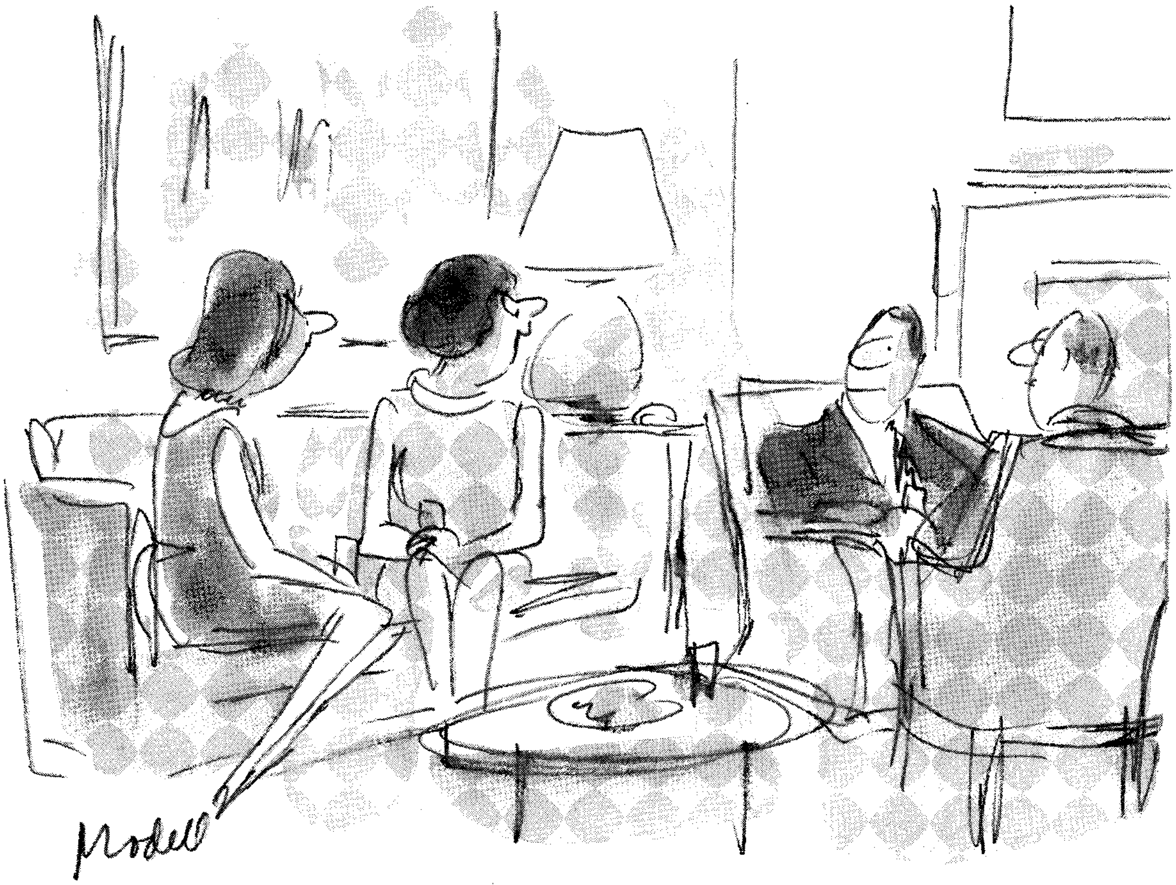
"No. I got tired of the cleaning crap. I'll never do that again."

He asked her after a moment if she had read "Short Lives," the book he had given her.

She said she hadn't yet.

"I've wondered," he then remarked as they were walking along the store-darkened street—he had no idea where she lived—"why you wear that Star of David."

"I wear it because I own it. A friend of mine gave it to me and I wear it when I think of him. I wear other



"Excuse me, dear. What was it you said the other night that I thought made such good sense?"

things too. What's the relevance of that right now?"

"Perhaps to refer to something we have in common."

"Your wife isn't Jewish, is she?" Fanny asked.

"No."

"How did you happen to meet her?"

"It's an interesting story."

"Like you felt this hunger for a woman's presence and she came along and asked you to marry her."

He laughed hoarsely. "Not exactly, but it'll do for the moment."

"What was she doing when you met her?"

"She was a widow with a child."

"She's conscious of everything."

"She has a sensitive nature."

"So do I," said Fanny.

The stores were thinning out and there were more private houses. At the next corner he followed her into a short street. In the middle of the block an orange VW was parked in front of a dour narrow wooden house with a single thin high gable. The two-story house was dark, its window shades drawn.

A bright half-moon appeared through a maple tree on the lawn. The dark-green house in the dappled moonlight looked like a piece of statuary, or an old painting of an old house. Dubin had on a light suit with black loafers, Fanny her jeans and halter.

Dubin told her that D. H. Lawrence used to go wild in the glow of the new moon.

"I'll bet it doesn't do that to you."

"I'm a controlled type," he admitted.

She yawned. He laughed a little.

Dubin pointed to the North Star.

"I have to go in now," Fanny said.

"When will you be leaving for New York?"

"Next week I plan to go."

The biographer said he had a thought: "I've got some research to do at the New York Public Library. Could I drive you down?"

"I'm driving myself in my own car. Roger's going with me."

He found it difficult to conceal his disappointment.

"He's coming for the ride and going back by bus. You can tell your wife I'm not living with him. He wants to marry me but I don't dig getting married yet. I want to try other things in my life before I do."

"Marvellous," Dubin said. "What sort of things?"

Fanny had stepped out of her clogs and raised her arms in the moonlight. If she stripped off her halter he would embrace her.

"I'm young yet. I don't do everything for a purpose. I do some things for fun."

"Fun is a purpose."

"It's a purpose that doesn't take away your fun. I enjoy my life—most of it."

"May I hope to see you in the city, Fanny? Couldn't we have dinner together?"

She gave it a quick thought. "That's fine with me."

"Good. Where shall we meet?" he asked. "Where will you live in New York?"

"I don't know yet. Do you want me to come to the restaurant?"

"Would you care to meet at my hotel?"

"It's as good as any other place."

They arranged a meeting a week hence. Dubin said he would be at the Gansevoort. "That's Melville's mother's maiden name."

Fanny stifled a yawn. "I guess I'm beat."

"I won't keep you," he said. "I'm happy we're going to meet again. I'm sorry I was inept the last time we were together. It was only in afterthought I realized how kind you were being."

"Forget it."

They parted friends, he hoped. The house, when he got back, was no longer lonely, although Maud, if she had called, did not call again.

Dubin, standing by a darkened bedroom window, looked up at the wash of stars in the glowing night sky. "Why should I feel lonely?" Thoreau had asked. "Is not our planet in the Milky Way?"

He would say that to Fanny.

DUBIN talks to his mirror—he weighs how some things happen: Years ago, Kitty's letter had crossed his desk.

There were two short letters in green ink, the second cancelling the first: "Please don't print my recent 'personals' note. It was a mistake. I should have known not to send out that letter when I felt low. Could you kindly destroy this with the other note?"

Having read it because someone had mistakenly laid it on his desk, Dubin searched through a folder in the next office for the other note. It read: "Young woman, widowed, fairly attractive, seeks honest, responsible man as friend, one who, given mutuality of interests and regard, would tend to think of marriage. I have a child of three."

Dubin would tend to think of marriage.

After a night of peering into his life; bad dreams; wanting to take a chance because the time had come to take a chance: he was past thirty and hadn't begun—neither his vocation nor his life satisfied him; he wrote in the morning: "I am an assistant editor at *The Nation*. Your letter crossed my desk. I can't bring myself to destroy it."

He had had this job a week and had recently also begun writing obituaries of literary figures on assignment for the New York *Post*. Dubin wrote he was thirty-one and unmarried. He had been in the Army for two years. He was a Jew. He was responsible.

He had practiced law for a year, had finally felt it was not for him, and was no longer practicing. He said he loved law but not the practice of law. His father had mourned when he gave up his profession. He had afterward felt lost, a burden of loss. Wherever his life was going he didn't seem to be going with it. "People ask me what I am saving myself for. I want to change my life before it changes me in a way I don't want to be changed.

"I've never written to anyone as I am writing to you now. I am touched that only you and I know about the letter you sent and withdrew. In that respect I am privileged. I sense you understate yourself. You seem to me capable of a serious act of imagination: to be willing to love someone willing to love you. You may remember that Plato in the 'Republic' says marriages between good people might be made by lot. I assume we are good people. Obviously you were flirting with that idea. I think I've been predisposed to it all my life, though I don't know why. Your letters excite me. May we meet?"

"Dear Mr. Dubin, Yours disturb me. It disturbs me because it moves me. I am—at least at the moment—afraid to go further. Let me think it out. If you don't hear from me again, please forgive me. It will be best not to have said no. Ever, Kitty Willis."

Another letter came in a month.

"Dear Mr. Dubin, I am twenty-five, my little boy is three. I wish I could say I know what I'm doing. I don't think life will be easy for anyone living with me. I sleep poorly, fear cancer, worry much too much about my health, my life, my child. I'm not a very focussed person. It took my husband years to learn what I'm telling you in this letter. I want at this point to get it all out—go on record. My father was a suicide when I was four. My mother went off to Europe with a lover when I was nine. She died abroad of cancer many years later and is now buried in Maine. I was brought up by a loving grandmother. My husband died of leukemia at forty. I want you to know."

Dubin was moved.

"There's more to me, obviously, than the sum of my hangups or traumas," Kitty said. "Nathanael and I were reasonably happily married, and I ought to make someone a decent wife. I can't say my emotional season is spring but I love life. Fortunately, I have a strong reality factor that keeps me balanced against some of my neurotic inclinations. I want you to know this if we're going to be serious about each other. I wanted to write earlier but it took me a while to make up my mind. I don't want to ensnare you in my unhappy history, Mr. Dubin. I sense you lean to that tilt."

They met in a bar. She was wearing a white scarf around her head. Her face was luminous, hair bright brown, her eyes almost black. She was a tallish slim-figured, doubtful girl. She looked at him as though she were looking for him. Each recognized the other.

Kitty laughed breathily as they talked. She said she was surprised, in the mirror, to see herself there.

"I keep asking myself why have I come."

He tried to tell her—a way of telling himself.

She listened as though she wanted to believe him, her face pallid, her dark eyes reflective.

Dubin felt like a marriage broker with himself for a client.

It was not a bad meeting, though they were constrained. She was quiet, vulnerable, not sure what she was doing. He was not sure of her. But after they had met they wanted to meet another time. One day, they went out, enjoyed themselves, enjoyed each other, kissed. It was a hungry kiss; Dubin thought of it often. Not long thereafter, they agreed to marry.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Kitty said. "I wouldn't want you to be disappointed in your decision, let alone in me."

Dubin thought it would be a good life. He had gone through it in his mind many times and thought they were doing the right thing.

"There's a lot of adventure in this," he said.

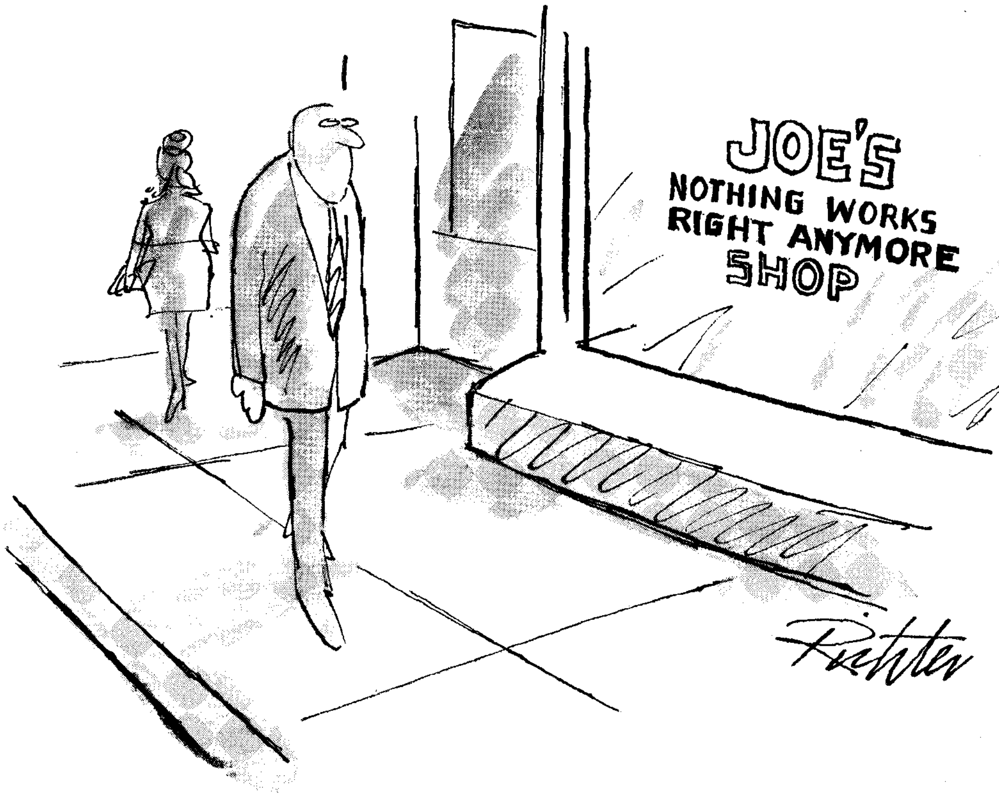
"Maybe too much?"

"All it takes is character."

"That's not all it takes."

"Whatever it takes I think we have."

She smiled as though he had said



SEIZURE

Maybe in front of his class, giving a lecture.
Or drinking sherry from someone's cut glass.
Pouring hot grease from the skillet.
Knee-deep in swift water.
Juggling his tiny son high
high over his head.
In the tub, on a ladder,
crossing the street in traffic.
No provision is sufficient.
When his brain is shocked into sleep,
he will wake to blood in a crowd of faces
and strain for the word to explain it all.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt

• •

something witty. Sometimes she looked older than she was.

"I trust you, I think," Kitty said. "You seem to say the right things. In a way you remind me of my husband."

Dubin hoped not too much.

Her eyes grew anxious. "Let's not get married till we know and love each other."

"Let's get married and know and love each other." He spoke with doubt like a cold stone in his gut, but felt he had to say it.

"Where do you get your daring or whatever it is?" she asked.

"I've drifted enough in life."

They were married one cold day in spring.

Dubin felt inspired.

The bride wept at the wedding.

That's not how I remember it, Kitty said behind a yawn in the bedroom.

Dubin drove to New York with Evan Ondyk, the Campobello psychiatrist. Ondyk had heard through a patient, a friend of Kitty's, that Dubin was driving to the city. He had called him to ask for a ride—his Buick was in the garage. The biographer respected Ondyk's poker playing but not his mechanistic judgments of people, as though possibility did not go beyond psychotherapy. On the other hand, he read and talked well about books.

"Why did you pick Lawrence to write about?" he had once asked Dubin.

"To see what he had to teach me," the biographer said.

"Maybe you ought to try Freud? We could use a biography of the man—nobody's done much past Jones so far, unless he goes at Freud to attack psychoanalysis. It would be a good thing, for instance, if someone could find out how he felt about analyzing his own daughter. Or from her how it went. Also what his relationship really was to his wife's sister. That's ambiguous territory. Jung is on record as saying Minna told him that she and Freud were 'very intimate.' Freud himself said, I think to Fliess, that he was only forty-one when he gave up sex with his wife."

"I was thinking of Chekhov," Dubin said. "He died at Lawrence's age of the same disease, tuberculosis. There were other similarities: problems of loving, impotency, what all."

"Why didn't you take a crack at him instead of Lawrence? He's a more sympathetic character."

Dubin said, "I don't read Russian."

He pondered Ondyk, wondered about his judgment of him: There has to be more to him than I think. One has so few facts to go by. Kitty had heard he was a good practitioner. The psychiatrist was a deliberate card player, peering over his hand to psych out who had what. He often called when Dubin bluffed. Eyeball to eyeball, who would best understand the other? Someone at the game had said he went off periodically to New York for his sexual pleasure. Dubin would have liked to be driving alone but the ride was pleasant.

It was a fine autumn day. His vision was stereoscopically sharp, his heart light. A resurgence of sadness had occurred and gone. Here I am a single man on a date. He felt at peace, serene, had in the mirror that morning looked youthful. He hadn't talked much to himself. Fanny had been in his thoughts. It was early October and on the Taconic many of the sun-filled trees, although in high color in the hills above Campobello, were yellowing-green and growing greener as they drove south. This was a rented car because Kitty needed theirs. She'd been surprised he had not asked her to go with him and he reminded her how rarely he got out of the house alone. "Being married doesn't mean being tied by our tails." Afterward he realized the metaphor was Montaigne's; and Kitty reminded him that lately he'd been making remarks about marriage. "Have I?" Dubin asked. He said he liked a long drive alone once in a while and she said she understood. He wore gray checked slacks and a blue plaid blazer, and in his suitcase carried a bottle of perfume and a Schubert record as presents for Fanny.

"Well, have a good time," Ondyk said. "What are you here for?"

Dubin said he'd be doing some research. Then he said he hoped to relax a little from work.

"How's it going?"

"Very well."

"How's Kitty?"

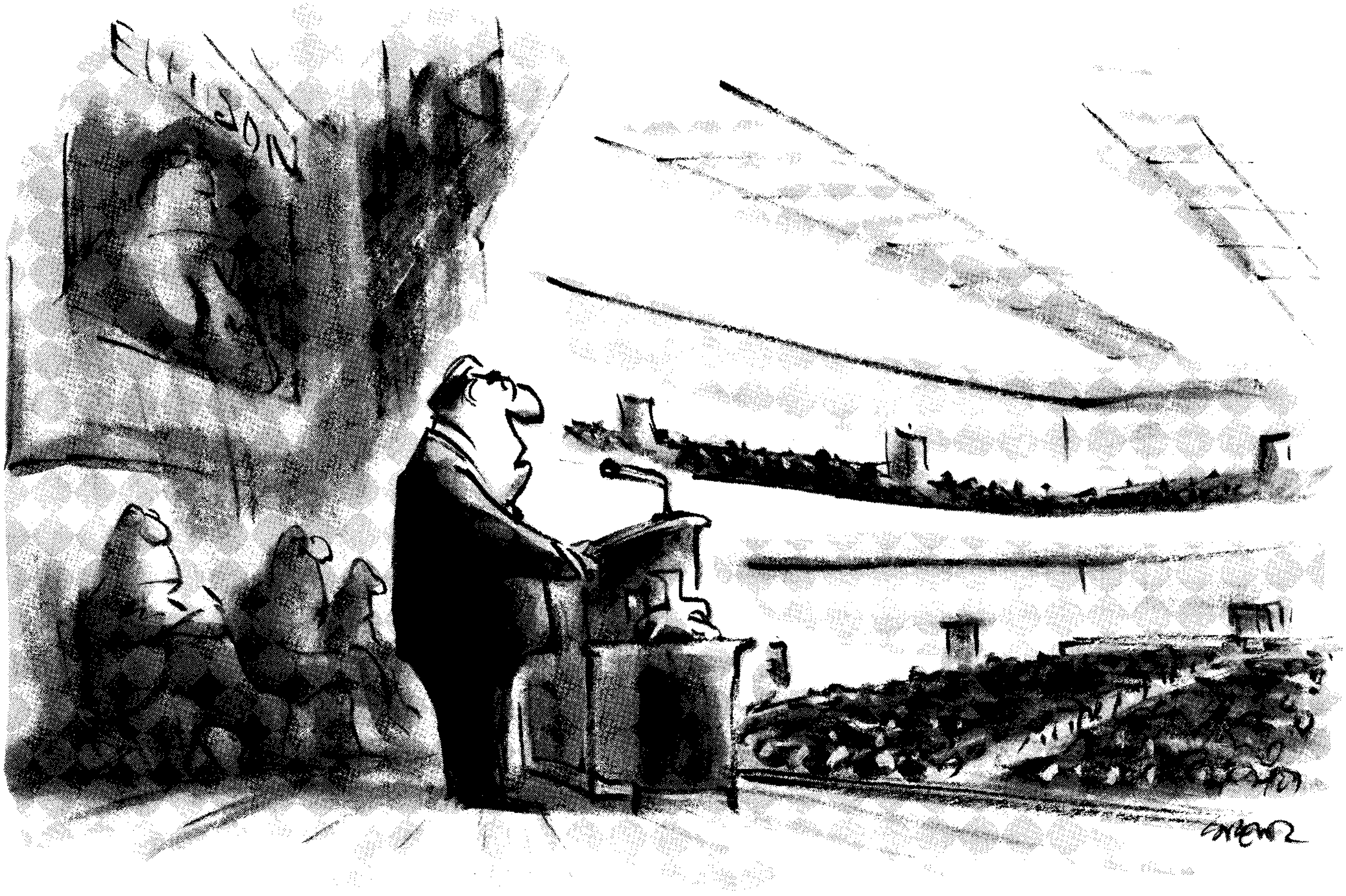
"Very well."

"A fine woman," Ondyk said.

He didn't say what he was in the city for. What you didn't say wasn't lying.

After he had left Evan at his hotel and checked into his own, it seemed to Dubin that he could use a brighter tie, so he went out and bought a yellow one, and while he was at it a new belt with a large silver buckle. He had got to the Gansevoort shortly after 3 P.M. At four, he showered, changing into fresh underwear, although he had changed into fresh underwear that morning, and dressed again. He imagined Fanny would appear around five. He would order drinks sent up—no, it would be better if they went down to the bar. Afterward he would invite her up and she could say yes or she could say no. They'd go to bed, have dinner late, and let the evening find its way. They would not have to decide one minute what they were going to do the next. If Fanny liked, they could either go for a walk along Fifth Avenue or see a movie. It might be a nice thing to do between twice in bed.

It was a long wait doing nothing, so Dubin unlocked his briefcase and read some of his notes about Lawrence and Jessie Chambers. That was a stillborn affair, hard on both of them. The girl had a broad tremulous mouth and sad uneasy eyes. "I could never love you as a husband should love his wife," he had frankly told her. The letters Dubin had



"That concludes my prepared remarks. I will now fend off questions from the audience."

• •

found showed him at his hardest toward her.

The biographer thought it must be close to five now, when he realized it was close to six. He hurried down to the lobby to see if Fanny might be waiting there. He waited for her among a crowd of new arrivals. The lobby was afloat with young and middle-aged men, single and married, meeting pretty women in bright dresses and suits, single and married. Dubin admired a large-eyed Indian stewardess in a shimmering golden-red sari, standing with a Sikh pilot in beard and white turban; they were waiting for a limousine to the airport. In the bar the pianist was playing Puccini longing. The lobby stirred with expectancy—a sense of sexuality, adventure—Faust ascending, but no Fanny. He feared he had missed her—she having gone up as he was coming down. Dubin entered an elevator and rode to his floor; but she was not in the corridor by his room, nor had he expected she might be.

He went down in the elevator, then waited for a while in front of the hotel, trying not to dislike the girl for so strongly desiring her. At seven he waited outside the hotel. He waited till eight. He felt his age. One recovers of youth only what he can borrow from the young. Perhaps this is no longer my privilege. It was a pleasant evening. He eyed the passing couples, young with young, young with older—these he envied most—looking as though they had been intimate or were about to be. The young ones did not look at him. Those his age knew whom he was waiting for. Waiting, Dubin thought, he did comparatively well. It was a matter of temperament. He waited not so well for the small things of life but better for the more important. Some wait badly. Kitty waited badly. "Un bel dì vedremo," the Puccini went in the bar. Kitty sometimes plucked it on her harp. But waiting in expectation is easier than waiting in doubt. It was easier to wait for one who was coming than one who was not.

At nine, Dubin ordered a roast-beef sandwich on rye and a bottle of ale sent to his room. If she still came the long waiting would have been worth it. He had decided that Fanny had planned not to come because he had not taken her when she had offered herself. There are some things one ought not to do. There are some chances one ought to take.

Looking in the mirror over the sink, Dubin disliked the yellow tie he had bought. He changed it for a purple one before going down to the bar. He washed his hands and face slowly and went downstairs.

At the bar, Nixon was lying on television.

Dubin ordered a brandy, sipping as he watched the bartender.

The biographer told the bartender he looked sad.

"You look kinda wiped out yourself."

Dubin confessed his lonely nature.

"I have my daughter dead about a year," said the bartender. "She took an overdose."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Dubin. "I have a daughter myself."

After a while he said, "Mark Twain lived in heartbreak after his daughter Susy died: 'The mind has a dumb sense of vast loss—that is all.' "

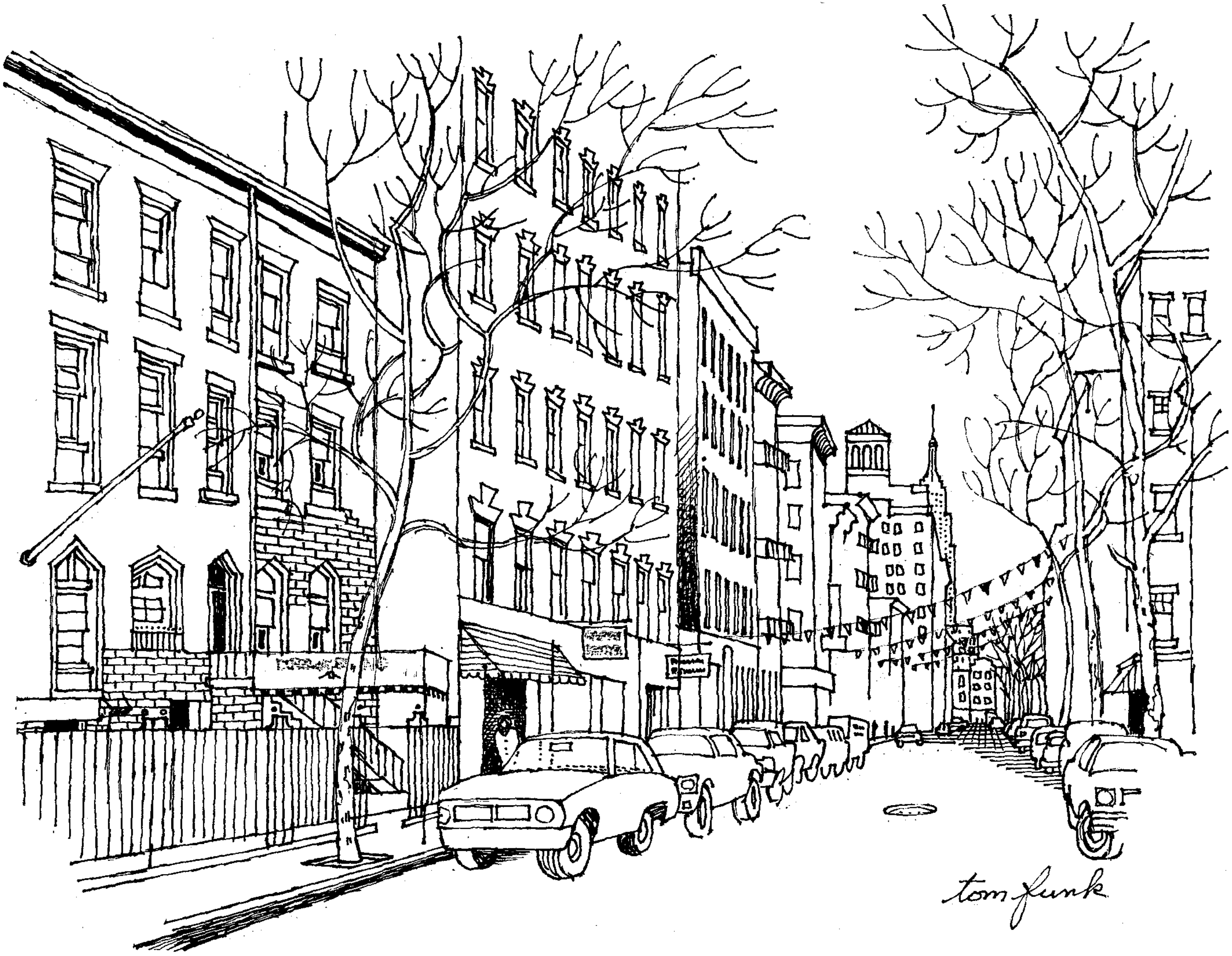
"They stay in your thoughts," said the bartender, rubbing the bar with his cloth.

Dubin, in his heart of hearts, mourns Dubin. —BERNARD MALAMUD

(This is the second part of a two-part story.)

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A NICE PLACE TO LIVE

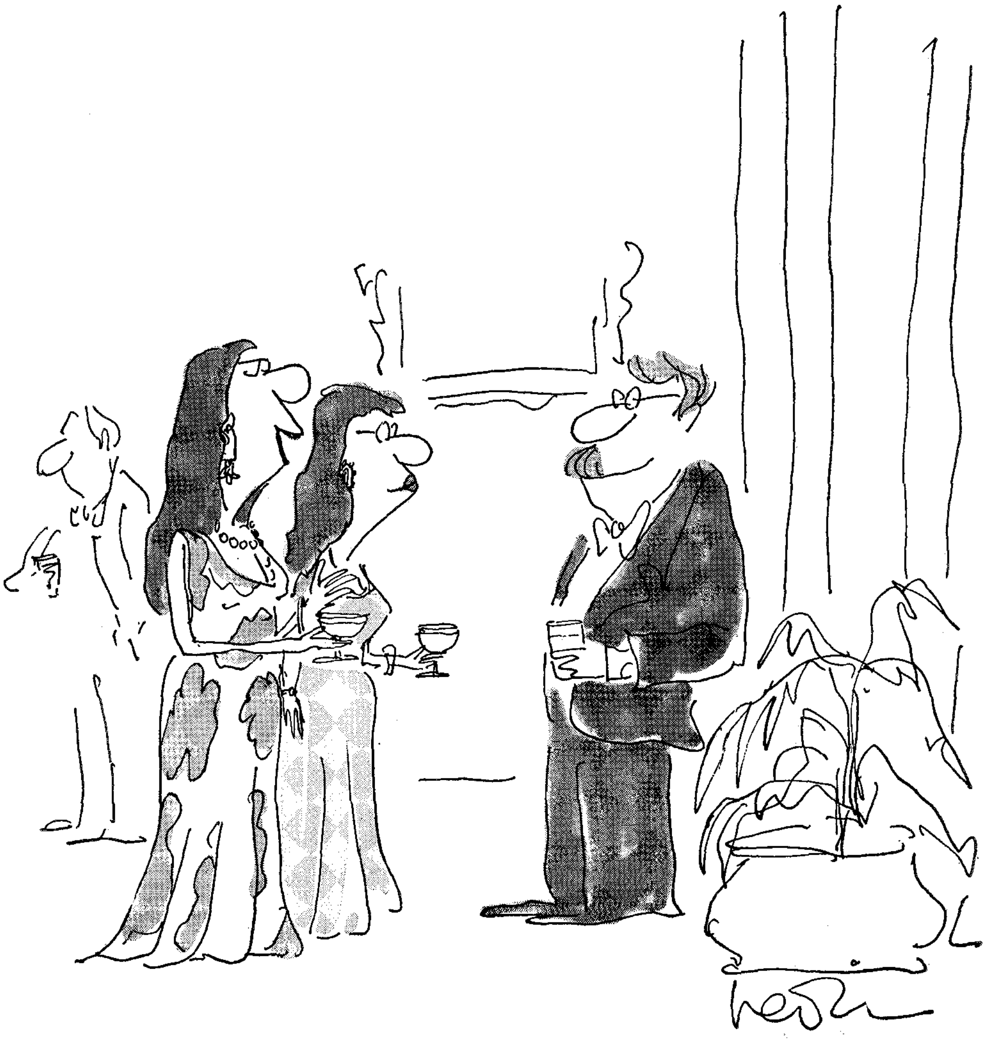


A DECADE ago, Greenwich Village was Greenwich Village. It was a relatively small area, and it was a community—a polyglot community, to be sure, with artists and intellectuals, business and professional people who found the lively spirit of the place refreshing, small shopkeepers, young émigrés from around the country escaping the tedium and confinement of small towns, and large numbers of lower-class and lower-middle-class Irish and Italians. Perhaps its most cohesive element was that it was, above all, a family community—a good place to bring up children. Nowadays, Greenwich Village is no longer a community. Instead, it is a geographical entity that has been artificially expanded so that anyone living between Sixteenth and Canal Streets and between the North River (as the Hudson is called in its lower reach) and the East River who strips one wall of an apartment down to the bricks and hangs an art-show poster can claim to be a Villager. The new Village is a realtors' concoction. Greenwich Village has long been a popular place to live, but once it became especially popular, beginning in the tumultuous days of the late nineteen-sixties, real-estate agents solved the problem of the area's limited housing by a simple device: advertising non-Village property as Village property. Suddenly the Village expanded in all directions, and prospective tenants—mostly young people who couldn't afford the rents in the actual Village—settled in dilapidated rooming houses and cold-water railroad flats in these sections. They wanted to live in the Village, they were told this was the Village, so, by God, they were living in the Village.

In time, the realtors' fiction became accepted fact, and today what is loosely called Greenwich Village encompasses the West Village, the North Village, the East Village, and the South Village. Their boundaries are not fixed, but they are generally accepted as following certain lines. The West Village, running from the North River to Sixth Avenue and from Thirteenth Street to Vandam Street, is part of the old Village. Although it retains much of the area's once strong neighborhood character, the West Village has undergone a fundamental change, because many of the ordinary families who lived there a few years ago and gave the place its underlying cohesion have been displaced by an influx of artists, who keep largely to themselves, of homosexuals, who keep entirely to themselves, and of "antique" dealers, who took over most of the small family shops and now sell thirty-year-old junk to tourists and uptowners for exorbitant prices. The North Village extends from the old Village area around Washington Square and beyond the former northern Village border of Thirteenth Street up to Sixteenth Street and from Sixth Avenue to Broadway. This is the most heterogeneous part of the new Village. In Washington Square Park, derelicts and addicts and pushers and muggers hang about ominously, while a few dreamy guitar strummers and folksingers try to capture an audience, grown men sail Frisbees, a few young parents intrepidly bring their small children to play, and students and teachers from

New York University, whose buildings surround most of the park, stroll through or sit on benches between classes. Aside from the park, the grubbiest part of the North Village is Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Once merely a raffish block frequented by young people from the suburbs looking for excitement, it is now the main passageway for the more sinister denizens of the park passing to and from the subway stop just below the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. Day and night, this block and this corner are congested with local residents trying to get somewhere else and with criminals eying and jostling targets among the gawkers and thrill-seekers from out of town. But the North Village has fine, quiet blocks, too—Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Streets off Fifth Avenue—which are tree-shaded and lined with handsome brick and brownstone houses. And there is the sedate reach of lower Fifth Avenue itself, with its large, comfortable-looking apartment buildings and serene old churches. The East Village, which runs from Broadway to the East River and from Fourteenth Street to below St. Mark's Place, is the grimmest part of the expanded Village. Here are Bowery bums sleeping in doorways, black and Puerto Rican whores wearing boots and hot pants, addicts looking for a fix or a hit, and young artists and writers whose highest aspirations include moving someday to the West Village. A large part of this area is taken up by the "temporary" tenements erected along Avenues A, B, C, and D at the turn of the century to house the last great wave of immigrants from Europe, who have been largely replaced by refugees from Puerto Rico and New Jersey, the latest sources of fresh ingredients for the old melting pot. And, finally, there is the South Village—the oldest Italian section in Manhattan—which is contained on the north by the lower side of Washington Square Park; on the east by LaGuardia Place, West Broadway, and the relatively new SoHo district; on the south by Canal Street; and on the west by Sixth Avenue and a peninsula made up by Leroy, Cornelia, Jones, and Carmine Streets and St. Luke's Place. This area has suffered from most of the external and internal forces that have changed, and in many ways destroyed, the character of Greenwich Village. By now, the South Village has lost much of its old Italian flavor, and, like so many other neighborhoods in New York and in other cities throughout this country, it is slowly disappearing as a neighborhood. As America's neighborhoods disappear, so does America, for its essential and unique attribute—diversity—disappears with them.

CURIOUS about what was happening to the South Village as a community, I spent some time there last summer to see what I could learn about the place. I hadn't been in the southern and still predominantly Italian part of the area—between West Houston and Canal Streets—for half a dozen years, so early one evening in June I took a subway down to Sixth Avenue and Spring Street, and walked east along Spring toward a small Italian family restaurant I used to go to occasionally. I couldn't remember its name, but I was sure that it was on Spring Street and I was sure that I would recognize it when I saw it. However, it was difficult to recognize anything, because the street was festooned, as far as I could see, with row upon row of red, white, and blue plastic triangles strung across it every twenty feet or so at the second-floor level. It was the height of the Bicentennial Year, and the Italian-Americans in the South Village seemed to be celebrating it more demonstratively than anyone else in the city. Disoriented by the fluttering, glittering triangles, I paused at the northeast corner of Spring and Sullivan Streets to get my bearings. It was no use, for there were banners as far north and as far south as I could see. Then I recalled that the restaurant I was looking for had been on the same corner. It wasn't there any longer. On the site was a large restaurant called the SoHo Charcuterie. I looked in through the window and saw that it was a simple, spare place with heavy wooden tables and a long delicatessen-style takeout counter at one end. But then I noticed an à la carte menu affixed to the inside of the window, and saw that the produce of the place was anything but simple and spare. Among the entrées of the day were Tournedos en Chemise Poivre Vert, for fourteen dollars; Truite Farcie en Feuilleté, for sixteen dollars; and Homard Muscovite, for twenty-four dollars. Shocked by *this* change in the neighborhood—the last time I'd been in the area it had been difficult to spend more than five dollars for a meal—I glanced across Spring Street

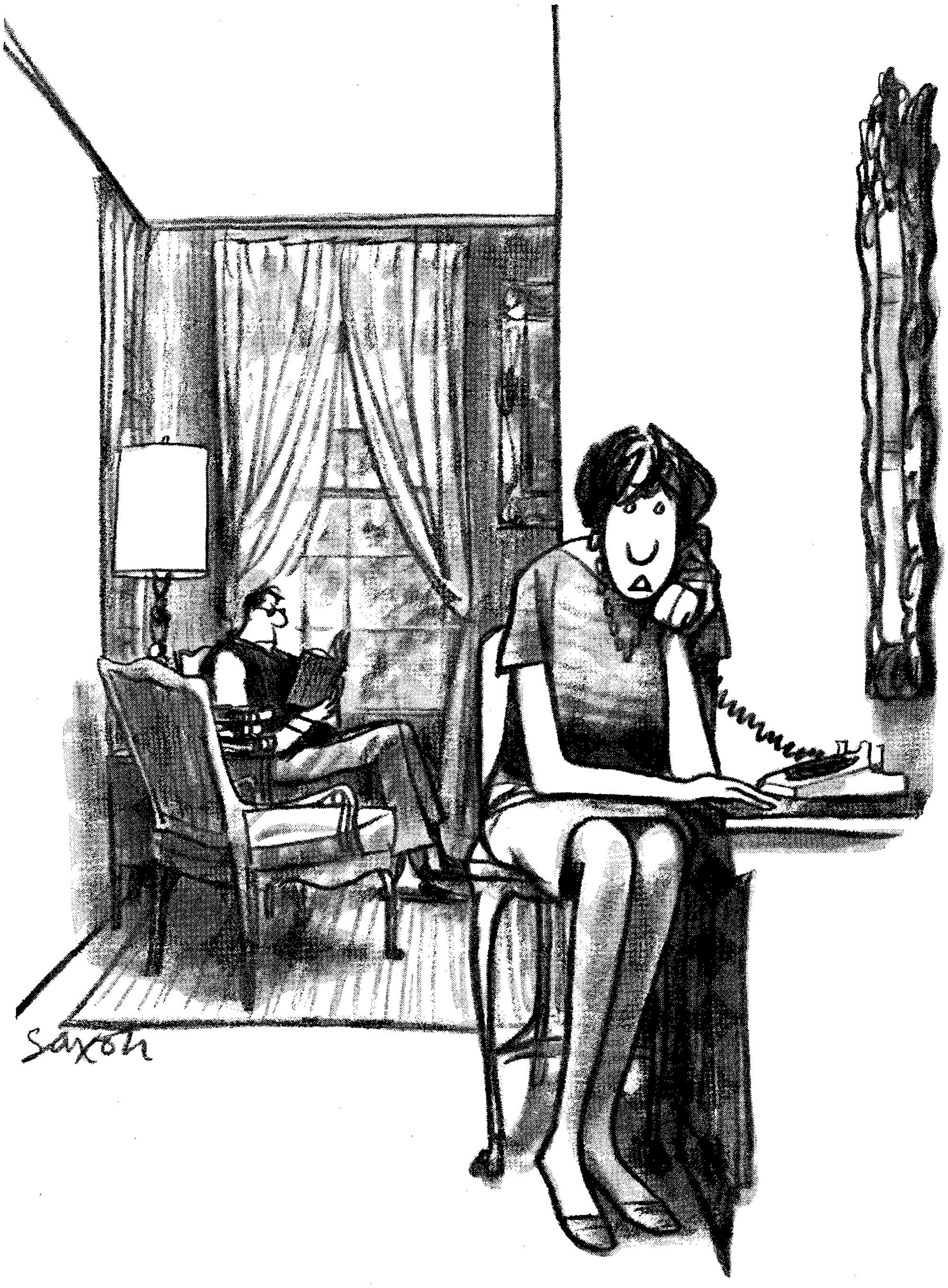


"Miss Howell, this is Spencer Chesterton. To begin with, Mr. Chesterton is salaried . . ."

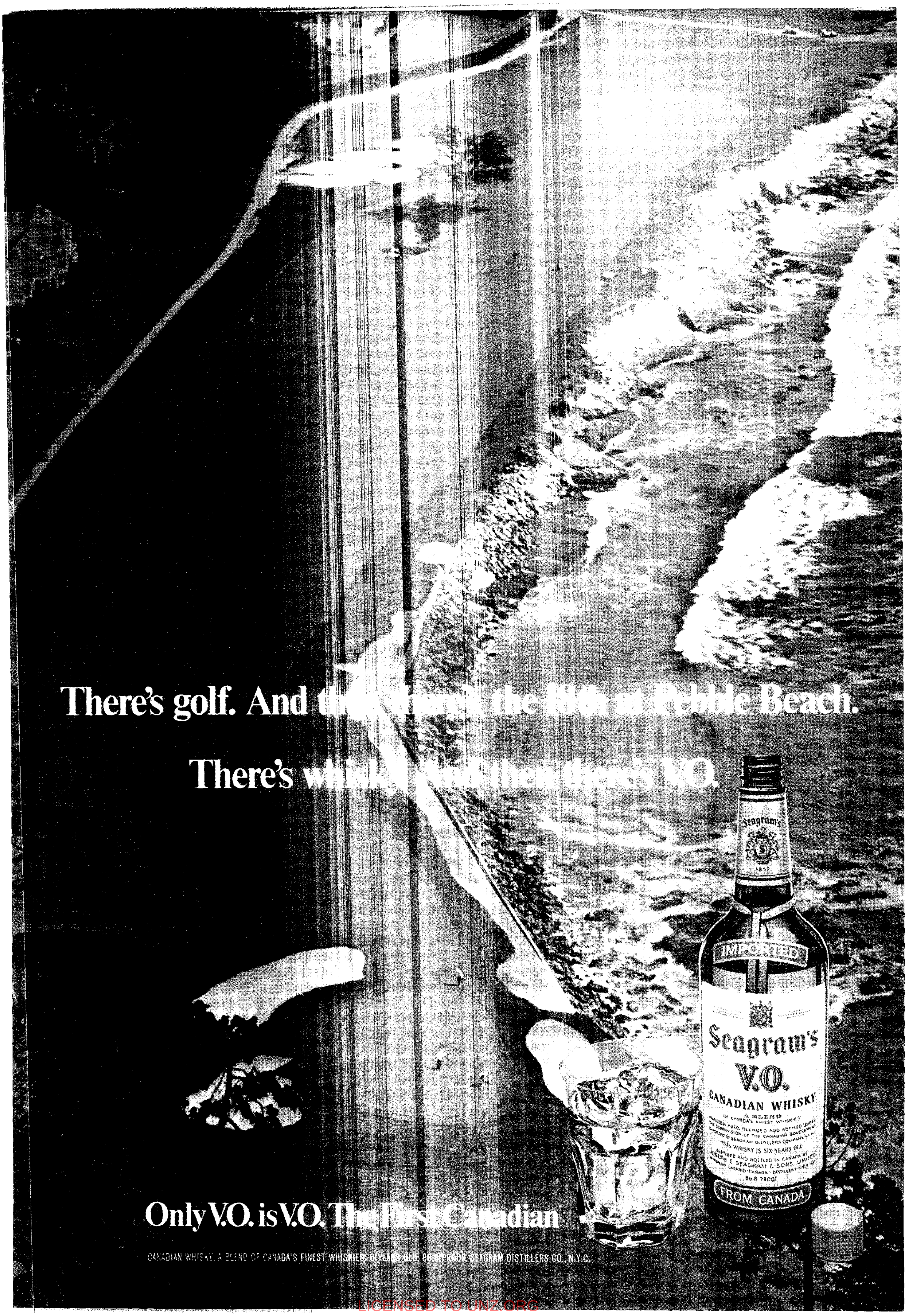
and saw a modest-looking place, the Napoli, with a rust-colored stucco façade and a Schlitz beer sign in the front window. I went inside and found it to be a pleasant, typically Italian family restaurant, with a narrow barroom in front and a small dining room in back. Although it was only a little past six o'clock, the place was full, so I gathered that it was the kind of restaurant that catered to people who got up early and worked hard all day and were hungry by six. Most of the patrons were obviously Italian, but there were also a bearded blond man wearing a heavy-linked silver necklace and a faded work shirt open to the waist, who was sitting across from a pretty, stylishly dressed woman; a pair of demure middle-aged women, who looked like schoolteachers; and a couple of teen-age Jewish girls, who kept talking about how much they disliked Teaneck, New Jersey. I soon got a table, and had a very decent plate of spaghetti marinara, a crisp salad, a glass of wine, and espresso for less than the seven dollars and fifty cents that the Charcuterie charged for an appetizer called Soufflé de Saumon Fumé. As I sipped the espresso, I began to feel that there was something familiar about the place, and when the waitress gave me the check I asked her how long the restaurant had been there. "A couple of years," she said. "It used to be across the street, where that French restaurant is now. The family that has owned the Napoli for a couple of generations couldn't agree with the landlord on a new lease, so they moved over here. This is almost the same as the old place. It has the same fixtures and the same furniture and the same layout, except it faces the opposite direction." I felt better then, not only because I had found the restaurant I had been looking for, after a fashion, but also because I had found this much resistance to change in the old neighborhood.

After dinner, I walked a dozen or so blocks around the area, and found that, despite some changes, it was still largely a working-class neighborhood. Among the changes were a few rather woebegone-looking art galleries, a handful of boutiques, three or four *caffès*, and a couple of restored town houses. For the most part, though, the place was still made up of five- and six-story tenements, some old factories and warehouses, and tiny butcher shops, bakeries, and groceries run by elderly people. Dominating the area is the Shrine Church of St. Anthony of Padua, at the corner of West Houston and Sullivan Streets. It is run by the Franciscan Order, and as I passed its towering gray stone façade—done in what might be called Italian-American Gothic—I saw several brown-robed friars on the front steps. There were a lot of children running about and shouting, and there were also a lot of old people. Many of the old men were standing outside storefront social clubs with names like the Saxon Knights. And most of the old women were gathered in twos and threes and fours beside stoops, talking animatedly in Italian and watching everything that went on around them.

When I reached the eastern border of the South Village, at West Broadway, the scene changed abruptly, for that street is the main thoroughfare of SoHo and is lined with large art galleries, warehouses, fashionable women's-clothing stores, factories, expensive restaurants, garages, and artists' loft studio-apartments. In case anyone doesn't know it by now, the name SoHo is a replica of the name Soho, the bohemian artists' quarter in London; in the New York version the "H" is capitalized, because the name is an abbreviation of "South of Houston"—the street forming the northern border of the district. This area is also sometimes called "the cast-iron district" because of the many old factory buildings there with cast-iron façades, which were erected between the Civil War and the First World War. In the early nineteen-



"No, we can't play paddle tennis. We can't play anything. Richard is going to finish 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' if it kills him."

There's golf. And then there's the 18th at Pebble Beach.
There's whisky. And then there's V.O.
Seagram's
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Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
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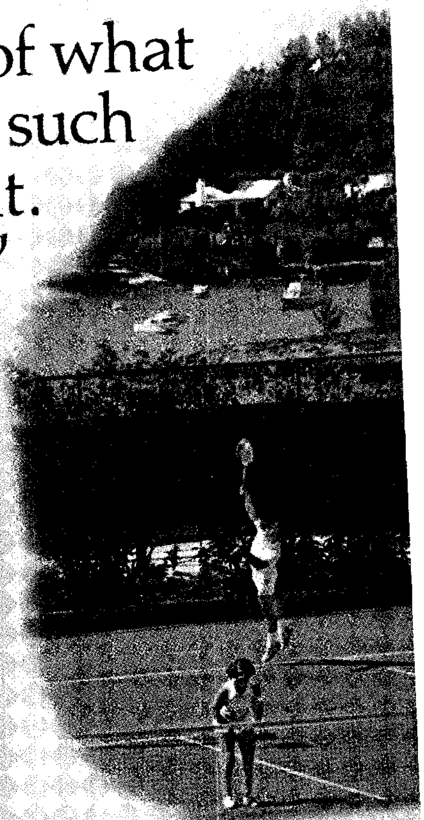

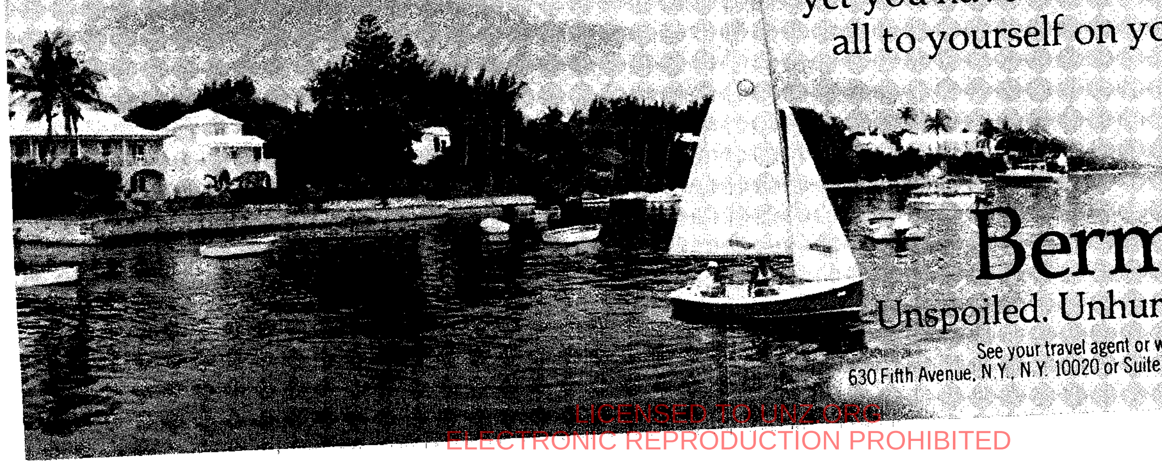

"The people are so proud of what they're doing. And they take such delight in telling you about it. It gives you a feeling of history."

Thom and Carol Frazier talk about their honeymoon in Bermuda. Especially their visit with the Band of the Bermuda Regiment.

"There's a special feeling you get, playing tennis in Bermuda. Right where it all began in our part of the world."

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sixties, the cast-iron district began to attract the attention of historic-preservationists, who feared that its character would be destroyed by the real-estate developers who have destroyed so much of the city, and a small movement was launched to save these buildings. Around the same time, another group of people—artists—who were less concerned about preserving history than about finding cheap work-and-living space began gradually, and surreptitiously, moving into lofts in the district. They turned them into enormous studio flats, and fitted them out with makeshift plumbing and electrical fixtures and heating systems. Because of building and housing codes and sanitation and fire regulations, living in such places was illegal, but in the late nineteen-sixties the Lindsay administration changed the law and made most of the lofts in SoHo legal. Now SoHo is a landmark area and a fashionable place to live. Some of the artists who were unknown and poor when they first moved into these lofts, where they lived rather primitively, have since become famous and rich, and one occasionally sees photographs of their lavishly remodelled and furnished lofts in the Sunday *Times Magazine's* "Design" section.

A COUPLE of weeks after my visit to the South Village, I got in touch with a man I had heard of named Emanuel Popolizio, a real-estate lawyer, who was born and raised there and had lived in the area all of his adult life. A friend we have in common once told me that Popolizio "is such a Villager he won't go north of Fourteenth Street, even on business, if he can help it." When I telephoned, Popolizio immediately suggested that we meet, two days later at noon, on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and West Houston Street, and take a walk before having lunch at his club. "The food is good," he said. "Don't eat anything for a day and a half beforehand." Popolizio, who was wearing a fashionable brown-and-beige tattersall suit when we met, is a balding man in his late fifties with warm brown eyes and a friendly manner. He turned and waved a hand at an asphalt playground behind us. "The Fugazy Theatre was there years ago—a big movie house, very grand for this area," he said. "It was torn down in the early thirties when they put in the subway here. They also razed all the houses and the little side streets that used to be along here so they could widen Sixth Avenue and Houston." We started off east on Houston, and he went on, "When they widened this, they tore down all the old shops across the street. After the shops went, so did the pushcart market along here. You could buy all kinds of wonderful food then. I remember there was a tiny basement shop just there"—he pointed across the street and up a block—"where they sold baked sheep's heads. That's a great Italian delicacy for the poor. On Sunday, my father would take the *Times*—it was the only paper that was big enough—and go there and buy a pack of sheep's heads, and we'd eat them Sunday night. The brains and the tender meat around the head—ah, how we looked forward to Sunday night!" At the corner of Macdougal Street, Popolizio paused and gestured toward St. Anthony's Church, one block away in the southern half of the South Village, where I had walked a few days earlier. "From there on to Prince Street, a block south, you could buy everything like furniture, bedding, and all kinds of old-country cooking utensils," he said. "Then, at Prince and Sullivan there was a shop that had great clusters of grapes hanging outside. There were little black grapes for red wine and *moscato* grapes for white wine. Everybody made their own wine. In the parents' bedroom there would always be two barrels of red wine. My father made some muscatel, too, and kept a small cask of it in the basement coal bin. The area below Houston—that's where the Mafia chieftain Vito Genovese lived, and that's where the husband of the woman he later married was found murdered on a rooftop—has always been the poorest part of the old Italian neighborhood."

Gesturing toward West Houston, Popolizio said, "We call this the Mason-Dixon Line. It is a physical and psychological dividing line. The area north of here on up to Washington Square Park was settled by the first great wave of Italian immigrants, who came from northern Italy beginning about 1870. Most of them were from in and around Genoa, and up to this day most of the businesses in the northern half of the South Village are Genoese. The southern Italians—a mixture from Naples, Basilicata, which is often called Lucania, and Calabria and Sicily—came here between 1900 and the First World War and settled in the southern part of the South Village, along and below Houston. My people were from Basilicata, and I was born on Leroy Street, which is in an old southern-Italian peninsula northwest of here. In those days, this neighborhood was all kids. In my building there were six kids on the ground-floor front left and five kids across the hall and four kids in back. On the second floor there were seven kids in front and four kids in back. On the third and fourth floors there were more kids. There must have been forty kids in that small building alone. Today, there are only singles and childless couples in that building. Anyway, back then each family lived in a three-room apartment—a kitchen and two rooms. The kids slept in one room, and the parents slept in the other room with the two wine barrels. The toilet was in the hall, shared by two families. The kids just streamed, poured, flowed out of buildings like that into the streets. We didn't have any real crime then—not among the kids at least. If you even spoke rudely to an older person, he'd tell your father, and you'd get a beating. If you misbehaved in school, all the teacher had to do was to threaten to tell your father."

Popolizio stopped and faced me. "My father is still alive," he said, his eyes glistening. "He's ninety-five. When he was seventy-five, he stopped working—delivering coal and ice. It wasn't his age that stopped him. One day a car hit his pushcart on Leroy Street and drove one of its handles into his side and broke two ribs. He got out of the hospital and went back to work, but he found he couldn't carry a hundred-pound bag of coal any longer, so he retired." Popolizio resumed walking, and continued, "There were six children in our family, three boys and three girls. My father was a tough man, a very tough man, but he was never hard. When my mother was sick, or when she was down with a new baby, my father scrubbed floors and cooked meals and took care of us. He once told me his theory about bringing up children: 'You should have sugar in your heart and salt on your tongue, and when you kiss them make sure they're asleep.' "

We headed up Macdougal Street, past a row of fine Federal houses, and as we walked Popolizio mentioned that this area had been one of the first black settlements in New York. "When the Italians began moving in here, just after the Civil War, the blacks began moving out—up to Harlem," he said. "But many of them were still here when I was a kid. On Cornelia Street, on the north side between Bleecker and West Fourth, it was all Italians. On the south side of the same block it was all blacks. On Cornelia Street they had a black iceman. On Leroy, one block away, they had a white iceman—my father. The two races kept to themselves, but they got along. There was no serious trouble, no crime, no hatred."

I asked how he had come to go to college and law school, and Popolizio answered, "I got interested in reading when I was a kid, because the library was across the street from where I lived, and it was the only building with steam heat I knew of that I could get into. When it was cold, I spent all my spare time there. They finally threw me out of Story Hour when I was eleven, because I was too old. Anyway, I became a great reader."

At the corner of Macdougal and Bleecker Streets—the tourist heart of the Village—Popolizio stopped and glanced around at the people passing by. Most of them were young, and most of them were wearing the uniform of the free-spirited: faded denims and inscribed T-shirts. Since it was just a little past noon on a weekday, the place wasn't full of the crowds that jam it on evenings and weekends—what Popolizio called "out-of-towners looking for kicks and kids on their way to trouble and older guys ready to show them the way." As we started across Bleecker Street, he said, "This corner is what the people worry about in the old Italian section—like on Thompson and Sullivan and Spring and Broome down below Houston. They worry that SoHo is going to turn their family neighborhood into a hangout like this."

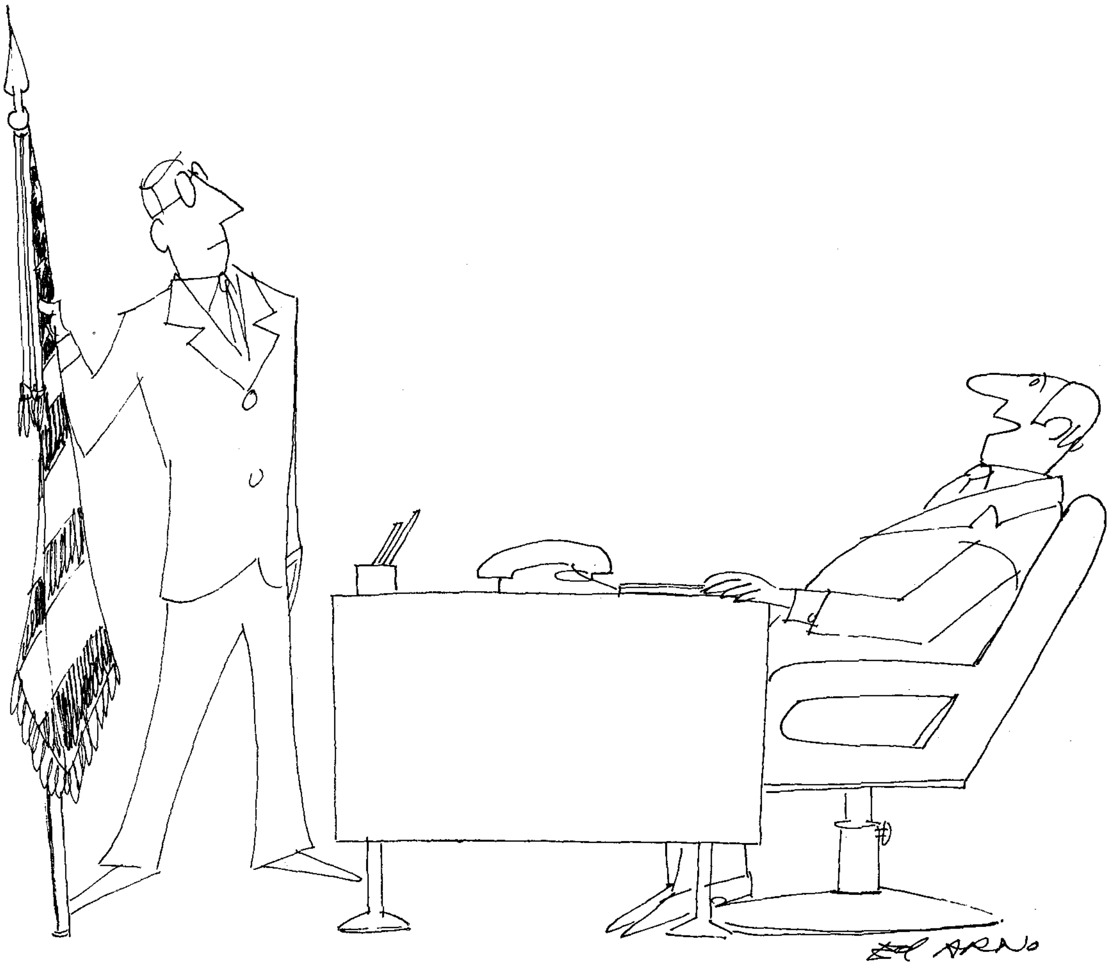
When we reached the south side of Washington Square Park, Popolizio stared at the gathering there—again, mostly young people, with the usual park assortment of derelicts and addicts and pushers. On a nearby bench, a young man with long hair, a wispy beard, and bare feet was strumming a guitar. Popolizio looked at him for a time, then turned to me. "The bench mark of the South Village's decline was the first guitar player who came down here to play in the sixties," he said. "That was when the coffeehouses opened up everywhere and there was an influx of people from the outside, and then came the rowdies and drunks and addicts. That was when the South Village began to change. The Italians didn't like it. Their feeling was 'You wanted us to stay here, apart from the rest of you. Well, we stayed here, and now you're coming in and bothering us, intruding on us, disturbing our lives. We don't want you here any more than you wanted us in your neighborhoods.' It was around this issue that the liberal non-Italians and the conservative Italians fought. The Italians lost. The media pushed for the guitar players, because they were colorful. And the liberals said that the people hanging out in the park weren't doing anything wrong and had as much right to be here as anybody. The Italians couldn't understand that permissive attitude. For them, everything is custom—the old traditions—and their pride. One of the most powerful influences on any Italian is his saying to himself, 'I mustn't make a *male figura*—a bad figure.' That's the worst thing an Italian can do. If you invite somebody to your house and you have only ten dollars to live on for the rest of the week, then you spend eight dollars on food and wine for them, and live the rest of the week on two dollars, so you don't make a *male figura*. The one kind of *male figura* that no Italian man can tolerate is a basic insult to his manhood. When the outsiders came into the park here, they soon drifted out into the streets down in the old Italian neighborhood. The Italian men felt that their women were threatened. Maybe a man's wife is a big, fat, sloppy woman and his daughter has stringy hair and dresses like a dime-store clerk. But to him these are his women, and he's going to protect them. He'll kill for them. In the sixties, the guitar players came down here and the hippies and the blacks followed them. Then they went out onto the streets and they went up to Italian women and girls and said filthy things. Down here, you say to an Italian man, 'Your wife's dress is pretty,' he won't say anything, but he'll stiffen. What are you doing looking at his wife's dress? A man like that, if a black man or a white hippie comes up to a woman and says something obscene it breaks every rule the Italian lives by. If the husband or father is along and there are two or more men insulting his wife or daughter and he can't do anything about it right then, he'll wait. But he's bound to do something. He has to. If he can get the man who said this thing, he'll hit him in the mouth with a baseball bat or beat him to death with a chain. And if he can't find the man who did this, he'll find someone like him and do the same thing. His honor forces him to. It's the code we live by. It isn't anti-black, it isn't anti-hippie—it's a way of life."

Popolizio glanced at his watch and suggested that we have lunch. As it turned out, we had passed his club, back down on Macdougal, so we started off in that direction, and he continued, "The Italians were basically offended by the behavior of these intruders and by the permissive attitude of the liberals toward that behavior. It isn't that the Italians resented the intrusion itself so much. It's the *way* the intruders behaved. The Italian is very tolerant. Of all the ethnic groups in New York, the one group that doesn't leave when there's an invasion by outsiders is the Italian. If you move in and don't bother them—don't interfere with their customs, don't bother their women—they will leave you alone. It's the same back in Italy. Throughout history, everybody has invaded Italy, and the Italians have just shrugged and waited—resigned. In the South Village, the Italians are standing here watching the neighborhood pot fill up with outsiders and waiting for it to boil over. But they won't do anything to stop it. They're resigned. It's Italy all over again."

After a pause, Popolizio went on, "Of course, there's another thing here that's like Italy—the younger people keep moving out. Only the older people and bullheads like me have stayed. So the Italian influence is waning. Another reason for this is that the Italians—at least the second- and third- and fourth-generation Italians—are trying to become Americans. The media, mainly television, have made them want to be like everybody else. So they want a house, maybe a place in the country, a big car, color television, and all the latest appliances. To them, that's what being an American is. I was forty years old before I realized that the best way to be a good American was by being a good Italian. Anyway, this community feels that it's not its own anymore. It feels threatened all the time. There has been some resurgence in spirit in this neighborhood, mainly around Spring and Sullivan Streets, but it's not the old Italian spirit. It's the result of newcomers—mostly middle-class non-Italians looking for a good, safe place to live reasonably. But the Italians are moving out or dying, and now they don't have even any political power left. Unless something dramatic happens, the

Italian community here will die.”

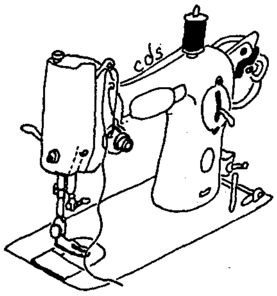
Popolizio’s club turned out to be a place I had often wondered about when I had passed by there over the years. Situated on Macdougal Street between Bleecker and West Houston Streets in a long orange brick four-story building, it had a rust-colored canvas marquee extending out over the sidewalk, with the club’s name—Tiro a Segno—on the side, above a pair of crossed rifles. A small plaque affixed to the building said, “New York Rifle Club,” and I asked Popolizio whether the place was for shooting or eating. “Both,” he answered. “The words ‘*tiro a segno*’ mean ‘pull on target’—or, in short, ‘bullseye.’ It started long ago as a rifle club, but now it’s mainly a social and eating place, although we have a rifle range in the basement and our members enter shooting competitions.”



“I appreciate the fact that you’re an American citizen, Higby, but you’re still fired!”

Alarming pictures of Mafiosi at target practice swam through my head momentarily, but when we went through the door and into the barroom they vanished. It was a pleasant place—dark and quiet and congenial. The first person we encountered was a tall man of about forty with glasses and black hair whom Popolizio introduced to me as John Zuccotti, First Deputy Mayor. We chatted with him for a few moments and then went on into an adjoining room, a cocktail lounge with dark-wood trim, dark-red walls, black banquettes, and a badly done oil painting of the Bay of Naples. As we sat down, I asked Popolizio about the rifle-club side of the Tiro a Segno, and he said, “Some of the first immigrants to settle here were from the Piedmont, in northern Italy. The Piedmontese were great hunters, and they used to go up to Central Park and shoot small game. Finally, they decided to get together someplace where they could cook and share their catch, so in 1888 they founded the Tiro a Segno. Today, the dining is of greater concern to the members than the shooting. Of course, if one member were to take a rifle and shoot another member, we couldn’t ignore it. We’d have to discuss it at the next regular membership meeting. But if a sauce is sour or a waiter is rude we’ll call a special meeting within twenty-four hours.”

We had drinks and then went on—through a small formal dining room with high-backed red chairs, beige-and-brown papered walls, and a couple of mounted antique rifles from the days of the Piedmontese hunters—into the main dining room. It was large and very Italian. Three walls were decorated with murals, the predominant color being that brilliant aqua which one sees only in Italian restaurants. The ceiling was crosshatched with fake beams, with fluorescent-lighted frosted-glass panels in between, and there were a couple of real tree trunks rising from the floor to sprays of plastic leaves at the ceiling. We headed toward the rear of the restaurant, where the back wall presented the largest mural of all and included such sites in Italy as the Colosseum, St. Peter’s, the Duomo, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Grand Canal, and, in the center, an awkward rendition of Michelangelo’s statue of David. We took the table directly beneath him, and Popolizio pointed out that, unlike the original, David was wearing a fig leaf. “He used to be *au naturel*,” Popolizio explained, “but some of the members’ wives complained. It’s another example of Italians trying to become Americans. Modesty is one thing, prudery is another.” The headwaiter—a tall, tanned man who had bushy silver hair combed straight back without a part, silver-rimmed glasses, and a bushy silver mustache—brought a small blackboard with the day’s menu to our table. After much questioning and consideration, Popolizio ordered polpo alla Luciana (boiled and then chilled octopus in oil and vinegar), merluzzo al bianco (whiting poached in wine and herbs), sautéed zucchini, and a salad. I ordered pastina in brodo (noodles and broth) and the merluzzo. The headwaiter frowned slightly at Popolizio, and asked if he was sure that he didn’t want the soup course, too. Popolizio nodded, and said, “No dessert, either. I’m not up to it today.” At that, I recalled telling him on the way to the club that I rarely ate a big lunch, and it suddenly occurred to me that he was merely being polite—not letting me make a *male figura* by failing to keep up at table with my host. Of course, the headwaiter hadn't heard that exchange, and he looked at Popolizio with an expression compounded of hurt and sympathy, as if one of his most reliable trenchermen had just had major abdominal surgery.



We started on the first course, and I noticed Deputy Mayor Zuccotti come into the dining room with a stocky man in a tan suit who had a square, pugnacious face and a commanding manner. Popolizio followed my glance and beamed. "It's Meade Esposito," he said proudly. That explained the man's manner, for Esposito, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn, is the most powerful politician in the city. As the two men sat down at a table across the room, Popolizio continued, "Zuccotti is the most brilliant Italian-American in the city government." (I later checked out this opinion with a man who is a close observer of city affairs, and he disagreed with it, saying, "John Zuccotti is the ablest public servant in the city of *any* nationality.") The arrival of the politicians turned Popolizio back to the subject he had just begun to talk about when we entered the club—politics—and he repeated his remark that the Italians in the South Village and the Village generally had lost their political power. "Before the Second World War, the Village was controlled by the Irish," he said. "Battery Dan Finn and his son Dan Junior and *his* son Danny were successively leaders of the Democratic Party here. Then a group of people, mostly Italians who were struggling for power in the Village, began to back Carmine DeSapio. In 1939, I carried a petition for DeSapio, who was then a reformer and promised to clean up Tammany Hall." Pausing to smile at the thought of DeSapio—once a political reformer, then a powerful political boss, and now a convicted felon, who went to prison for bribing a public official—Popolizio went on, "He was elected as leader of this district, and later he got through some of the reforms he had promised, like direct election of district leaders. As it turned out, that particular change was to be used later on to oust him. People forget that DeSapio was first and for a long time a reformer. He was also the worst thing that ever happened to the Italians here. He was one of their own—the first South Villager to make it big in politics—and he betrayed them. I went into the Army during the war, and by the time I got back the Italians here were in the ascendancy under him. That went on until Adlai Stevenson's second Presidential campaign, in 1956. Of course, Stevenson seemed like a new kind of politician—educated, brainy, and principled—and young idealists flocked to him. At the time, DeSapio had the Village in his palm, but he couldn't see what was coming. During the Stevenson campaign, young people here—mostly not Italian, mostly Jewish—started a reform group, which later became the Village Independent Democrats, who now run the place. So the district went, politically speaking, from Irish to Italian to Jewish. But Carmine didn't see what was happening. He viewed the change as a rebellion that could be put down, not as what it truly was—inexorable evolution. He could have had these people behind him, but he simply couldn't feel the wind of political change, so he fell."

I asked about the effect of DeSapio's downfall on the Italian community, and Popolizio answered, "The South Villagers became emotionally and intellectually truncated. Even now, many people here feel torn because of their admiration for DeSapio—the old DeSapio. Their loyalty to him was very deep, even after their minds told them that their visceral feeling of loyalty was wrong. They were hurt, and they still are. They had reposed their faith in DeSapio, and he let them down. He had got to the point where you opened *Life* magazine and you saw a picture of him with Averell Harriman. DeSapio forgot that his true strength lay not in the Harrimans of this world but in the people. He forgot that you become big through all the little things you do that accumulate. He stopped doing the little things—like helping a civil servant get a promotion one step up that meant a thousand dollars more a year in salary. That's a very important sum to most people. It means they will have a chance to get their family away for the summer, out of this steaming town, or to send a kid to college. Those things matter most of all in politics, and Carmine forgot them. After that, people would sign his petitions, but they wouldn't vote for him. And then lethargy set in. Psychologically, Carmine's defeat drove the Italians into a state of slumbrous political despair. Once again, they gave up. Only their native peasant cynicism helps them survive now. They feel, 'You can't win, so enjoy the day, eat well, drink your wine, see your friends, take care of your family—make do with what exists.' Carmine was to the Italians what John Lindsay was to the liberals. They both created great hopes, great expectations, and they left behind them terrible despair. They left their people worse off than if they had never existed."

We finished our first course, and began on the merluzzo. Popolizio again glanced across the room at the two politicians, and then said to me, "Political change is cresting here once more. The Village Independent Democrats, I suspect, have reached the peak of their power and will soon begin to decline. Right now no one who is not a liberal can hope to be appointed to any office coming out of Greenwich Village. But many of the people here, mainly the Italians, are very conservative, even though they are devoted Democrats. They are being ignored, and now the same thing is beginning to happen to the V.I.D. that happened to the old Tammany. The forces in power have become entrenched, and they have begun to forget the source of their power—the people. I suspect the V.I.D. crowd is getting to the point where *it* knows what's best for the people. That's as bad as forgetting the people, the way Carmine did. One sign of what's been happening is that the people here don't go to their political leaders the way they used to when they need help. There are hardly any Italians in the V.I.D., so the Italians here go to their churches, to the Knights of Columbus, to community self-help organizations that are interested in them, that they can relate to. In fact, they don't even call on the police to protect them. They protect themselves. They feel they have to, because they have been forgotten."

As we were drinking our coffee, the waiter came over, put down a fresh cup of espresso on the empty side of the table between us, pushed a chair up behind it, and said, "Mr. Esposito is going to join you." Popolizio beamed. A moment later, Esposito arrived and Popolizio introduced me. Esposito shook hands and appraised me with a penetrating glance and sat down.

I asked him where he had got the name Meade.

"It comes from Amedeo," he said, in a tough, guttural voice out of a late-thirties movie about the streets of New York. "That's my real name—Amedeo. My school friends called me Medeo or Medy when I was a kid, and

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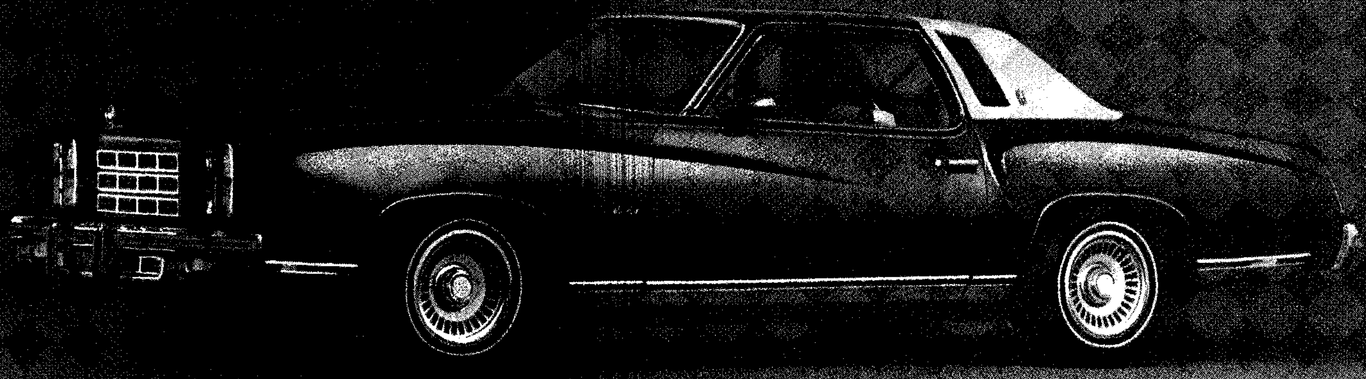

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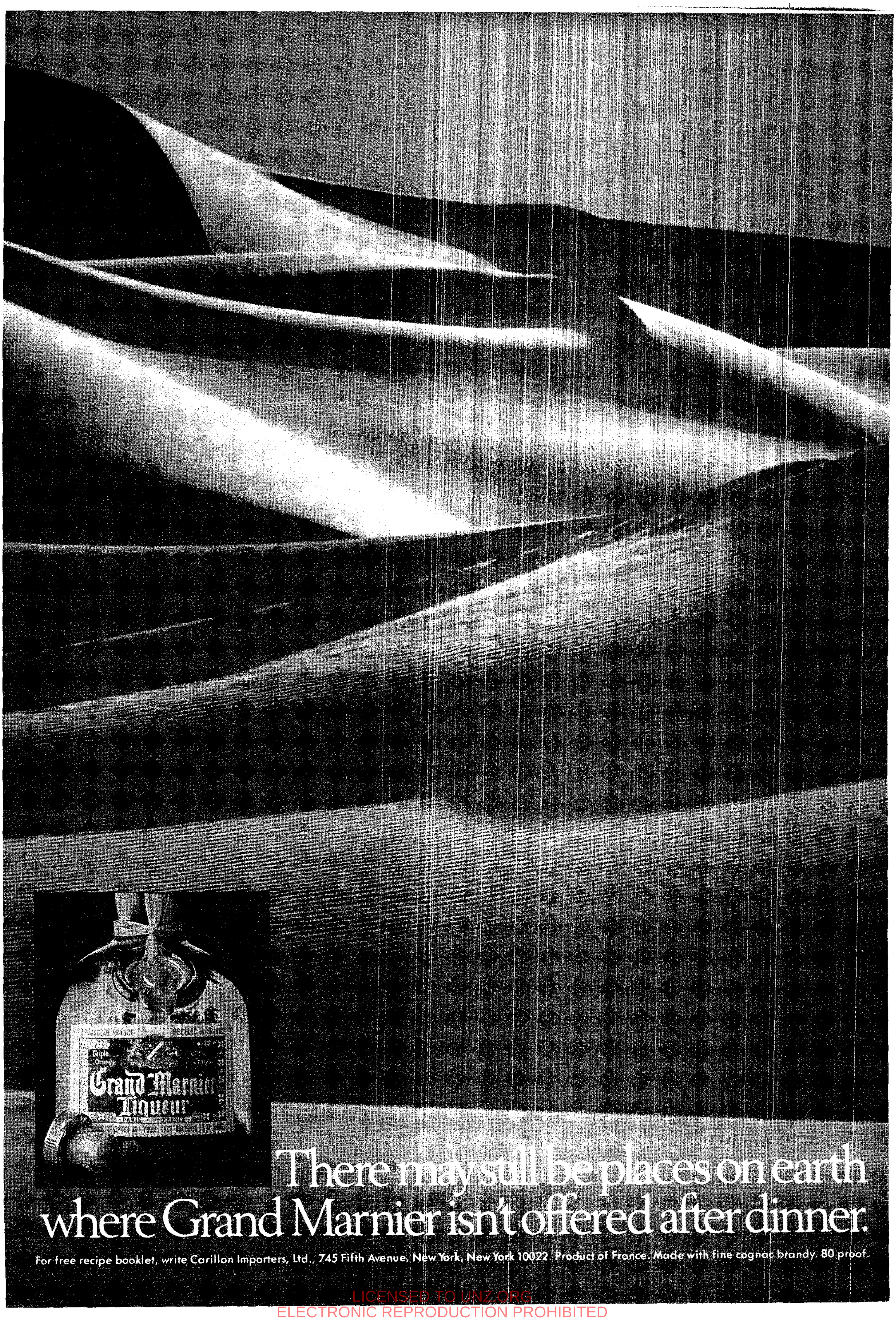
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when I grew up people called me Mede. I put the 'a' in—it looked good. So now I'm the only Italian-American named Meade. Amedeo, it means 'love of God.' " He grinned.

Popolizio mentioned that I was interested in the South Village, and Esposito said that his wife had been born and raised on Spring Street. Popolizio beamed again, and said to me, "See, *his* wife is from the South Village!"

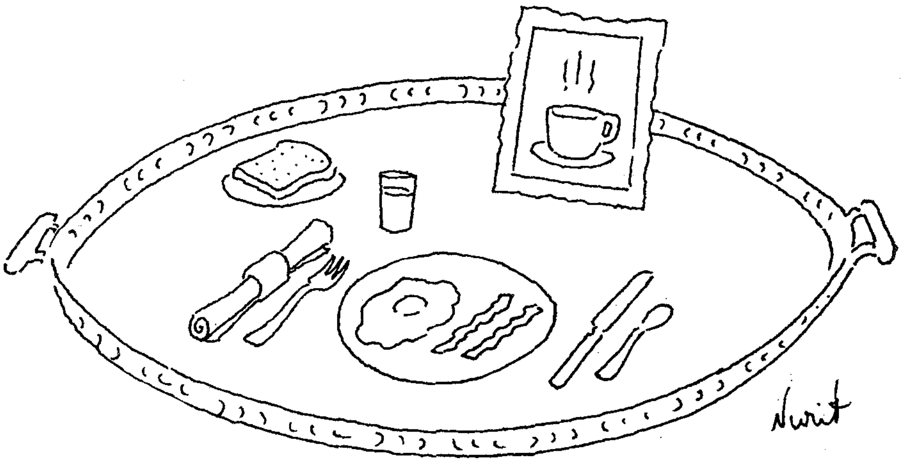
We chatted for a few minutes about politics, and then Esposito told a hilariously ribald joke about a Mafia chieftain, shook hands again, and left. A little later, so did we.

We walked up Macdougal to Bleecker and turned left. A few steps farther on, Popolizio waved to a stocky, black-haired man standing across the street on the sidewalk in front of the G. B. Perazzo Funeral Church, Inc. "He's the proprietor," Popolizio told me. "His grandfather laid out Mother Cabrini, the first American saint."

IN all likelihood, the political and social conflicts in this country between those who advocate more government and those who advocate less government to solve the multitudinous problems of "mass society" will be settled in the urban communities of America. Today, three-quarters of the American people live in these places. And today these places are falling apart. Housing, education, transportation, law enforcement, courts, employment, municipal unions, fiscal systems, racial tensions, and, above all, people's thwarted need to belong somewhere and to have something to say about their lives—all these problems are exploding. Historically, the views of the more-government advocates and the less-government advocates have been curiously self-contradictory. Until very recently, it had been standard liberal dogma since the advent of the New Deal that only government could do the job of taking care of the public's needs—an idea that was borrowed directly from the various totalitarian systems that had taken over a large part of Europe by the early days of the New Deal. In short, liberals wanted to use the social-benefits part of the totalitarianism they abhorred, in order "to help those who cannot help themselves." On the other hand, conservatives clung to the notion of small government, not because it could solve social problems but because they could control it. In short, they rejected the totalitarianism to which they were in many ways sympathetic, in order to allow "rugged individualism" to fill their pockets and to provide an overflow of money that might ultimately "trickle down" to the poor. It was as if Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton had swapped sides. By now, it seems clear that much of the New Deal was a failure. Of course, it temporarily preserved our republican form of government by easing the poverty and discontent that might have destroyed it. That was no small task and no small achievement. But it was no solution to the basic problem, either. That problem—in Lincoln's words: "It has long been a grave question whether any government not *too* strong for the liberties of its people can be strong *enough* to maintain its own existence in great emergencies"—is more pressing than ever. The United States seems to have been in a permanent state of emergency ever since it was founded, but it has probably never faced a greater emergency, aside from the Civil War, than it faces now: the urban crisis.

Whether the people—in the South Village, in Harlem, in Boston, in Detroit, in Los Angeles, or elsewhere in this country—address themselves to meeting their own and their neighbors' needs or go on relying on government to do the job will probably determine the lot of the individual, and the fate of democracy, in the United States. Government cannot do the job, because government cannot comprehend the lives of people on their home ground. Only they can do that. Government officials—bureaucrats, that is—can grasp only systems, not human beings, and the bureaucratic solution to any personal problem is likely to harm the person even if it solves the problem. Life is not, and cannot be made, systematic. But the bureaucrat cannot approach life, and especially the immense and seemingly intractable problems besetting our society, without thinking in systematic terms. The stakes, even in the South Village, are very large, for systematic thinking is essentially totalitarian; it forces people into molds and slots, and the first thing that any form of totalitarianism destroys—intentionally on the part of its leaders and incidentally on the part of its bureaucrats—is the individual. Individuality is the greatest threat any tyrant faces, since individuals are potential rebels. And the individual is a nuisance to the bureaucrat, precisely because he or she is often so individualistic. In the end, the goal of the tyrant is the same as the effect of the bureaucrat: to obliterate human differences. While tyranny is usually imposed on a nation from the top downward—usually by way of a coup that takes over the leadership of a crumbling government—a form of tyranny can also be imposed on a nation from the middle downward and then on upward to the top. This kind of tyranny—bureaucratic despotism—is slow, nearly unnoticeable in its development, and remorseless in its final control.

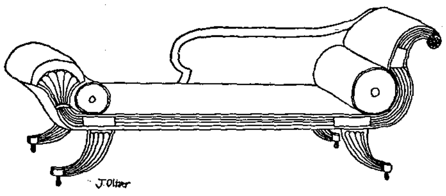
Montesquieu taught that democracy could exist only in small social units, and history, especially American history, has demonstrated the truth of his teaching. The larger and more populous the United States has become, the more its democratic spirit has waned. Given the systematic, or totalitarian, spirit of big government, the result has been inevitable. And one remedy—possibly the only remedy—would seem to be to diminish the power of big government by breaking it up into the smallest possible nearly autonomous units. Of course, the problems that affect large parts of the nation or the nation as a whole—mass transportation, energy, and some forms of welfare, for instance—will still have to be dealt with by the central government. But for many of our most direct and personal problems the remedy lies closer to home. Such a remedy would be identical to the Founding Fathers' basic goal—to fragment government power over the people through a system of checks and balances that would restrain the instinct for gaining more power which is inherent in all governments in all



places at all times. For instance, New York State cannot be governed in the interests of its people as long as the ultimate say about their lives lies in Washington. New York City cannot be governed in the interests of its people as long as the ultimate say about their lives lies in Washington by way of Albany. And the South Village cannot be governed in the interests of its people as long as the ultimate say about their lives lies in Washington by way of Albany and City Hall. If the American people are to survive even as shadows of their ancient independent selves, they will have to return to the ways that simpler days made a necessity, and solve their own problems themselves in the smallest and most manageable form of human society—the neighborhood community. To accomplish this monumental task, they must, of course, have money—lots of money. But since any government is always run out of the pockets of the people, the money is there. A critical problem of the next decade will be finding a way to give back to the people their own money in a manner that will assure that they can use it to solve their own problems in their own communities—perhaps with some federal assistance and guidance and strict laws to prevent corruption. While the Nixon program of "revenue sharing" was ostensibly aimed at this goal, it was a sham, for it was actually designed to create another level of bureaucracy, which was to be nearer to the people but still controlled by the wealthy conservative establishment that runs most towns and cities in this country. It was this group that Nixon meant to enrich, and it was this group that the new bureaucracy was set up to serve.

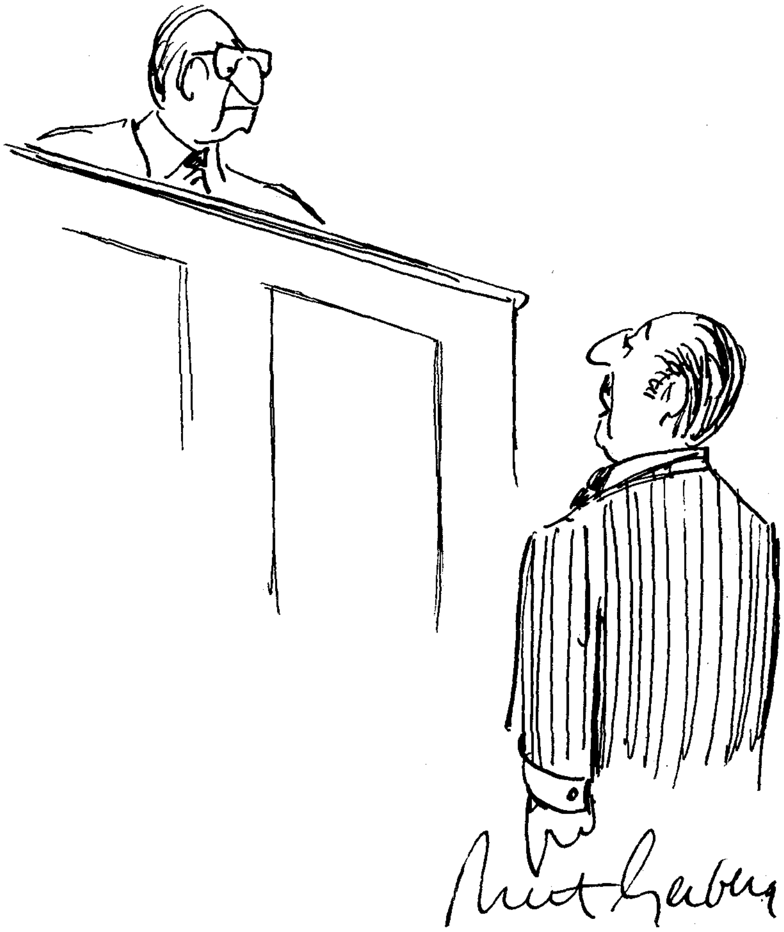
The growing public mistrust of government is probably due not only to the revelations about the Vietnam war and Watergate but to the growing public awareness that government has not done the job that needs doing. Evidence of government's failure is everywhere around us. The most encouraging result has been that this new awareness has created countless thousands of community self-help groups around the nation in the past decade. In New York City today, for example, there are more than ten thousand block associations run by local residents, and there are hundreds of other community self-help organizations. There are auxiliary fire and police departments, ambulance corps, school-crossing guards, senior-citizen "helpers," night-school tutors, musicians performing in settlement houses, English-and-Spanish-speaking teachers helping Hispanic newcomers learn enough English to find jobs and enroll in schools, "block-watchers" who report trouble to local police precincts, "green guerrillas" who plant and care for trees and gardens on their blocks, "foster grandparents" who serve as babysitters at nonprofit day-care centers, and a multitude of other kinds of volunteers. The most recent of these outfits grew out of the Citizens Committee for New York City, which was set up in November of 1975 under the direction of Osborn Elliott, then editor-in-chief of *Newsweek*, in response to the city's fiscal crisis. In mid-March, the Citizens Committee ran full-page advertisements in local newspapers calling on ten thousand "greedy, heartless New Yorkers to work for five years, for free." Within a week, more than thirty-five hundred people had responded. The committee, which has operated on a comparatively tiny budget of three hundred thousand dollars for the first year, has run into the snags one might expect—after initial enthusiasm, a high dropout rate among volunteers; opposition by some union people who see volunteer aid as a threat to their members' jobs in a shrinking work force; individual opposition on the part of many policemen, firemen, city-hospital employees, and librarians, who have physically stopped such volunteers from going to work; and, of course, a shortage of funds. Even so, the attempt to let people help themselves has succeeded to an unexpected degree. If it works, so will democracy.

A FEW days after my lunch with Popolizio, I heard about an organization called the Village Community Problem Center, which was operating in the South Village, attempting, among other things, to get summer jobs for teen-agers. When I telephoned the center, a rather tough-sounding young man told me, in a half-shout, that his group had been set up in October, 1975 (a month before the Citizens Committee for New York City went into business), that it was manned entirely by volunteers from the neighborhood, and that I might drop by to learn more about what they were doing if I liked. At a little after six o'clock that evening, a Monday, I arrived at the center, a storefront in a narrow five-story gray brick tenement on Thompson Street, just south of Spring Street. On a low display shelf inside the window was a sign: "To all tenants, effective July 1, '76, do not pay fuel increase. You've paid the past year." Taped to the inside of the window was a poster announcing the schedule of works by American poets to be read in Washington Square Park over the summer. I went through the open front doorway into a room about twenty feet long and ten feet wide. The floor was covered with cracked black linoleum; one side wall had fake-wood wainscotting up to waist level, with rough-finished plaster painted white above it. The opposite wall had the same kind of fake wood up to the ceiling and served as a large bulletin board, with posters, schedules, lists, signs, and notices tacked or taped to it. The rear of the room was hung with a drab set of dusty flowered curtains, and the furnishings consisted of three metal desks, on one of which stood an old upright typewriter; a couple of orange molded-plastic chairs; an orange plastic-cushioned swivel chair behind the rearmost desk; a narrow bench along the wainscotted wall; and a single filing cabinet.



Seated in the swivel chair was a tall, muscular man in his mid-twenties with curly black hair rising from a widow's peak an inch or so above heavy black brows. He was dressed in a tan T-shirt and brown trousers, and he wore a large silver signet ring on the forefinger of his right hand. He introduced himself to me as Anthony Zarilla, the man I had spoken to on the telephone, and explained that he was "assistant executive director" of the center. I sat down on the bench and asked Zarilla what kinds of problems the center attended to. "This is a forgotten neighborhood," he said at once, in the manner of a person who has said the same thing many times. "There are so many city agencies—agencies for everything under the sun—but none of them cover this area. Greenwich Village has a lot of affluent people in it, especially in the North Village and the West Village and over here in SoHo, and these government agencies act like there aren't any poor people or lower-middle-class people down here who need help. So this neighborhood, which has a lot of serious problems, is ignored."

I repeated my question, and he answered, "We opened this storefront because of the lack of attention from the government. There was no food-stamp outlet here, no youth program, nothing being done about the groups of kids roving around and venting their hostility in unhealthy ways, almost nothing for senior citizens. So Dominick Masullo, who is executive director of the



"Innocent until proven guilty, Your Honor."

center, and I were talking about all this one day in the fall of 1975, and we decided to do something about the situation ourselves. We talked to friends and we got eighteen other people from the neighborhood to volunteer. We're all volunteers. There are young and middle-aged and older people. There's a girl of nineteen and a man of sixty-two—both of them will be here tonight, as a matter of fact. We've got guys in college and guys who drive trucks. We've got girls who are secretaries and women who are housewives. No one gets paid. We're trying to do what the government has failed to do, and to save our neighborhood." He paused, and then added, "The government has not fulfilled its mandate, so we're doing what it has failed to do and trying to alert those in charge to the problems here. Then they can take over and do the job that needs doing."

Before I could ask why he felt that only government could do the job, Zarilla went on, "Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, this area was almost all Italian. Now we have old Italian immigrants, second-generation Italians like myself, a large group of Portuguese, some Jews, a few blacks, and immigrants from Santo Domingo, Ecuador, Colombia, Mexico, and Spain. This place is the fire under the melting pot." It was, of course, a largely Latin melting pot. The telephone rang. Zarilla listened for a moment, said, "O.K.," hung up, and hurried on, "Now there are schisms in our neighborhood. It's not the immigrants who cause most of the problems, though. It's the outsiders attracted down here by SoHo. I'm not saying that all the coffee shops, the new restaurants, the artists' studios, the arrival of our more affluent friends from uptown are bad. It's just that they have brought in outsiders who are bad. It's becoming a dropping-off place for undesirables—pushers and addicts, muggers, burglars, that type of individual. They come down to SoHo to try their tricks, and they wander over here. All we're trying to do is to keep our neighborhood what it was—a nice place to live."

Zarilla told me that the center was open from one o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock at night from Monday through Thursday and on Saturday from noon until six o'clock. Saturday was an "open" day, he went on, and all kinds of problems were dealt with then, whereas weekdays were divided into two shifts a day, and each shift was devoted to specific concerns of local residents, like environmental protection, senior citizens, veterans, health, police-community relations, youth activities, employment, and such "social services" as food stamps, welfare, Medicare and Medicaid, and half-fare transit passes for the elderly and the handicapped. That evening's shift, he added, was due at any minute and would deal with housing problems and social services. Not long afterward, a man in his early sixties who had gray hair combed straight back and heavy horn-rimmed glasses came in and sat down at the desk in front of Zarilla, who introduced him to me as John Kern, a retired postal clerk, the center's oldest volunteer and its director of housing.

Kern soon had a client—a fat woman in her mid-thirties with short dark hair who was wearing a blue sleeveless dress and was followed into the storefront by a tow-headed boy of five or so. "Can I speak to someone here, please?" she asked. "I got a complaint about my building, the place I live." Kern politely invited her to sit down on the plastic chair beside his desk, and he asked her to describe her complaint. "The roof leaks, and the rain—the water from the rain when it rains—comes in the foyer and the dinette and the bathroom," she said. "The window, if you push it up, it comes right down on your head, falls right out, the wood is rotted so from the rain. It's only the gutter and the drainpipe that leak, but the landlord, he won't do nothing to fix them. He just ignores me when I complain to him, so I want maybe you could do something about it."

Kern went to the filing cabinet, took out a form, and returned to his desk. He asked the woman for her name, address, and her landlord's name, and entered the information on the form. "I'll complete these forms and file them with the Housing Administration," he told her. "This form is for a decrease in rent until the repairs are done. Then, if we don't get any action, I'll ask them to send a building inspector over." The woman nodded doubtfully, thanked him, and left.

Zarilla, who had been watching the woman, shook his head and said to me, "Landlords, they're one of our worst problems—one of the city's worst problems. Some of them will do *anything* to make an extra dollar. As usual, it's the poor who are exploited the most."

A slender man in his mid-twenties with black hair falling over his forehead in bangs, a black beard, and silver-rimmed glasses came in and sat down next to me on the bench. Zarilla introduced him as Gary Benacchio, a maintenance worker at the Port of New York Authority, a graduate student in psychology at the Manhattan Center for Advanced Psychoanalytic Studies, and the center's director of social services.

I asked Benacchio how long he had been working at the center.

"Ever since it opened," he answered. "I was born and grew up and live in this neighborhood, and I wanted to do something to help it. We're the eyes and ears and feet of the people who don't know what to do, where to go to solve their problems. I'm usually here on Wednesday nights, and I come in whenever I have some spare time, like tonight." He looked at Kern and said, "We need another file cabinet."

Kern nodded, and replied, "We need more room."

Just then, a tall, slender, pretty woman of around twenty came in and went up to Benacchio. "I've got a personal problem," she said to him. "Can I talk to you?" He got up and followed her outside, where they stood on the sidewalk talking intently. A few minutes later, Benacchio returned and sat down beside me again. "John is right—we need more room," he said. "We ought to have enough space for a few cubicles, so people who come in could talk to us in private. The way it is now, they have to talk here in front of everyone about their marital problems, their kids, their finances, or, like her, out on the street about something else."

A black-haired, middle-aged man stepped in through the doorway and jerked his head at Kern, who got up and went over to him. They spoke in low voices for a few minutes, and then the man nodded and left. When Kern returned to his desk, he said to me, "His landlord has been trying since a year ago to get increases in back rents totalling twelve thousand dollars for improvements he claims he made. But the buildings he owns weren't in shape to merit such rent increases. I finally got it straightened out with the Housing Administration. He was expecting a windfall, but it looks like he's going to have to pay back the money he already collected from the tenants. That's what happens over and over. Landlords buy a run-down building, then two, three years later they correct violations and try to collect rent increases backdated to the time they bought the place. That's illegal, of course, but most tenants don't know their rights, and some of them pay higher rents than they should. A lot of people are scared to stand up to landlords, because they think they'll be evicted or not get repairs done in the future. So we have to convince them they have their rights. Actually, most of the time the landlord acts nicer to them, not worse, after they file official complaints, because then he knows they have power and mean to use it."

The telephone rang. Zarilla answered, listened for a minute, then shouted, "Augie, we got in touch with the Sanitation Department, and they'll give him until Thursday to fix up the condition. If the condition still exists on Thursday, you call the department, and they'll send over an inspector."

He hung up, and a moment later a slim, dark-haired woman came in and sat down behind the typewriter at the front desk. Zarilla shouted an introduction to me: she was Donna Palermo, the center's youngest volunteer and one of its secretaries, who spent three evenings a week typing up forms and other papers at the storefront. Kern got up when she arrived and gave her the form on the fat woman's housing complaint, which he had filled out in longhand, and Miss Palermo immediately began typing out a copy of it on an identical form.

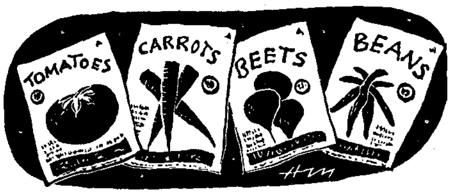
A little later, a hawk-faced man with slicked-down black hair who was wearing a blue shirt and blue trousers came in and said that he wanted a half-fare transit card. Benacchio replaced Kern at the middle desk, and asked the man, "Disabled or over sixty-five?" The man said, "Over sixty-five," and Benacchio nodded, gave him a card to fill out with his name, Social Security number, and date of birth. "I need a copy of your birth certificate," he said, whereupon the man took a folded paper out of his shirt pocket and handed it to him. Benacchio examined it, nodded, and said, "O.K., you'll be getting your card in a week or so."

As the man was leaving, a teen-age boy squeezed past him through the doorway and asked, "Are there any jobs? I need a job of some kind."

Zarilla shouted, "We got only twenty slots from the city, and they're filled already. But there maybe will be more. We're trying to get fifty more. Give us your name and where we can get in touch with you in, maybe, two, three weeks." The boy shrugged and left without registering.

Zarilla glanced at me, and his shoulders and eyebrows went up simultaneously as he shrugged, too. I asked him about the center's "slots," and he explained, "We applied for jobs, under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, or CETA, which distributes federal money through the city for training kids. We got only twenty slots. We gave most of them to problem kids—kids who have been in trouble or look like they're headed for trouble. Some of them work handing out free lunches and afternoon snacks to underprivileged kids, some work in the parks looking after younger kids, some will police play streets when we get that program set up, some helped put up various Bicentennial decorations around the neighborhood." That reminded me of the Bicentennial banners strung across streets throughout the South Village, and I asked where they had come from. "We put them up," he said proudly. "We will have them up on twenty-five blocks when the job is finished. It was our idea. We're also going to have these CETA workers paint fire hydrants for the Bicentennial and paint murals on some bare walls we selected here and there. A couple of local artists who volunteered will paint the outlines for the murals, and the CETA kids will fill in the colors. And we just started on a new project—recycling aluminum cans. Our kids will go to local stores and tenants in buildings and ask them to save cans to be picked up later in batches. Reynolds Aluminum will pay fifteen cents a pound for them. That way, we can keep the kids busy and raise a little money for our expenses."

A middle-aged black man dressed in a white T-shirt, blue shorts, and red-white-and-blue sneakers came in, and Zarilla told me that he was Gene Reynolds, director of the center's traffic and environmental committees as well as the artist who had done most of the center's signs, flyers, and letterhead, and who would supervise the work on the hydrants and murals. There were to be four themes for the murals, Zarilla explained—religion, unification of all races, women's liberation, and, of course, the Bicentennial. "Gene got the Sanitation Department people to come down here and give us instructions on how to issue sanitation-warning citations, which ordinary citizens can do once they've had the proper course of instructions," Zarilla said. "If the offense isn't corrected, Gene notifies the department, and it sends down an inspector, who will issue a summons. I was just talking on the phone to a local man who issued one of these citations. Gene is also a very versatile artist. He did that for us." Zarilla pointed to a sign on the wall above him—a small model for a banner that said, "Happy Birthday America from Greenwich Village



One of the Cradles of Democracy." Reynolds ducked his head modestly, smiled, waved at us, and hurried out.

Over the next hour, several young men came in to ask for jobs; a buxom young woman wearing gold hoop earrings, half a dozen jangling gold bracelets, and innumerable gold rings came in to apply for food stamps for herself and her two children; a young man came in to ask Kern about a rent increase demanded by his landlord; Zarilla took a few more telephone calls; and then a short, handsome man in his late twenties with dark, fluffy hair who was wearing bluejeans and a white T-shirt decorated with a red-green-and-white map of Italy and the inscription "Italian-Americans No. 1" hurried into the storefront and said wearily, "All we need is more time and more money!" He was Dominick Masullo, the center's co-founder and its executive director. He shook hands with me, then opened up a brown paper bag he was carrying and unwrapped a huge, soggy hero sandwich. "As usual, I didn't have time for dinner," he said to me. "Except for Sunday dinners at home with my folks, I don't remember having had anything to eat except sandwiches since we opened this place." He lifted the hero with both hands, and I noticed that his right biceps had a tattoo with two hearts and a ribbon winding across them inscribed "Mom" and "Dad," and that on his left biceps was a tattoo saying "Dom."

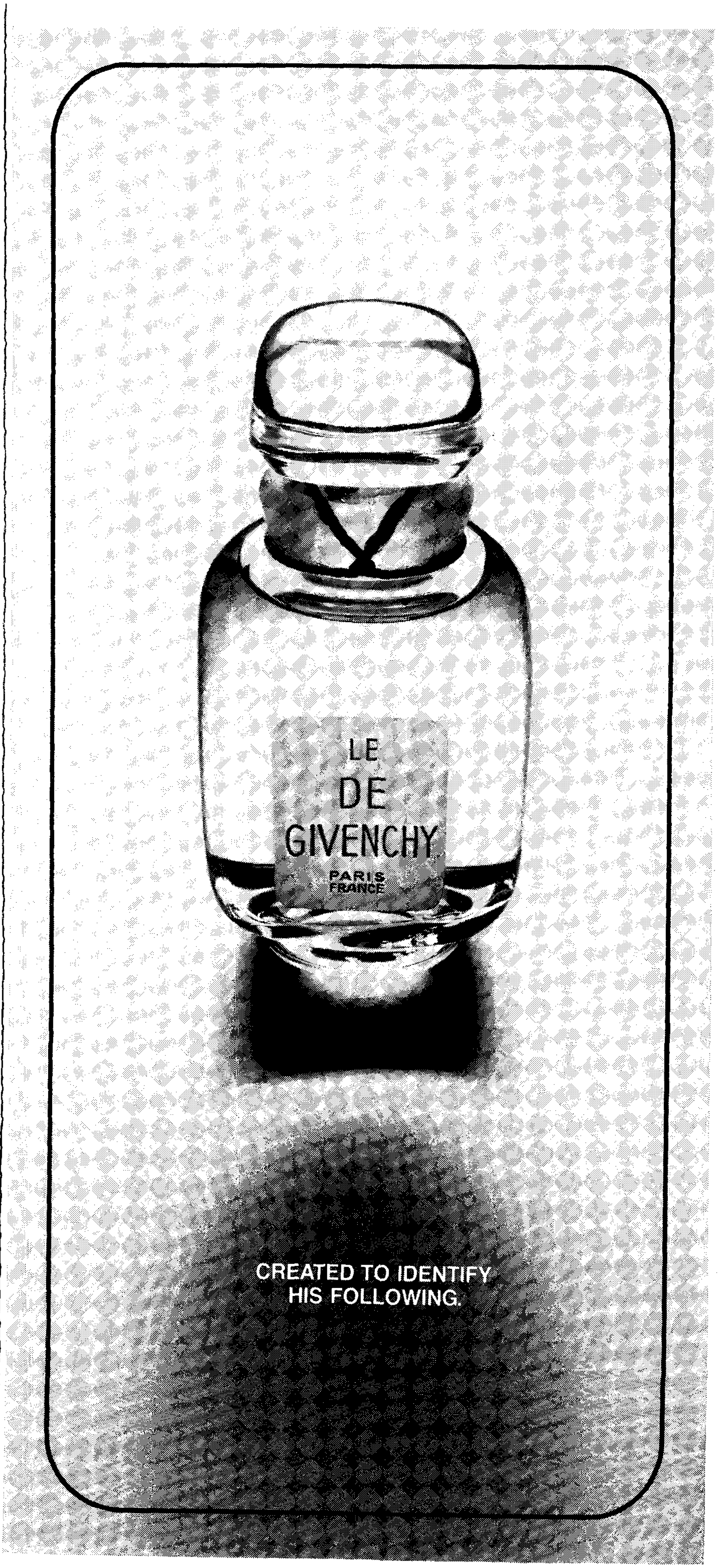
Just as he was about to bite into the hero, a young man sauntered in and stared at it for a moment. "Too much gravy," he said. "Sicilian."

Masullo put down the hero and stared at him indignantly. "Sicilian?" he said. "Those people with blue eyes and blond hair? Don't be crazy."

"Too much gravy," the man said mildly.

When Masullo finished the hero—with extraordinarily fastidious dispatch—I asked him how he had come to set up the center.

"I was born and raised in this neighborhood," he answered. "I've got family and friends in the neighborhood. I live in the neighborhood, and I want to go on living here. If people like me, the younger people, can't do something to help this neighborhood, it will be destroyed. Take crime, for instance. Two years ago, this was the safest area in the city. In the past year, there's been a twenty-five-per-cent increase in felonies in the First Precinct, which includes this area. That's the highest rise in crime of any precinct in the city. One of the reasons for this is that there aren't as many rec-



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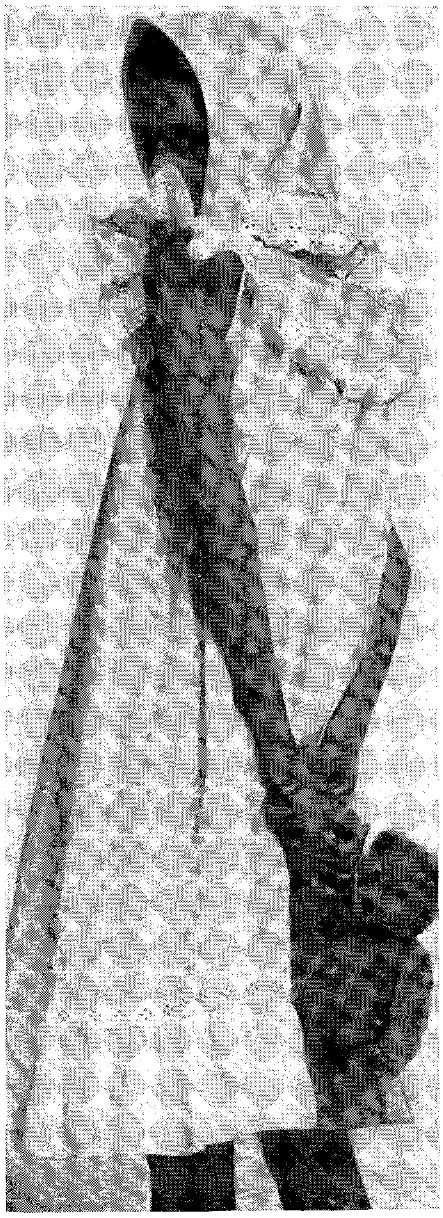

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reation places for kids, like there used to be. Most of the centers have been closed down or are rented to outside groups from uptown that bring busloads of kids down here every day. There are no day-care centers here that cost less than sixty dollars a week, and how many people here do you think can afford three thousand dollars a year to have a kid taken care of so the mother can work? Few—very few. And there is only one senior-citizens center, and that's open only one day a week. There are no government offices of any kind here that the people can go to. Take food stamps. We're not authorized to issue food stamps but only to process people through the preliminary stage of filling out the necessary forms. We don't make any judgments here on applicants' eligibility. That's up to the main office. We just speed things up. Otherwise, people have to go a long way and find the right office, and then they have to stand in line for maybe an hour or more to get the forms. They don't know how to fill out the forms—most college graduates couldn't figure out these crazy forms—so they fill them out as best they can and get back in line again, usually on a second or even third trip to the main office, and then they finally get to the person who will make the decision, who half the time sends them back to fill out the form differently. All we're doing is trying to cut out these useless trips and all that standing in line. We cut through some of the red tape to ease the pain of the ordinary citizen who has to deal with the bureaucracy." If this sort of thing were to spread across the country, I thought, there might be mass resignations by bureaucrats, whose greatest job satisfaction often seems to be the opportunity to tell citizens that they have to start over and go to the end of the line.

A little later, I asked Masullo what kind of work he did outside the center, and he said that he was on the office-maintenance-and-service staff at the New York State Workmen's Compensation Board. I had forgotten to find out what Zarilla did, so now I asked him, and he shouted at me that he was a student at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice (largely a police-training academy, with a regular college curriculum, too) and was also enrolled at St. John's University, in Queens, where he seemed to be majoring in R.O.T.C. That puzzled me until he explained that when he finished his work at both colleges, in the summer of 1978, he intended to go into the Army and then become a criminal lawyer—on a veteran's stipend, I gathered.

Zarilla turned to Masullo and said, "Dom, the Civil Liberties Union says they don't handle consumer complaints, like that Con Ed bill."

Masullo nodded. "Maybe Legal Aid does. I'll call them."

"I already did. They said we should handle it through our own lawyer. They had to cut out most consumer stuff, they told me. They don't have the staff to handle it anymore. It's ridiculous—a Con Ed bill for a hundred and fifteen bucks for one month's gas and electricity in a tiny apartment like that."

A little later, Masullo suggested to me that we take a short walk, so that he could show me some of the problems in the neighborhood. As we headed north toward Spring Street, he said, "Tony and I put the idea of this storefront operation together. Actually, I guess it was my idea. We were talking one night about what was happening to our neighborhood, and I said, 'Let's start a center.' I've worked for the city as well as the state. During the Lindsay administration, I was on the Crisis Task Force, which was set up to deal with gangs. Whenever there was trouble anywhere, we'd shoot out there and try to cool things. So I knew something about community centers from that kind of work. Tony and I went to various city agencies to ask how we should go about setting up such a place, and they told us what could be done and how they might help us. Then we went to our friends, and some of them agreed to volunteer to work with us. Then we went to the man who owns the building we're in, where the storefront was empty. He agreed to rent it to us for a hundred and fifty dollars a month. The place was in terrible shape—really destroyed. It doesn't even have a bathroom. All there is in the back, behind those curtains, is a hole in the floor where the old fixtures used to be. A local plumber offered to install new fixtures for nothing if we supplied them, but they were fantastically expensive—over two hundred dollars—so we had to turn him down. The Telephone Company didn't want to install a phone, because they've been stuck by too many community groups folding up and leaving unpaid bills. You'd think with all the money the Telephone Company squeezes out of the people of this city it could put a little bit of it back for the good of the poor. But no. So one of our supporters, a man who owns a small trucking company in the neighborhood, agreed to put the phone under his security deposit. Then we had to get six hundred dollars for rent—three months' security and a month's rent in advance. The 62+ Association, a senior-citizens group, donated a hundred dollars. The South Village Community Alliance, which tries to coördinate volunteer groups down here, put up another hundred dollars. The Knickerbocker Council of the Knights of Columbus donated fifty dollars. Members of the Washington Square Post of the American Legion donated forty dollars. The rest we put up out of our own savings and from what we could borrow from friends. Then there was more money to pay for the painting and panelling, electricity, printing, and so on. Most of the furniture was donated by St. Alphonsus Church, over on West Broadway."

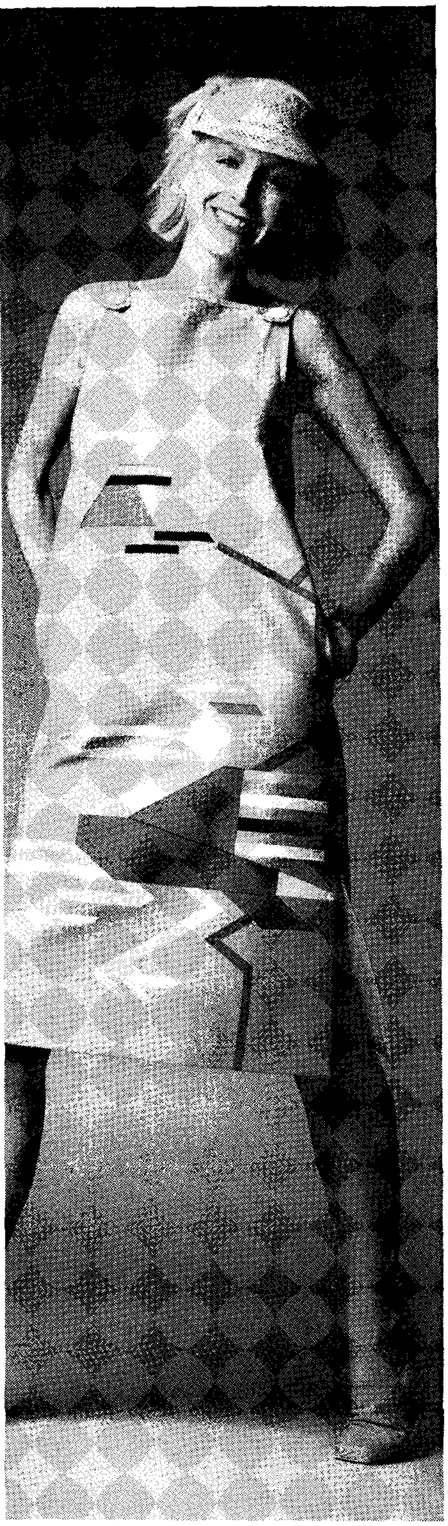
By then, we had reached the corner of Thompson and Spring Streets, and Masullo stopped and said to me, "This morning, we got our first big donation—three thousand dollars, from ADAM, Inc., a real-estate management company that runs some large buildings in the city. That will cover our basic operating costs for a year, like rent, telephone, electricity, and printing. Now we need a grant for administrative expenses. What we hope to do is put the storefront on a professional basis with a paid executive coördinator, an aide, and a secretary, all full time. We figure that would cost thirty-three thousand dollars a year on top of our basic operating costs. So for thirty-six thousand dollars we could have a real effective operation going here. We hope the government will see that it's fallen down on the job, and either help us out financially or take over itself."

He paused and stared down Thompson Street at a group of teen-age boys gathered around a front stoop. I followed his glance, but was distracted by the strings of banners flapping in the breeze. I asked Masullo how much the banner project had cost, and he answered, "We went around to every building in the twenty-five-block area where we put the banners up, and got a dollar each from tenants who could afford it and five dollars apiece or more from storekeepers. The whole thing cost fifteen hundred dollars." Since that sum was half the center's total operating budget—and could have been used to buy, say, secondhand clothing for the poorest people in the neighborhood or several thousand secondhand books for young and old people there, or to keep the senior citizens' center open two days, instead of one day, a week—I asked Masullo why he had chosen to put up such a display. "The people in this neighborhood take pride in this country," he said, looking up appreciatively at the banners flapping in the wind for half a dozen blocks to the north. "They're proud to be Americans, and they wanted to help celebrate the Bicentennial to show it."

We turned east on Spring Street, and after a few steps he said, "This used to be a peaceful neighborhood. Then the artists moved in and created SoHo. The artists themselves are fine. They work, and they bring up their kids, and they keep to themselves. But once they settled there, the ripoff artists followed. They made the area expensive and drove out the little family shopkeepers by offering landlords bigger rents, so they could open boutiques and fancy restaurants." He stopped in front of a boutique in whose window were hanging some old-fashioned women's nightgowns, priced at fifty dollars and upward. "Now, who in this neighborhood can afford stuff like that?" Masullo demanded angrily. "Places like this make things bad for the artists who live here and worse for the old residents. People with money flock down here, and the undesirables who are after their money follow them. Now we even have three discothèques in this neighborhood. This is no place for discothèques—it's a family neighborhood. They cater to a really rough crowd, and it's unbelievable the noise they make. Anybody who lives on a block where there's a discothèque can just forget about sleeping at night. Somebody tried to put a fourth one in here, and we got together with the artists and picketed, and the city banned any more discothèques or anything like them in this area."

At the corner of West Broadway and Spring Street, Masullo stopped and glared at a boarded-up store that extended perhaps forty feet on either side of the corner and that was plastered with layers of handbills advertising dance and concert programs, art shows, plays, and commercial establishments. "People who live here resent this stuff," he said. "It makes the neighborhood look run-down and filthy. Give me graffiti any time. At least, that's creative."

As we headed back toward the storefront, Masullo said, "You know, a lot of the people in this neighborhood are really poor. In many of these tenements, the bathrooms are still in the halls, shared by two families. That's illegal, but the city doesn't do anything about it. For a lot of these people, it's



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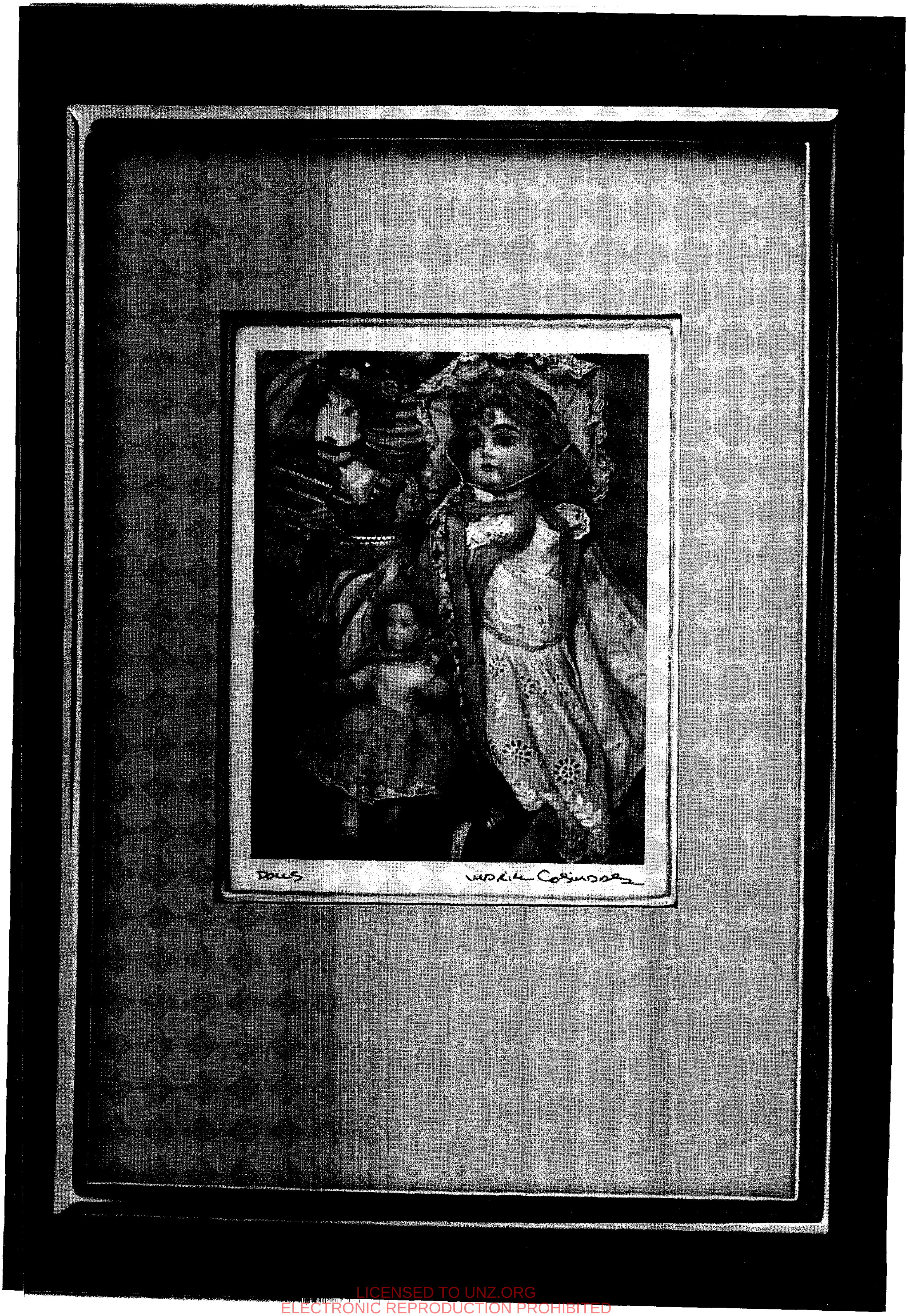
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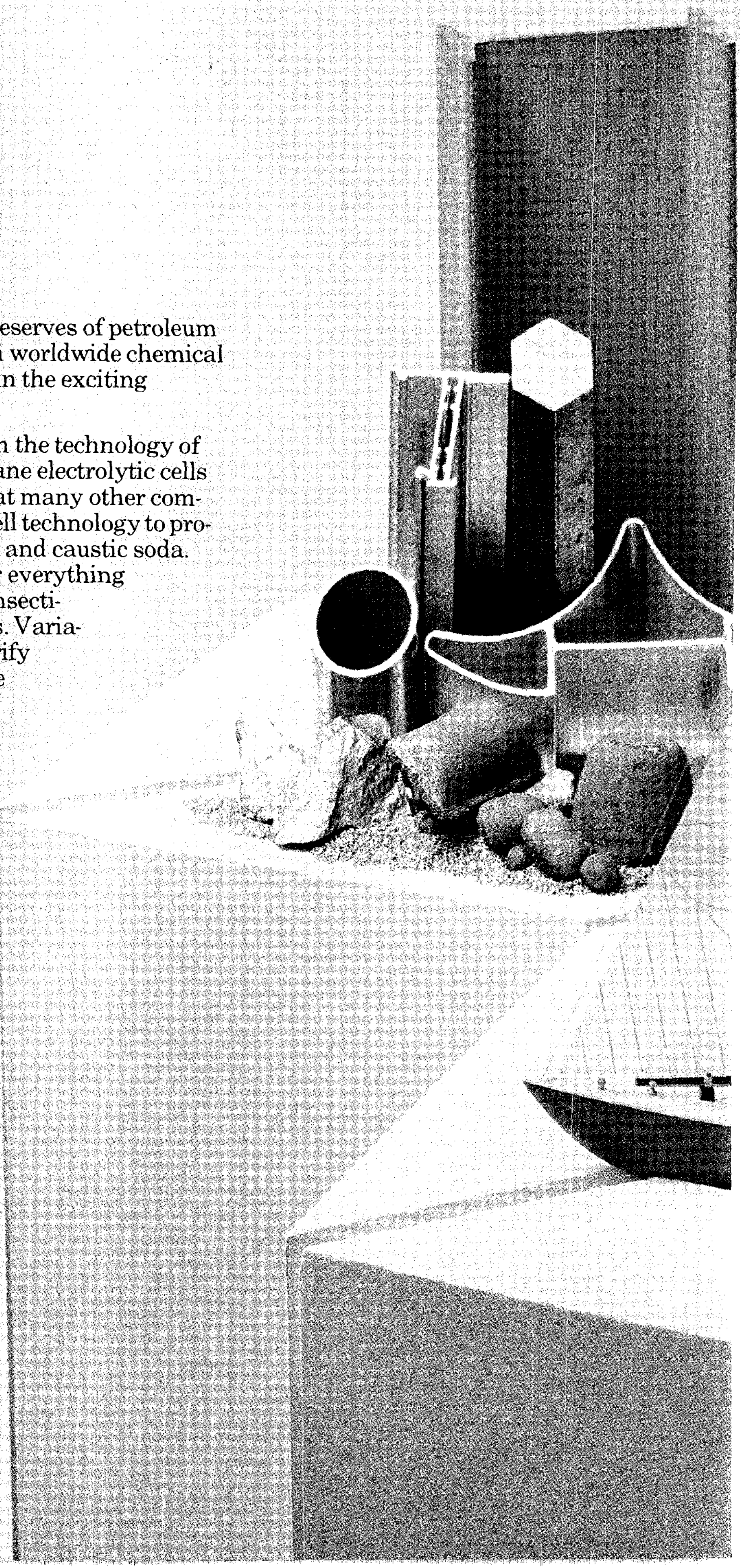

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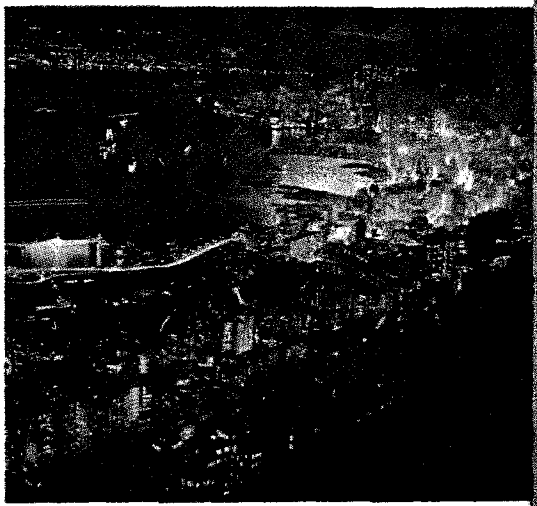

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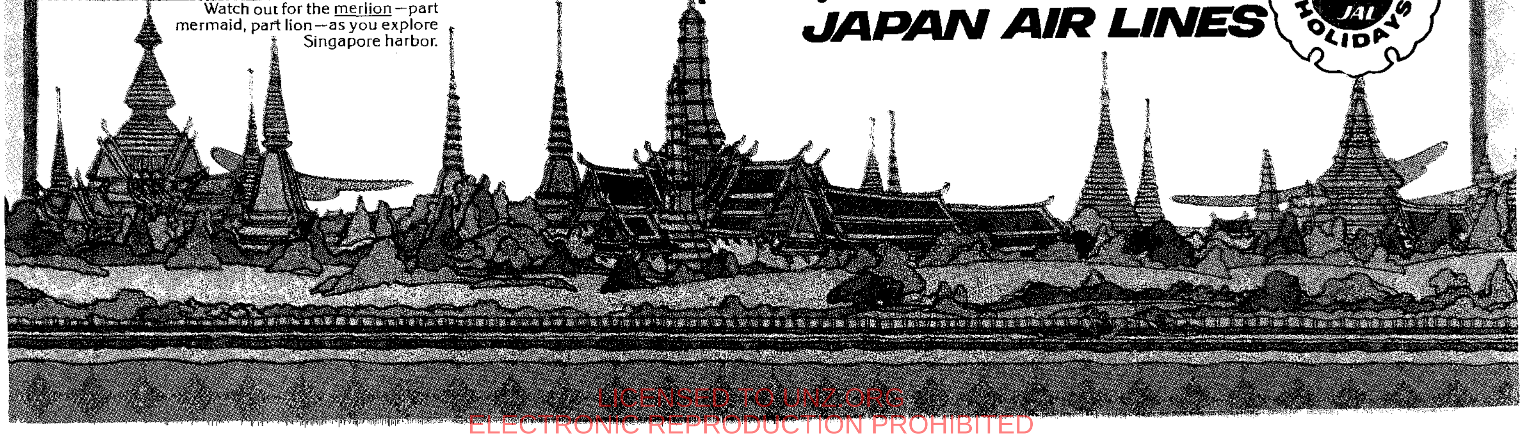

really hard to pay even their small rents. Some of the most élite people in the city live in the Village, so money should be available down here. But it isn't. Like the government agencies, people who are well off seem to assume that someone else is taking care of the needy. But no one is. Nobody speaks for them."

When we got back to the center, Zarilla was telling two young men of about eighteen—pleasant-looking, clean, and discouraged—that there were no more CETA job openings but that the center had applied for more. The young men wrote down their names and addresses and left. I recalled Zarilla's brief description of the CETA program, and now asked Masullo to tell me more about it. "We started back in February, applying to the city for summer jobs for the kids," he explained. "We got a complete runaround. All the available jobs in the CETA program are parcelled out through officially approved community centers. The city people told us to go to the Lower West Side Community Corporation. We did, and they told us they didn't operate south of Fourteenth Street and that we should go to the Lower East Side Community Corporation. We did, and *they* said they went only as far west as Broadway. So, finally, we went to see Manny Ohrenstein, who represents this district in the State Senate, and his assistant, Meg Reed, fought for us and helped us get twenty slots. Twenty slots for all these kids out of work, hanging around on the streets with nothing to do except get in trouble! But it was something anyway. The kids work five hours a day, five days a week, and earn fifty-seven-fifty a week for eight weeks. It will be only seven weeks for our kids, because we got the slots late. We need more badly—a lot more."

Zarilla, who had been listening, suddenly broke in, saying, "Adolescence is a very eruptive time. When you're that age, you just bug out lots of times. You keep asking yourself who you are, what you're doing, what you're going to do, what's going on. It's a very apprehensive time."

Masullo nodded. "We grew up here," he said to me. "We walked these streets. We know the frustrations these kids can have. Older people don't understand them. Adults see kids hanging around in groups and start screaming about gangs. There aren't any gangs here. These older people should see what it's like in some place like the South Bronx. When I was in the Crisis Task Force, I worked with real gangs that were headed for real trouble—gang wars and murder. People here who keep screaming about gangs should see a real gang. I could bring one down here that would turn their hair white. If one of those real gangs just walked down through the West Village, nobody would come out of their houses for six months. It's not like that at all here. Oh, we have some troubles with kids, but not *that* kind of trouble. And we move to stop it before it becomes that kind of trouble. For instance, we have our police-community-relations committee. Part of its job is to work with problem kids. We've had several meetings with the Youth Aid Division, Manhattan South, of the Police Department. The lieutenant in charge and we agreed that any kid who gets in trouble for a minor offense in the First, Fifth, or Sixth Precinct may be turned over to us for counselling if the parents allow it and we decide to take on the case. That way, the kid avoids getting a police record for life as long as he stays out of trouble. We try to get these kids jobs, get them back into school, get them professional counselling if their problems seem really serious. We look for kids wherever they hang, and try to get them to come to the storefront and get involved in our programs. We've just been asked by some people up in the West Village to see what we can do to ease things there between the parents and kids. There was a murder up there recently, and things are very tense. So we're going to go to where the kids hang and rap with them and try to set up a group rap with them and the adults to see if we can calm people down. The way it is up there now, it's hysterical. The adults are so scared they're organizing a protest march to the Sixth Precinct station house to demand more police and better street lighting."

Just then, a black-haired boy of about sixteen wandered in, looked around aimlessly, and slumped down on the bench. "People ask, 'What do you do on the streets?' " he said, to no one in particular. "The answer is 'Nothing.' " He shook his head and grinned ruefully.

THE murder that Masullo mentioned had been the fatal stabbing of a forty-one-year-old West Village actor named Thomas McCready. According to newspaper accounts, he had tried to stop a group of a dozen or so teen-agers from vandalizing a truck parked near the corner of Bethune and Washington Streets one night in early June, and had been killed by one of

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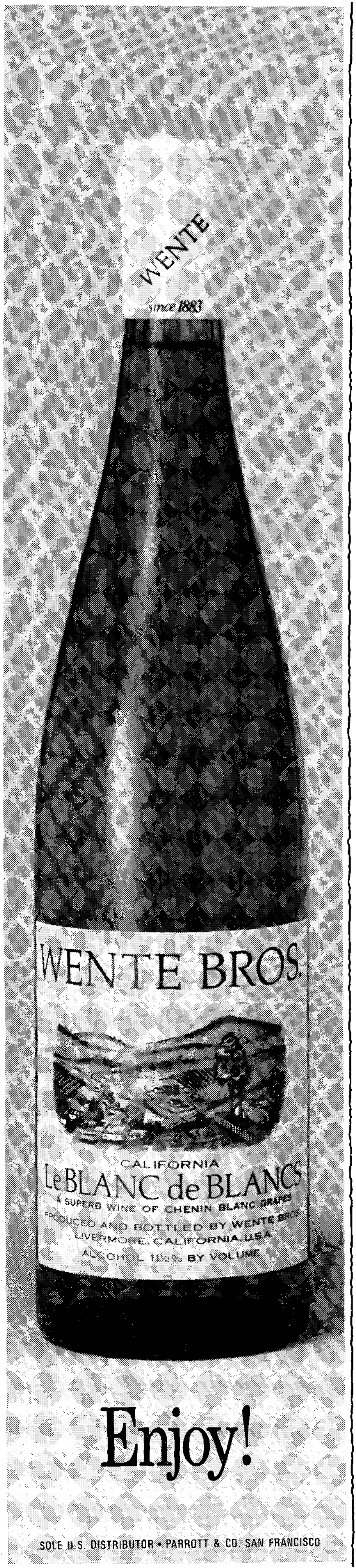

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them, and the police arrested a fourteen-year-old boy for the murder. The block made up by Bethune, Washington, Bank, and West Streets contains Westbeth, an enormous cream-colored brick building that once housed the Bell Telephone Company and then, in the late nineteen-sixties, was converted into a nonprofit apartment-and-studio complex for artists. Many of the people in the West Village who were most exercised about the murder—and by the groups of young people who hung about at night in the area—were residents of Westbeth. A week or so after my first visit to the Village Community Problem Center, I stopped by there again one evening, and Masullo told me that he and Zarilla had rapped with some of the youngsters from the West Village—particularly a group in their late teens and early twenties who hung out in a small triangular park tucked into the sharp corner made up by Bleecker and Hudson Streets, at Abingdon Square, and a group of youngsters between the ages of eleven and sixteen who hung out in the courtyard of Westbeth, a couple of blocks to the west. Masullo and Zarilla had persuaded some members of both groups to attend a meeting with adults who lived in Westbeth, Masullo said, and he invited me to attend the meeting, which was to be held a few nights later at a ballet theatre in Westbeth. Then, the day before the meeting, about a thousand people held the protest march that Masullo had told me about earlier. Clearly, matters were, as he had said, very tense. Since many of the changes taking place in the South Village had already taken place in the West Village—the displacement of poor immigrant families by well-to-do newcomers from uptown, the transformation of small family shops into boutiques and restaurants, the invasion of the neighborhood by tourists and the criminals who follow tourists everywhere in the world, and the sudden influx of large numbers of artists who move into former commercial space and add many more children to the neighborhood than its schools, playgrounds, and day-care centers can accommodate—I decided to attend the meeting to see if it might throw any light on the problems that the South Village now faces, or may soon face, as a neighborhood.

The Westbeth courtyard—a site of contention between adult residents of the complex and the young people who gather there—is perhaps a hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet deep, and opens onto Bank Street. It is rather a bleak place, containing a few young trees in circular concrete tubs and several other empty tubs. When I arrived at the time set for the meeting—8 P.M.—half a dozen adults were standing together by one of the tubs on the Bank Street side of the courtyard, while two boys of sixteen or so were standing off silently a few feet away. I joined the adults, and after a minute got into a conversation with one of them, a slender man of about forty who was wearing a red T-shirt and suntans and had a face drawn with suspicion. I asked him whether he was going to the meeting, and he nodded. "We've got to do something about the kids, the older kids who hang out here until one, two o'clock in the morning," he said. "They make a terrible racket—transistor radios blaring, shouting, bottles breaking." He pointed upward jerkily, to the top of the main section of Westbeth, and went on, "The noise reverberates up and up, and those of us who have apartments on this courtyard can't sleep. We want a 10 P.M. curfew. We've got to get these kids out of here. Some of them are dangerous—very dangerous. McCready was stabbed to death by a kid like the kids here—by a member of the Go Gang."

A ginger-haired boy of about sixteen who was wearing an orange T-shirt that was inscribed "Stop—Interstate Highway" hurried up to the two boys standing nearby. He was screwing together a two-piece pool cue, and as he came up he flourished it at them and cried, "Hey, you guys, look what I got last night! Sixty-five bucks!" He jabbed the cue toward them like a sword, and the boys stared at it with lackadaisical envy.

By eight-thirty, there were still only half a dozen grownups on hand, along with perhaps twenty young people ranging in age from around twelve to twenty. Then Zarilla arrived, greeted me, and said that Masullo had been summoned to a Community Planning Board meeting and wouldn't be able to make the Westbeth rap. I mentioned what the man in the red T-shirt had said about the Go Gang's responsibility for McCready's death, and Zarilla snorted. "There is no Go Gang," he said angrily. "A couple of years ago, four kids at I.S. 70 started a club called Graffiti Originals. They began drawing graffiti on trucks, walls, subway cars, and put their initials and 'GO' on as a signature. Then other kids started doing the same thing, and it spread very fast, so a whole lot of kids said they belonged to the Go Club.

Most of the actual members of the club—and it had strict standards, artistic standards, for kids to become members—went to good public schools like Art and Design, Music and Art, Stuyvesant, and they got good grades and planned to go on to college. Then kids who weren't members of the club began telling stories, to their parents mostly, about how Go Club kids were beating up gays and stealing money from younger kids. It just wasn't true, but it spread like fire around here. Then the papers picked it up after the murder, and the Go Club kids even got accused of that. They had nothing to do with it. The kids who were messing with that truck weren't in any gang, since there aren't any gangs here. The kid who was accused of the murder was an honor student in school, and he and the kids with him that night had just come from the school play. He and some of the others had been in the play. They're just ordinary kids. But people here act like they're some kind of monsters. From what I've heard, McCready attacked the boy, who was terrified. It's the same old story—adults against kids."

A man with a droopy mustache came up to him and said, "I'm going to see if I can pull a couple of parents who promised to come tonight. We've got to have more parents. Don't start until I get back."

Zarilla nodded and glanced around again. A swarthy boy of about sixteen came up to him and said, "Wait for me. I'll be right back."

"You come back with beer, I'll give you a shampoo with it," Zarilla said gruffly.

The boy shook his head. "Naw, I'll drink it before I come inside."

Zarilla grabbed him by the arm and demanded, "How old are you?"

"Eighteen," the boy answered, and grinned. Zarilla laughed and cuffed him affectionately on the shoulder.

A minute later, we were joined by the man in the red T-shirt who had told me he wanted a ten-o'clock curfew, and a stocky man of about thirty with curly blond hair and a friendly, open face, who turned out to be Peter Shalleck, the manager of Westbeth. "I hope no one intends to have a confrontation tonight," Shalleck said to the man in the T-shirt. "We want to talk to these kids—*and* listen—not fight with them." Shalleck hurried off toward the entrance to the theatre.

The man with the droopy mustache reappeared and told Zarilla, "Four people—two sets of parents—is all I could find. They promised to come right away." Zarilla nodded, and looked at the group of people standing around in twos and threes. There were more present now, but most of them were young. A few minutes later, the older people began going into the building, but the youngsters hung back. Finally, the mustached man said to Zarilla, "You coming in? Let's go in and start."

Zarilla shook his head. "No. I'm with the kids," he said.

The man looked at him and asked, "Aren't you coming in?"

This time, Zarilla snapped, "I'm with the kids, I tell you! I come in when they do." The man shrugged and headed for the building. Zarilla watched him and the other few adults, and then shook his head. "Great—just great," he said sourly. "These people make a big stink about what's going on around here, and then sit on their butts when somebody tries to help. A thousand of them march to the local precinct crying for more cops, more street lights. All the cops and lights in the world aren't going to solve these problems. Only the people can do that."

The ballet theatre turned out to be a dingy forty-by-sixty-foot room with a worn brown linoleum floor, dirty white walls, and perhaps sixty folding chairs set up in rows facing a bare table in front. Some forty people were present, at least two-thirds of them young people. When everyone was seated, Shalleck opened the meeting by saying, "In the past couple of weeks, there's been a lot of tension. There have been charges on the part of the parents and countercharges by the kids. I think the only way to solve things is by getting the problem out into the open and talk about it. We've got to see how each side feels." He turned the meeting over to Zarilla, who leaned back against the table and said that he was there mainly to keep order and to help start "a dialogue between the two sides, so we can get at the root of what's wrong and stop yelling at each other."

After an hour had passed, there had been no yelling and almost no dialogue. Instead, each side had made various statements reflecting little more than the basic conflict: the adults wanted order, and the youngsters wanted something to do. The principal subject was the use of the Westbeth courtyard by young people. Adult after adult rose to complain about noise; about harassment of their small children by older

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youngsters from outside who frightened and sometimes robbed Westbeth children; about vandalism and the cost of repairing it (twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, one middle-aged man had calculated); and about youths intimidating adult residents.

A few adults, though, took a different tack. For instance, one man said, "Every time adults see a bunch of teen-agers, they get uptight and expect trouble. When I was a kid, we always hung out in groups, but we didn't do anything wrong—not really wrong. It's natural for kids to get together. But adults, who probably behaved the same way when they were young, don't remember that. Now they see any group of kids as some kind of menace." Another man, who nodded agreement, stood and said, "I grew up in this neighborhood. I guess we were sort of rowdies, but adults liked to see us hanging around. We gave them a feeling of safety simply by being there. We kept outsiders out. If you run these kids out of here, outsiders will drift in, and you won't know who they are. Of course, with these kids here there's mischief. That's part of nature—from kittens to kids. I'm willing to pay that price to keep other elements out." And a slender, rather nervous woman in her mid-thirties said, "I think the press creates a lot of this. After the murder, reporters came running down here looking for sensationalism about gangs, and when they didn't find any gangs, why, they just created them. They made it all up. They misquoted us, and gave the impression that we're living in some kind of a jungle down here. We're not. These kids are O.K. Just the other day, a reporter and a cameraman came up to me in the courtyard and said, 'Show us the gang.' There was a group of a few younger kids of twelve and thirteen and fourteen over on one side, and the reporter asked me, 'Is that the gang?' I said, 'Those are kids who hang out here is all.' So the cameraman took some pictures of them, and the reporter went back and wrote a story saying that these kids were part of the gang that killed that man. It just wasn't true—not a word of it. Most of the hysteria in this area was created by the press."

By any measure, though, the young people at the meeting made the most telling points. Early in the evening, for instance, a plump, dark-haired boy of about fourteen who was seated in the front row got up and said, "I'm one of the kids who play in the courtyard. Grownups say that we're hostile and that we were responsible for the murder. We had nothing to do with the murder. People, grown people who should know better and have some decency, say these terrible things about us without any evidence at all. We don't do anything bad. We stay and play here because it's safe. But people pass through here, they hear a bottle break, and they say, 'Wow! Bad kids!' We pick up the bottles we break. We don't do anything wrong—nothing serious. Maybe we make noise. But older kids come in here from outside and make trouble, and we get blamed. What do you want us to do? Where do you want us to go? We got to have someplace to hang."

The swarthy boy Zarilla had kidded with outside rose and said, "We were playing in the park over on Third Street and Sixth Avenue, and the cops came and told us to get out. So we had nothing to do but wander around, so we came over here. We didn't do anything wrong. We just wanted a place to hang in peaceful like, but the people here, they got sore at us."

"This is the problem," Zarilla put in. "These kids do need a place to hang. We know these kids hang in parks because they have no other place to go. I've seen the cops behave the same way. They threw the kids out of the Minetta Lane playground recently and did nothing about the derelicts and drunks and addicts in the park right next to it, and they mean *real* trouble, not kid stuff. So how are the kids supposed to feel? They need a place. There are almost no youth-recreation centers anymore. That's why they come here to Westbeth."

After a moment's silence, the swarthy boy rose once more. "Last year, we had an overabundance of jobs," he said. "This year, we've got ten jobs for this whole area. We need work. If we had something to do during the day and could earn some money, we'd be O.K. We can't afford to go to the beach or to the movies now. What are we supposed to do? The parks—they're all we've got."

The ginger-haired boy with the pool cue got up and said, "That's right. Where do you want us to go? We've been respecting people. You tell us to stop what we're doing, we stop. But then you call the cops, and they come and throw us up against a wall."

A black-haired girl of no more than twelve in the second row shyly raised her hand. Others began to speak, but Zarilla silenced them and asked her to

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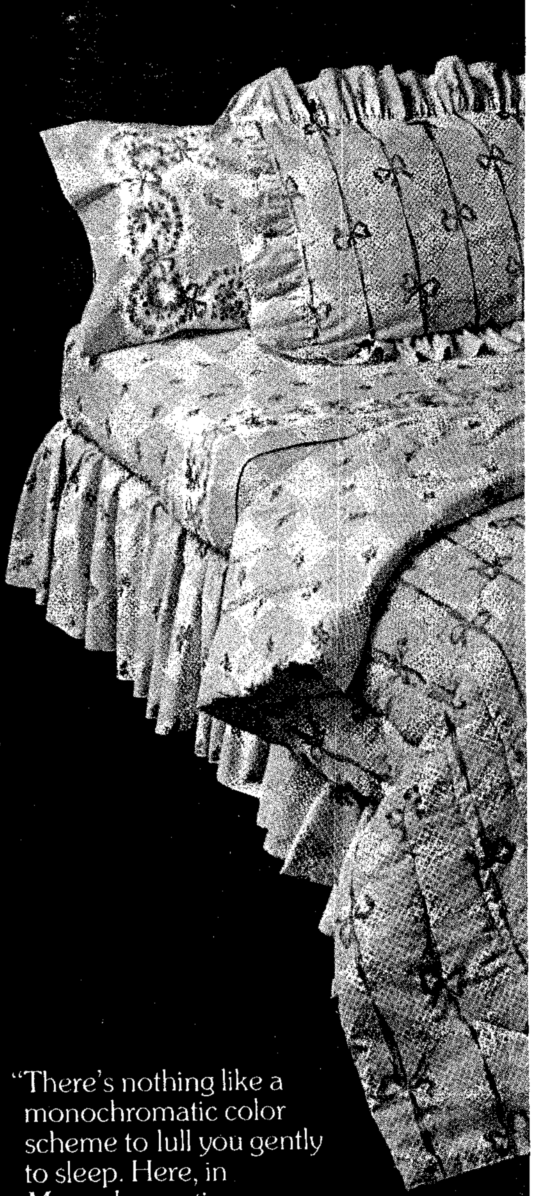

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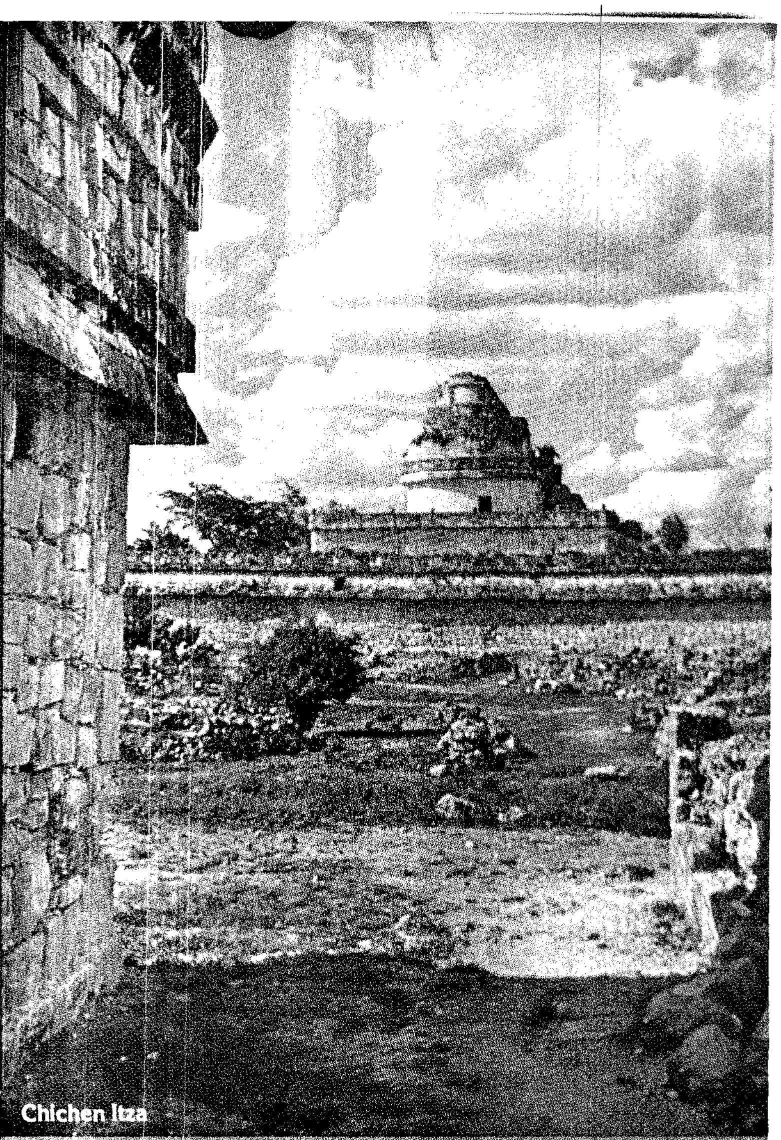
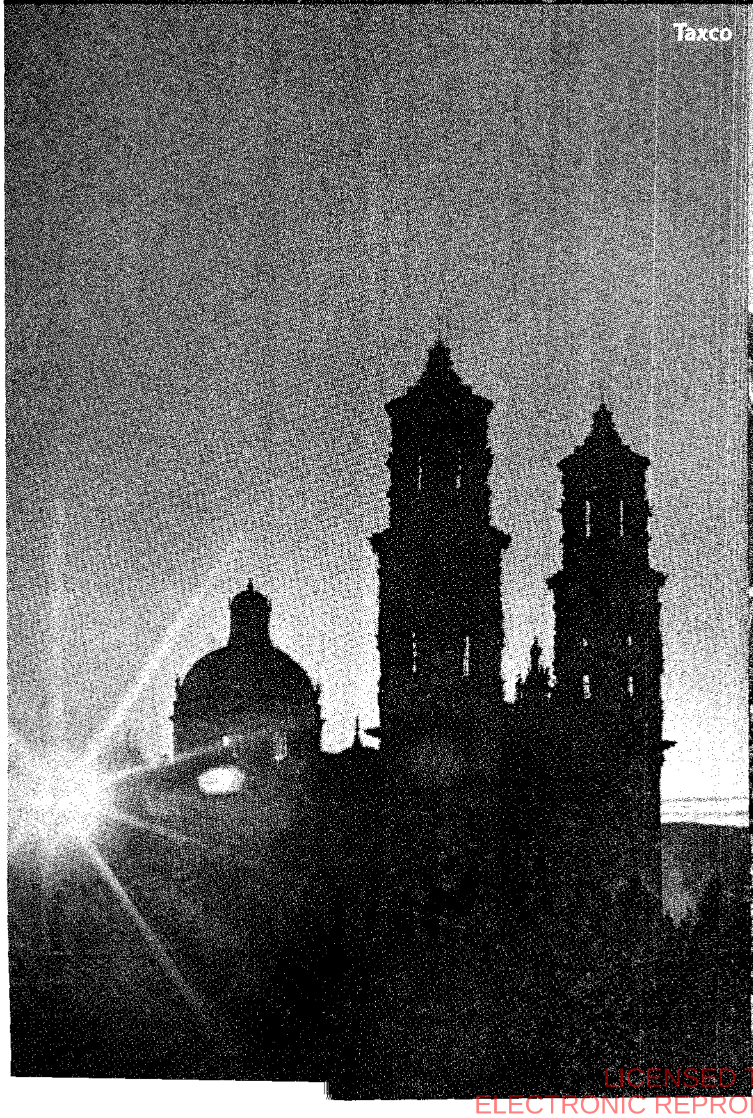


Chichen Itza



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stand up and have her say. She rose nervously. "What about us younger kids—kids who are twelve to fourteen?" she asked quietly. "We can't get jobs. It's against the law. What are we supposed to do?"

"*What do you want to do?*" a woman asked. "Tell us that."

"I want to be able to stay here in Westbeth," the girl answered softly. "It's the only place I have."

A few minutes later, Shalleck, the Westbeth manager, got up. "I'm interested in setting up some sort of a center for the kids here and for other kids in the neighborhood," he said. "There's a basement area we could use. But there are economic realities. First, the place would have to be equipped. Where's the money to come from? Second, the place would have to be supervised. We can't let the kids run wild. Who's going to supervise? Somebody has to, or Westbeth would be a shambles. And who's going to pay the supervisor?"

The plump boy in front jumped up and said, "You can't have parents set up a center like that. You have to have the kids tell you what they want, what they need. One of the troubles with kids is all they do is take orders or don't take orders. They have to have a part in any recreation center or they won't feel it's theirs."

A slender, dark-haired young man of nineteen or twenty in the back row who had been silent until then got up and raised his hand. Zarilla pointed at him, and the young man said, "O.K., I'm one of the older kids who hang in the park over at Abingdon Square. I don't come here. You think we come over here, but we don't. It's older kids from out of the area who come here. But what I want to know is how about everybody getting together and trying to find someplace for the younger kids? What's going to happen when the little kids who live here in Westbeth get older? They won't have anything more to do than we have. It's been like this generation after generation. When are adults going to do something about it? You people worry about yesterday's murder. You should worry about today's kids—*your* kids. Look after your own kids, especially the young ones. What's going to happen to them when they get older? Where are *they* going to go? Where are they going to hang? What kind of trouble are they going to get into? Don't worry about us. You can't change us. We're what we are, what we're going to be for the rest of our lives. Take care of the little kids, even if you don't have any of your own. You can do something about the little kids. It's not too late for them. Do it. Do it before it *is* too late."

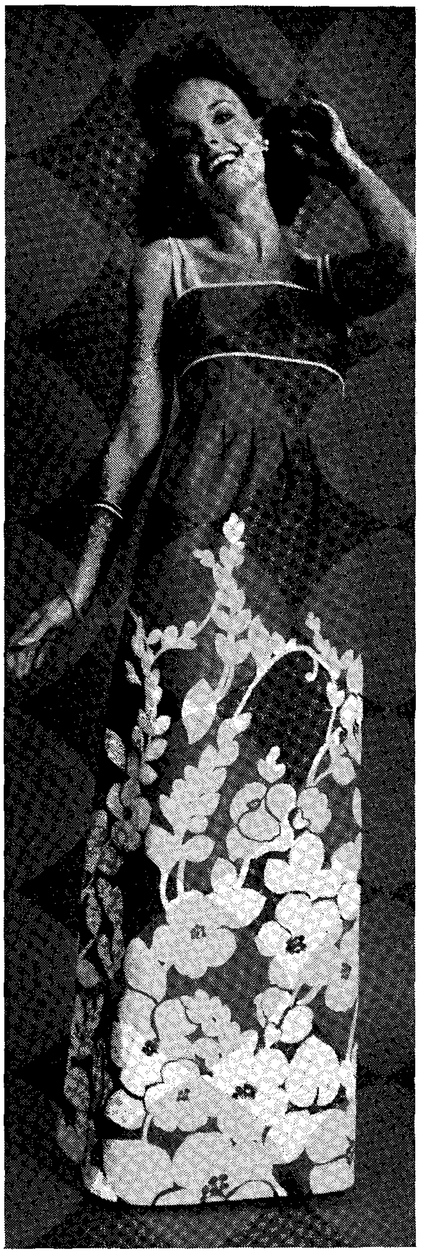
ONE afternoon in midsummer, I dropped by the Village Community Problem Center again and found Masullo smiling broadly. He had just come from the CETA office, and he had managed to get more jobs. "I got eighty more slots from the city and twenty from private companies," he told me. "So we got a hundred and twenty in all. We also finally got a bus trip lined up—to Rockland Lake State Park—at the end of this month. But that's all—one lousy bus trip for the whole summer. And the bus will hold only forty kids. Anyway, they'll enjoy getting away from all this garbage for a day."

I noticed half a dozen large cardboard boxes stacked along one wall, and Masullo explained that they contained that afternoon's snacks for underprivileged children. "Some of our earlier batch of CETA workers have been assigned to this project. They hand out two hundred and fifty lunches and two hundred and fifty afternoon snacks Monday through Friday, on designated corners and in playgrounds," he explained. He reached into a box containing that day's snack and took out a small plastic bag and removed the contents: a half-pint container of milk and a pair of Devil Dogs (a cheap chocolate bun with a "creme" filling). Another box contained a few lunches that hadn't been used that day, and he showed me one: a small piece of deep-fried chicken, two soggy rolls, a container of milk, and an apricot.

That was shortly before revelations about scandals in the city's free-lunch program, which was paid for by the federal government and cost one and three-quarter million dollars a day, or eighty million dollars for the summer; the program was supposedly overseen by the State Department of Education, which had overlooked, or ignored, such matters as rigged bids, substandard foods, and outright thefts. (Stealing from the poor is the safest form of thievery, since they are powerless.) Apart from the corruption in the program, the food looked like awful stuff, and I wondered how parents in a place like the South Village, whatever their status, could consider it food at all. Such a program and such food tend to homogenize some of the most significant differences in our society—its immensely varied culinary heritages, which are an essential factor in preserving the many separate cultures that make up this country. I found myself wondering why food for the children of the South Village couldn't be prepared by members of the community from supplies purchased in the area. Federal funds could be used to rent and equip a modest, restaurant-size kitchen, and to buy food supplies on a nonprofit basis. Then parents and older children in the community—say, the young people who were working under the CETA program—could prepare and distribute the meals and earn small salaries. That way, all the money would be kept within the community, and children would get the food they were accustomed to.

While community food centers might appear suitable for places like the South Village but not for the slums of Harlem or Brownsville or the South Bronx, actually centers of this kind would suit slum areas most of all. The essential problems of the very poor, both black and white, will not be solved by the trickle-down theory of the conservatives or by the more-housing, more-schools, more-jobs theory of the liberals. What is crucially missing in the lives of most of the very poor is the wholeness that can be provided only by a true family. The most elementary human problem at the bottom of the social scale is that most mothers there don't even know how to cook or wash dishes or clean their houses. Most crucial of all, they don't know how to care for children. Many young women in that world—very many—become mothers in their early and mid-teens, just as their mothers did. And, like their mothers, they lack even the dimmest awareness of the most rudimentary duties of the parent—providing decent nutrition, sanitation, discipline, and love for a child. And, of course, in all of these communities there are many thousands of strong, tender, dedicated men and women who have raised their children decently and have kept such places alive. These people could run food centers, earn money for their work, and teach a staff of young mothers and older children how to break out of the cycle of misery and rage that otherwise may one day destroy them and us all.

The Youth Employment Program, which is administered under CETA, was designed for youths between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one whose families had incomes, at last summer's scale, of less than fifty-five hundred dollars a year. The federal expenditure for the summer's eight-week program was five hundred and sixty-three million dollars, and was supposed to provide close to a million jobs across the country. In New York City an estimated half a million



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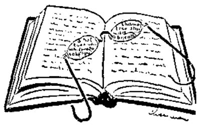
young men and women needed work, and eighty thousand of them obtained it under this program. Monday, July 19th, was the day set for distribution of CETA jobs by the Village Community Problem Center. When I got there, at eleven o'clock that morning, around eighty job-seekers were waiting on the sidewalk outside the storefront, and the office itself was jammed. Shortly after I arrived, Masullo burst out of the doorway, followed by several youngsters who were beseeching him for specific assignments. Looking harried and concerned, he assured them that he would do his best to satisfy each of them. When he saw me, he broke away from the group, came over to where I was standing, and waved a hand at the milling crowd. "Look at that!" he said in exasperation. "We got eighty lousy jobs for the whole area. And I got that many only by going personally to the city's Commissioner of Employment, who runs the program. I spent six hours there one day, two hours another day, arguing, begging, waiting, arguing, begging. Other guys from other community outfits who already had eight hundred slots got two hundred and fifty more. And we got a lousy eighty!" I asked him what communities the other guys were from, and Masullo said, "Oh, Harlem, Brownsville, the South Bronx—places like that." Places like that, according to official estimates, had unemployment rates among teen-agers of forty per cent, or more than twice as high as those in white areas like the South Village. And, according to an estimate published about that time by the National Urban League, summertime unemployment among black and Hispanic youths was far higher than the official figure—probably over sixty per cent. The crime rate, I knew, was also disproportionately high in such areas.

I asked Masullo what kinds of jobs most of the youngsters waiting there would be given, and he said that more than a third of them would be assigned to supervise games being played on certain play streets set aside by the police department. "The Police Athletic League has donated a lot of game equipment, but it hasn't arrived yet. As soon as it does, we'll go to work."



Masullo led me over to a tall, hefty man of twenty who was wearing gold-rimmed glasses, a mustache, blue sneakers, bluejeans, and a sky-blue T-shirt with a picture of Elton John on the front. He was Billy Bonner, the center's supervisor of play streets for the rest of the summer. Masullo waved to us, took a deep breath, and forced his way back into the storefront. I asked Bonner about his job, and he told me that he had been assigned to the center by the Police Athletic League, which paid his salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a week for the seven-week play-street program, and that during the rest of the year he worked at a gymnasium run by St. Anthony's youth center. The play-street program, he went on, would be conducted on three blocks set aside by the police; the children playing on them would range in age from four to seventeen, while the CETA workers ranged in age from fourteen to twenty-one. To my astonishment, he said that each play street would have ten CETA workers looking after the children—a job that one or two young adults could have handled easily. "This program gives the CETA workers a sense of responsibility, which they have never had before," he said. "This is a big thing for both workers and participants." To me, the CETA program sounded like a small step up from the dole, and I wondered why no effort had been made to find real jobs for these young people—almost any kind of actual work that would give them some idea of what a job is. If this was the way the CETA program was being run throughout the country, it seemed like a colossal waste of money. At best, the "work" provided might temporarily occupy idle youths, but would do nothing in the way of training them for adult jobs. I wondered why there was not even an attempt to give them some practical training—say, as apprentices to local businessmen who might supplement the small federal pay allowance with extra pay to provide an incentive. As matters stood, there seemed little incentive for the play-street workers to do much besides talk with each other and wait for the day to pass.

Bonner went off to supervise something, and just then I saw the slender, dark-haired young man who had lectured the Westbeth parents about taking care of "the little kids." I went up to him and asked what effect he thought his remarks might have on the parents. "None," he said flatly. "Those parents don't understand anything. And they don't care. They don't know their own kids. You tell them to watch out for their Johnny, he's on the way to bad trouble, he's been mugging queers or he carries a switchblade, and they act like you're crazy. 'Who, *my* Johnny?' " he cried in a falsetto

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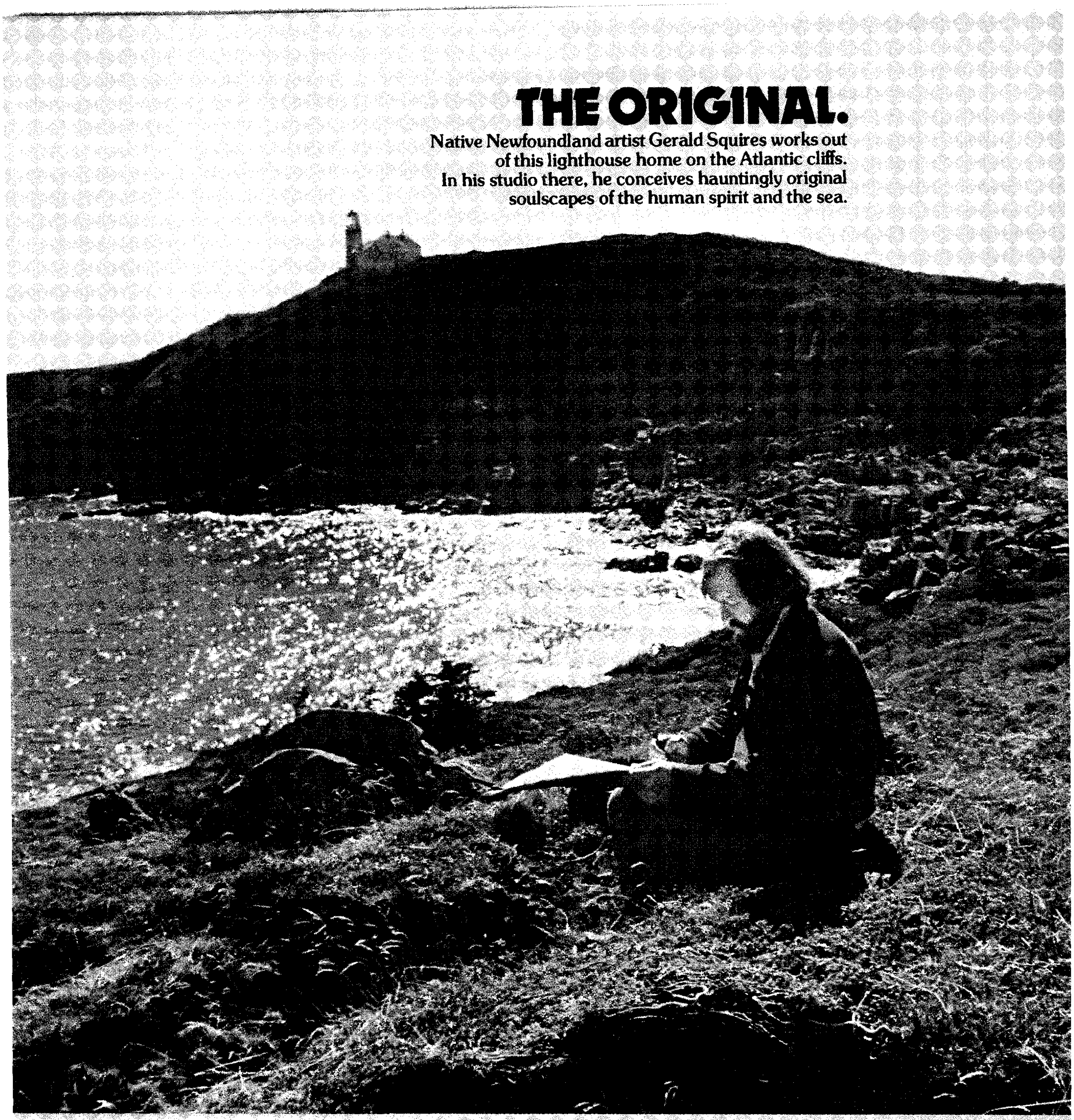
Pausing for a moment to greet a teen-age boy who was headed for the storefront, he turned back to me and said, "It's the kids between nine and twelve who need attention. Mostly, they need a place to go, to play in. It takes three years minimum to get the city to do anything about providing recreation for kids. Now's the time for these parents with kids nine to twelve to start pushing the city—really pushing it hard—for recreation centers, because three years from now those kids will be twelve to fifteen, and that's when they do the worst things. It's no wonder. They got no place to go, no money, no way to earn money. So they rip off places and people. Adults say to a fifteen-year-old kid, 'Why do you mug somebody? Why don't you better yourself, go to school and become something?' And the kid says, 'We got no money, man. We mug somebody so we can go to a movie or maybe to Coney Island or someplace.' I know what they mean, because when I was their age I did the same thing. When those Westbeth kids grow up, they'll be the terror of the neighborhood. The parents pretend to care, but they don't really care. Let there be a little trouble, or big trouble like that murder, and the adults begin screaming and tearing their hair out and demanding that something be done. They're the only ones who can do something, but they won't. Instead, they march on the police station chanting. It's crazy. Just wait. As soon as the cold weather comes, they'll forget it all. I've seen it happen year after year. They'll put off doing anything, then next summer will come and they'll start screaming again. But they won't do anything. They never do anything. They don't care. The city doesn't care, either, because the adults don't make it care. Ever since I was a kid, the city has been talking about building stuff, drawing up plans for recreation centers, promising us stuff. It still isn't finished. In fact, there's fewer places now than when I was a kid. There are plenty of places the city could use for recreation. There's the old Sixth Precinct station house, on Charles Street, just standing empty. There's the Carmine Street gym—it used to be a great place for us, but now it's open only a few hours a day. There's a lot of other places, too, but nobody does anything. So most of the time we just hang in the park, and now they want to throw us out of there, too. They sign petitions to get us thrown out. If that happens and our group is broken up, there could be real trouble, because then we'd have no place to go unless we had some money. For most of us, there's only one way to get money. Christ, but those adults are stupid!"

He fell into a gloomy silence and stared off down the street for a time. Then suddenly he turned back to me and said, "Things were O.K. in the West Village until they fixed up Westbeth. The people who live there now are still outsiders, and from the way they act like it's *their* neighborhood you can tell they'll always be outsiders. Christ, it's *our* neighborhood, not theirs. We were born and raised there. They're a bunch of phonies. They're the liberals who always squawk when somebody picks on the poor someplace else. But let the poor do something they don't like where *they* live, and it turns out they don't care so much about poor people after all. The same thing is going to happen down here, because the SoHo crowd is just like the Westbeth crowd. They should understand what's happening better than anybody, because they're educated. But they understand less than anybody, because they don't know what the world is like out here. You're either book-wise or you're street-wise. They're book-wise. They come from families that got some money, they go to college, they get decent jobs. But they got no idea what it's like on the street. They should spend a week there. Then they'd know. But all they say is the same old thing: 'Why don't you try to better yourself?' We ask, 'For what? We got no money to go to school. We got no decent clothes. We can't talk like college kids. We'd be ashamed. All we care about is surviving.' Those people are hypocrites and liars, or they're just fools. They say we carry knives. That's silly. Why should we? When there's twenty-five of us together, who needs a knife? It's usually their own kids who got the knives. And they say we steal money from their kids and harass them. But it's outsiders who drift in here and do that. Hell, if we see strange kids, we chase them out of the neighborhood. If we see two smaller kids fighting, we break it up. We're the ones who keep order in the neighborhood, and here we are being blamed for all the trouble. If I was an older person, I'd be damned glad to see twenty-five to fifty kids



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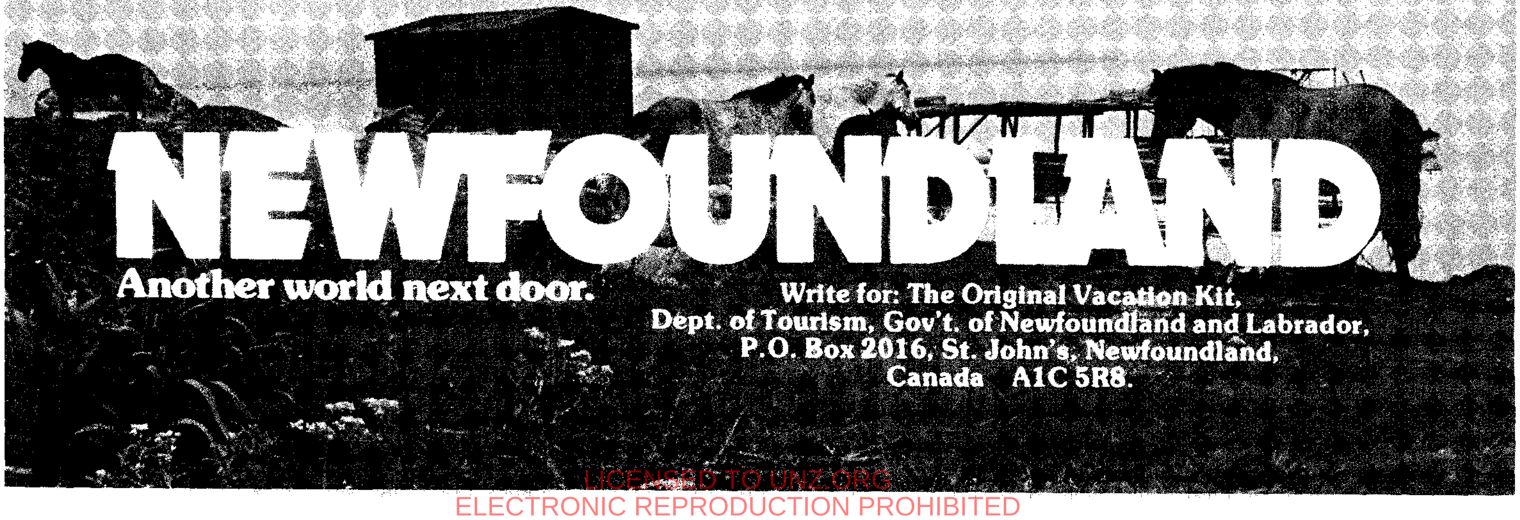

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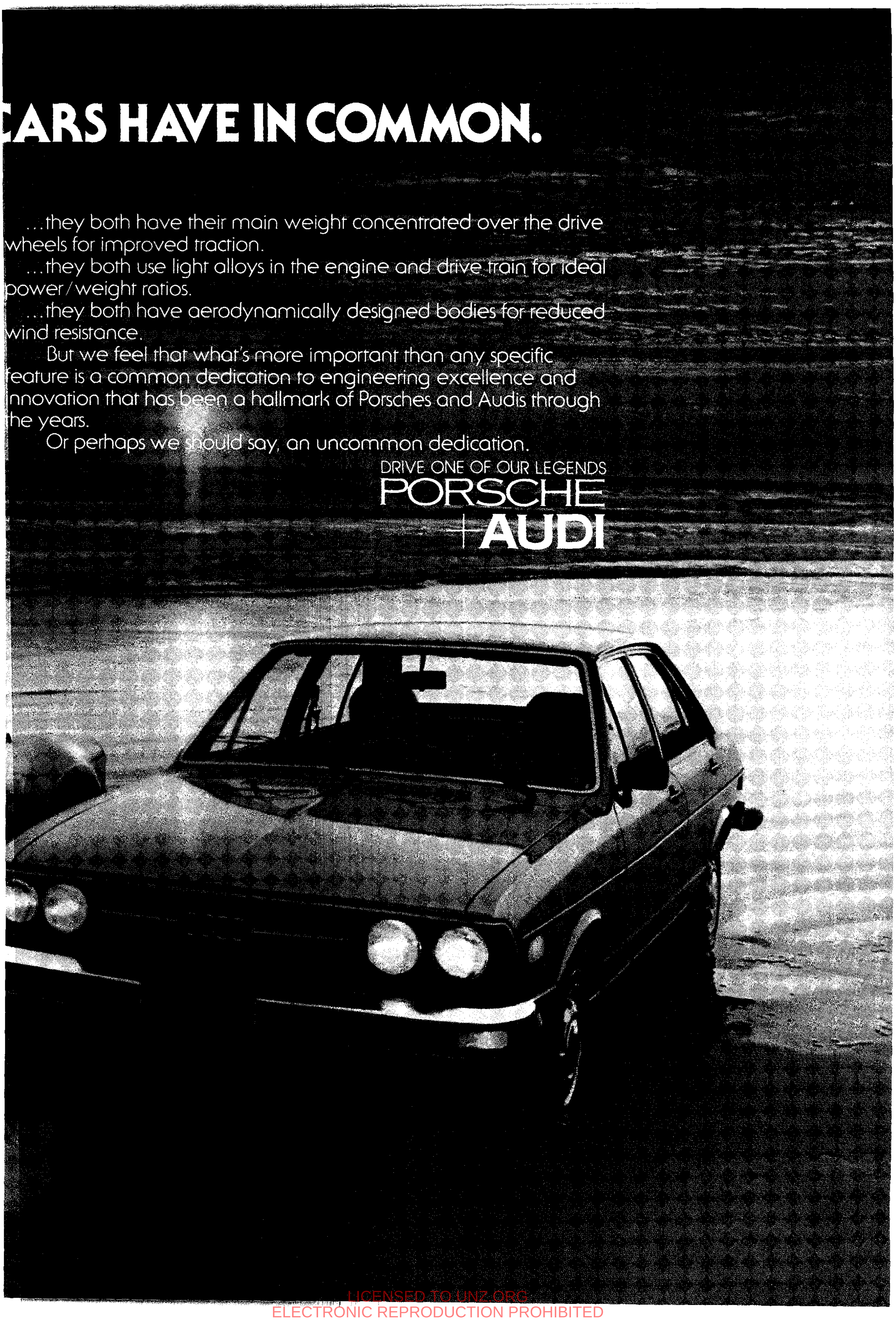

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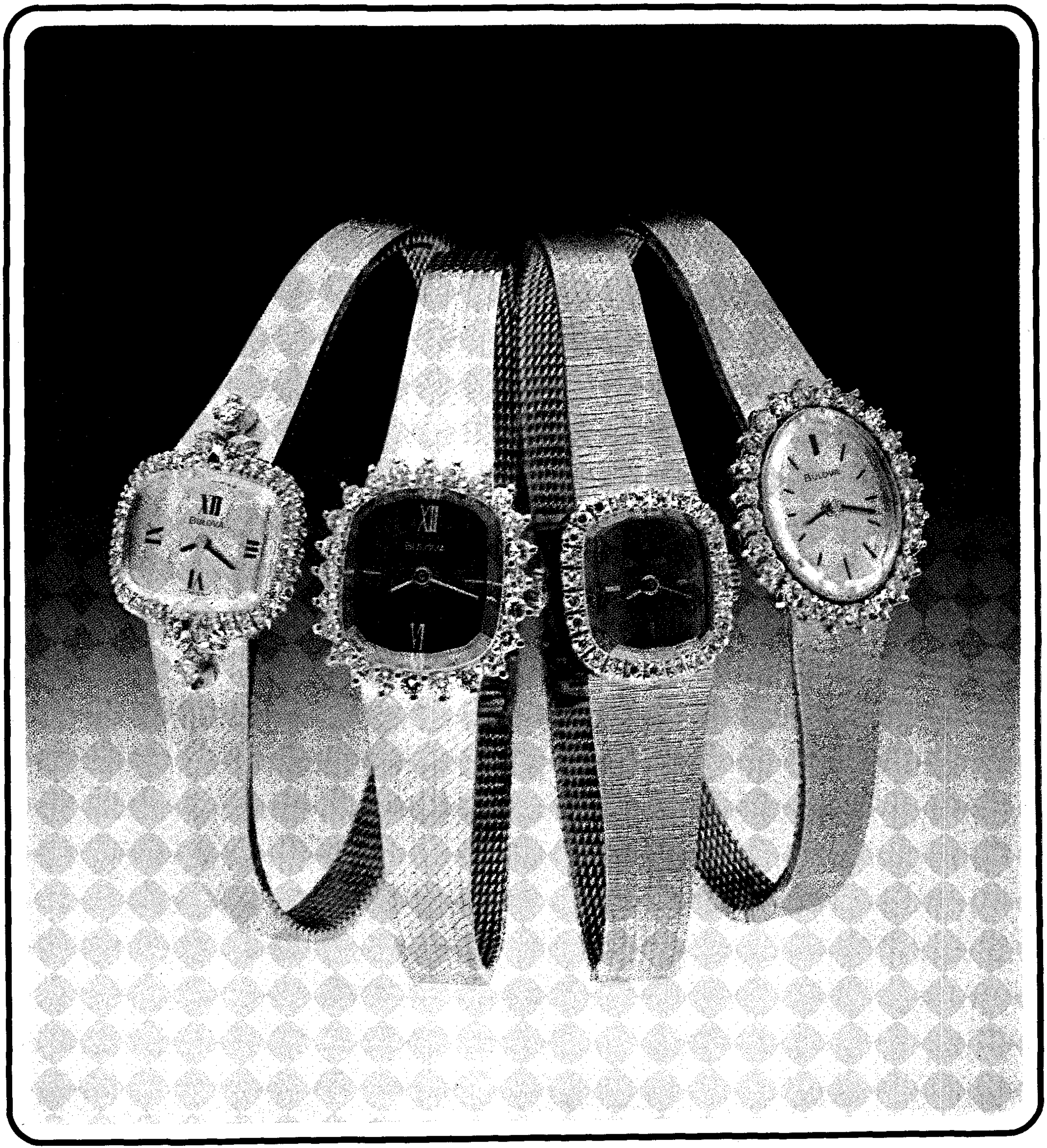

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A NAME YOU KNOW ON A WATCH YOU CAN TRUST hanging out. They make a place safer. They don't let anybody mess with your wife or your kids. Nobody is going to take on fifty kids. But these older people, they just can't understand. They can't because they don't care."

A little later, he and four of his friends got a CETA assignment to supervise and distribute free lunches and snacks among the children playing in the park at Abingdon Square, the young men's hangout. As it happened, all of the children who played there during the day were from middle-class families, and were well supervised and well fed by their parents and babysitters.

NEARLY ten years ago, James and Colette Rossant bought, remodelled, and moved into a brick town house on Sullivan Street between Spring and Prince Streets, in the heart of what was then an almost solidly Italian part of the South Village. Rossant is an architect with the firm Conklin and Rossant, which designed Reston, the town built from scratch some years ago in Virginia. Mrs. Rossant teaches French literature at a private school in Brooklyn Heights. I dropped by to visit the Rossants one Saturday afternoon and see how they—relative newcomers to the South Village—felt about the neighborhood. The block where they live is a lively place, full of children playing and old people chatting and young couples flirting. At the south end of the block is the SoHo Charcuterie, the restaurant I had passed up in favor of the transplanted Napoli, across the street, on my first visit to the South Village early in the summer. Just north of the Charcuterie is a fenced-in playground, where half a dozen small children were playing and several old women were sitting on some benches. Across the street from the Rossants' house is a small family shop with an old-fashioned sign on the window saying "DePauli—Fine Groceries." On the sidewalk in front, a man was tending a litter of Italian sausages steaming on a charcoal brazier. When I rang the bell, Mrs. Rossant—a small, vivacious woman with curly brown hair and a very French face—answered it and invited me back to the garden. I followed her down a dim, cool hallway, past an impressively equipped kitchen, and out into a garden that was two houses wide. I might have been in Rome. A high terrace at the rear was a profusion of plants and shrubs and flowers; a few stone steps led down to a lower level, where there was a lush green lawn, an ancient stone bench, a couple of thick shade trees, and, at the rear of the house, a small patio with a table and some chairs under an awning. Rossant—a tall middle-aged man with a thick thatch of gray hair, a long, thoughtful face, and an engaging smile—was digging in the terrace garden. He suggested that we have some iced coffee, and while Mrs. Rossant went off to get it he and I went to the patio and chatted about the garden until she came back. When she joined us, I asked them how they liked living in the neighborhood, and he said at once, "We wouldn't live anywhere else. It's a wonderful place." Mrs. Rossant smiled and nodded, and he went on, "Unfortunately, there's been some change—a great deal of change, in fact—since we moved here. Most of it has been fairly gradual, like the bohemian group spreading over from SoHo and middle-class people moving down here from uptown because it was more reasonable and safer here. Some of the changes have been deeply resented by the local people—like the Charcuterie, down on the corner. Everyone in the community was angry when the family that owns the Napoli had to move. But the bad feelings subsided when the Napoli was reopened across the street. Of course, the more popular the area has become, the more the rents have gone up. That means the children of the old Italian families can't afford to live here when they get married, and that's resented, too. Anyway, this neighborhood is now less Italian than when we came here."

"But it's still an Italian neighborhood," Mrs. Rossant said.

"Half an Italian neighborhood," he said, and smiled. "It seems to be about half Italian and half white, middle-class outsiders, like teachers, young fellows who are beginning to make films, some U.N. people, ballet-company assistant directors, artists. But it's hard to categorize this neighborhood. You have to view it block by block."

Mrs. Rossant nodded. "One block over, on Thompson Street, it's completely different," she said. "It's mostly tenements there, and the people are very poor. There are a lot of Portuguese here now, too. They keep to themselves. On weekends, they stand on street corners after church and talk among themselves for hours—literally for hours. It's amazing how long they can stand in one place talking. There's some animosity between them and the Italians, although it seems to have been decreasing in the past year or two. Recently, for the first time, I've seen Portuguese kids playing with Italian kids."

I asked them how the old residents

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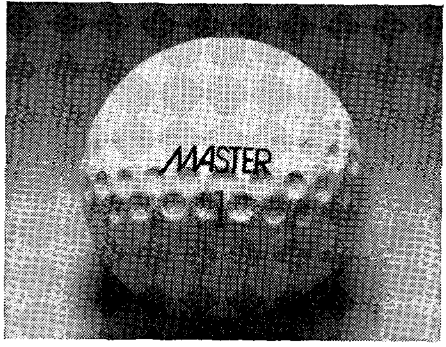

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of the neighborhood treated them, and Mrs. Rossant answered, "Oh, we had our difficulties when we moved in, and we're still treated as outsiders, but most people are friendly to us. I think they resented us quite a bit at first, because we were the first outsiders to move here. But we made it clear that we wouldn't bother them, that we just wanted a nice place to live and bring up our family in, and they accepted us."

"These are good, hardworking people," Rossant added. "A lot of them work for the city as policemen, sanitation workers, firemen, clerks, postmen. Others are skilled craftsmen and construction workers and ordinary laborers. They are extremely nice people—wonderful people really."

"And they have a tremendous sense of community," Mrs. Rossant said. "A year or so ago, the Sanitation Department suddenly announced that it would start picking up garbage here at night instead of in the morning. That would have totally disrupted the neighborhood routine in the evening, when the men come home from work. Whenever the weather is nice, the people here use the streets a lot. They stand outside talking, or sit on the stoops, and the kids play everywhere. So some people here got together and decided to write the city to stop the plan. They came to me, and I drew up a letter in the form of a petition, and the women took it around from building to building. Inside of twenty-four hours, we had over six hundred signatures, and we got the change stopped. All this was done spontaneously, without any organization, not even a block association."

She fell silent, sipping her coffee and looking out at the garden reflectively. "The people here watch everything," she said at last. "For instance, everybody looks after the kids. Our son is ten years old, and if he goes to school on a cold day without a warm coat, my phone will ring before he's reached the corner, and some woman will say she just saw him go by and I should call the school and have him sent home to get warmer clothing. And if older kids attack younger kids on the street, mothers see it out their windows, and they pour out of these buildings to stop it, even when the kid being attacked isn't their own."

I said I had heard that the crime rate was rising in the area, and Rossant said, "I feel no change in that way since we moved here. I don't worry about our house being broken into or the boy getting hurt or anything happening to Colette. People watch this place too closely. They keep an eye on strangers. This area is self-policed. An addict who wanders down here from Washington Square looking for an easy hit had better be more careful than the people who live here. There's a kinetic feeling about these streets. There's the Jane Jacobs approach to an ideal society down here—the 'eyes on the street' approach. This is a street-by-street world, and the people on each street look after it. I think that a well-organized block is the whole secret of safety. I have a friend who argues that this city should be organized and run block by block—with a block mayor, a block cop, a block doctor, a block lawyer, and so on. Then, and maybe only then, the people could control their own lives."

I asked if the eyes on the street amounted to an invasion of privacy as well as a means of protection, and both Rossants nodded. "That's true," he said. "But you have to pay a price for safety. That's the price here."

When I got up to go, Mrs. Rossant said that she had an errand to do and would walk up the street with me. Outside, Sullivan Street was more crowded now, especially as we approached Prince Street. We stopped there, and Mrs. Rossant gestured to the east, across Sullivan Street, toward a luncheonette. "There's an example of another small change here," she said, and pointed out that the old sign on the front window read "Vinnie's Coffee Shop," while a new sign hanging over the doorway, done in an awkward attempt at elegance, announced that the place was "Vinnie's Casa di Cafe." Also, she added, a sidewalk café on the Prince Street side was new. "Vinnie's used to be a real neighborhood place, where we'd go in for sandwiches, or women would meet for coffee, or teen-age girls would gather after school," she said. "Then the owner saw the SoHo prospects, so he put in that sidewalk café. Local people still go there during the week, but on weekends the place is full of sightseers. You can always tell when it's the weekend, because the neighborhood is full of big shiny cars with Jersey plates."

Across Prince Street a fire hydrant had been opened, and a dozen small children in bathing suits were gleefully playing in the torrent of water. Suddenly Mrs. Rossant called, "Louie! Louie!" A man on the opposite corner who was wearing work clothes, large, gold-rimmed glasses, and a barbershopquartet mustache grinned at her and waved. "That's Louie, the local handyman," she told me. "He knows everything that goes on here." Louie came up to us, still grinning. Mrs. Rossant introduced me, explained to him that I was interested in the South Village, and suggested that the three of us go to Vinnie's for a cold drink. Louie frowned and held up a brass valve. "A man's got a leak in his bathroom, and I promised I'd be right over," he said. Mrs. Rossant smiled plaintively at him, and Louie shrugged and said, "O.K., I guess the place won't flood if I stop for a lemonade."

We dodged a puce-colored Cadillac with Jersey plates and made our way across Sullivan Street. The tables on the sidewalk were all taken, so we went inside and sat on orange plastic chairs around a Formica-topped table. Mrs. Rossant ordered iced cappuccino, Louie ordered lemonade, and I ordered an iced espresso. Louie told me that he had been born on that block, and when I asked him about the changes there he said, "There have been many changes—all for the better. With SoHo being settled and the conversion of brownstones into town houses, there's more culture, a better element of people, more interesting people here. It's better—much better!" Then he grinned broadly again and added, "There's more money around, too—a lot more."

I asked if there had been any changes that he disliked, and he thought for a minute, then jerked his head northward and said, "The community that was known as an Italian community—along Thompson, Sullivan, Macdougal, mainly—is still predominantly Italian. Maybe sixty per cent Italian, even sixty-five per cent. The old Italian community used to run all the way up to Washington Square Park, but now from Houston, a block north of here, on up to the park that community has been destroyed. In the sixties, the liberals moved into that area—the people who called cops 'pigs' and wanted criminals dealt with so nicely. Well, the criminals were, so the old Italian families got fed up and moved out. Now that place isn't safe for anyone to live in. This area right here is the last stronghold of the old Italian community."

"Has there been any increase in crime in this neighborhood?" Mrs. Rossant asked.

"Yeah," he said, looking at her in surprise. "There's been quite a bit in the last year."

"On *Sullivan* Street?" she asked,

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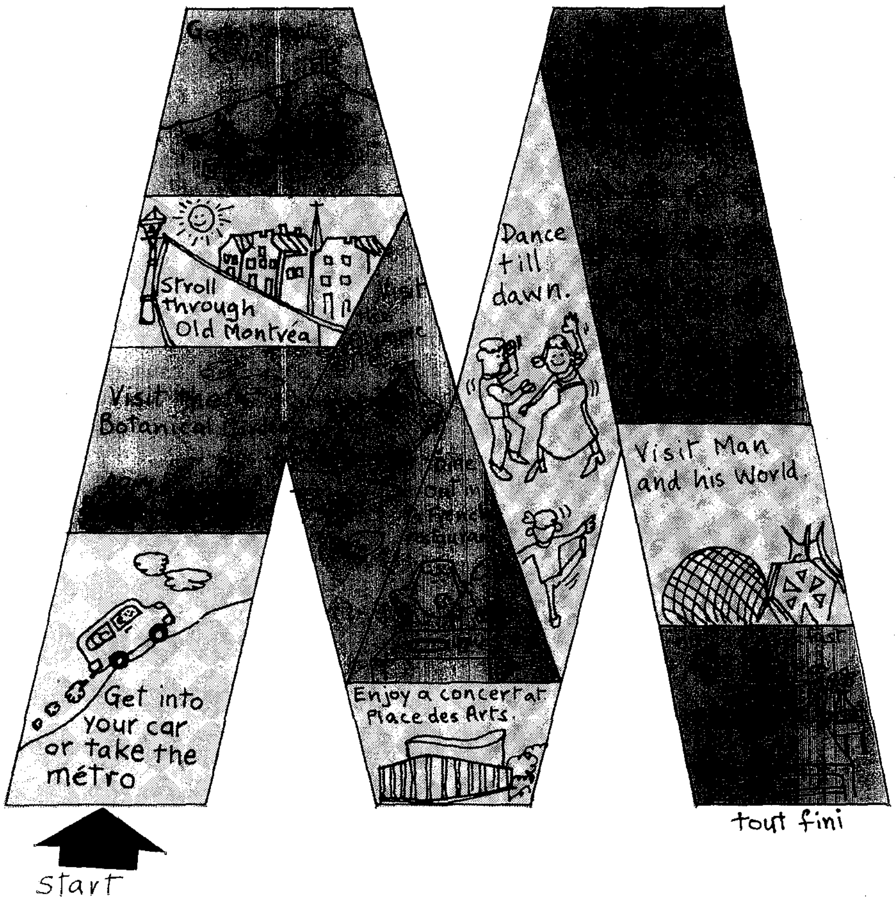
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looking more surprised than he had.

He nodded. "We had a rash of robberies the past year or so," he said. "You should see the number of new locks I put in."

I asked him what other kinds of crimes there had been, and he answered, "Oh, a little molesting of people on the street—mugging, I guess you'd call it—and a few apartment burglaries. But mostly it's been commercial holdups. The Chinese laundry has been hit four times, Vinnie here has been hit twice. The cops know who it is, but they don't do anything. They don't care about an area like this. They look after commercial areas that are deserted at night—places where the real loot is—not residential neighborhoods. So we look after our own. People see some guy causing trouble on the street, they come out and break his head." He sipped the last of his lemonade through a straw. "The lofts over east, where SoHo is now, they used to be terrible sweatshops," he said. "My mother worked there when she was a girl, making artificial flowers—twelve, fourteen hours a day for a few dollars a week. Everything's better now."

ONE hot afternoon a few days later, I made my last visit to the Village Community Problem Center. Masullo was there alone, seated at his desk, and when I came in he said that he had been just about to check on the play-street program and invited me to go along with him. We walked down Thompson Street to Grand Street, where one play group was gathered—a dozen children being supervised by eight CETA workers. Masullo chatted with the young woman who seemed to be in charge, and then rejoined me. As we started back to his office, I recalled the various statements made by Masullo and others about crime in the neighborhood, and brought up the subject again. "We've asked the city to help us set up a block-security program," he said. "We applied for six walkie-talkies, which the city will provide under federal grants, and we plan to have five men out patrolling the streets at night and keeping in contact with one man at a base center. We also joined Operation Identification, another police program. They gave us some engraving guns, and we mark people's valuables—like television sets—with their Social Security numbers. Under the law, any pawnbroker who buys anything with such a number on it can be prosecuted for accepting stolen merchandise." The other people in the South Village whom I had spoken to since then hadn't seemed greatly concerned about crime there, and I had learned in the meantime that the twenty-five-per-cent increase in crime in the First Precinct over the previous year—the highest of any precinct in the city, Masullo had claimed earlier—was partly due to the fact that in the year before the big rise, felonies in the First Precinct had declined by sixteen per cent. As far as I could make out, there wasn't enough crime in the South Village to wave a nightstick at.

When we got back to the storefront, Zarilla was seated behind the main desk at the rear of the otherwise empty office. Masullo sat down behind the middle desk, and I took a seat on the bench along the wall. Although the center seemed to me to be a worthy effort and to be meeting, or attempting to meet, many of the theretofore unmet needs of the people in the neighborhood, I still had some doubts about its program. Most of all, I had come to wonder about the center's purpose, as it had been originally described to me by Zarilla at our first meeting. I brought this up, and he repeated more or less what he had said then, shouting, "We are trying to force government agencies to fulfill the mandate the people have given them, and to take over this work!"

"Why don't you try to solve this neighborhood's problems as a volunteer organization and keep government out of it?" I asked.

The two men looked at me in dismay. "It costs *money*, that's why!" Zarilla shouted angrily.

I pointed out that once they took government money they must also take government direction, government bureaucracy, and government obstruction, and asked why they didn't try to get private money from their own community. They looked exasperated, and finally Masullo said wearily, as if he couldn't hope to make me understand, "This is a forgotten neighborhood. The government has ignored its mandate from the people."

NOT long afterward, I had lunch again with Popolizio, and during it I mentioned my conversation with Masullo about crime in the South Village and my conversation with Masullo and Zarilla about the goal of the center. Popolizio shook his head. "The problem isn't crime," he said. "No matter what anyone says, this is the safest neighborhood in New York City. The problem isn't the kids and the lack of recreational facilities for them. There are plenty of facilities that could be

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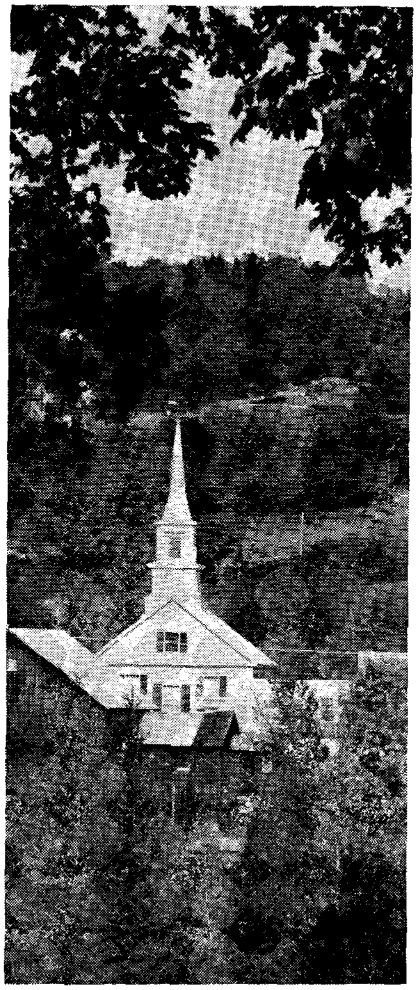

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used but aren't." He rattled off a list of such places, and went on, "No, the problem isn't the young people. There are plenty of jobs for them—real jobs, not phony jobs. The problem is that there isn't a true program—a self-help program that produces and that local citizens support. Performance is what counts. Let's say you want to start a basketball league. You go to local businessmen and tell them you need two hundred and fifty dollars for uniforms and equipment. They'll give you the money. It's good business. They get a good name in the community, the teams wear shirts with their business name, and everybody hears about it. You can do this year after year. If you have the program and can perform, you'll get the money. Money always follows performance. Our society is going to have to go back, in one way or another, to social self-help. It's the only solution. The only way to understand and help a community is to relate to it. And the only way to relate to it is to be a part of it, to be involved in it. The attitude on the part of government is wrong from start to finish. The government is unable to understand the importance of little efforts, like the guy who runs a basketball team or a swimming team. In government terms, everything has to be done in a way—usually a big way—that will bring credit to the guy behind it, because his main motive is to expand his own domain, his own power. His self-interest is always finally opposed to the interests of the community. I know a local man who was given an award by the community here for twenty-five years of voluntary service. He hadn't done anything big—just a lot of little things that helped a lot of people. At the ceremony for him, he looked at the award he got—a cheap little framed citation for services rendered—and he said, 'Now I've got to earn this.' That's the kind of people we need. The crucial factor in government's attempts to solve the problems in our communities—all of our communities everywhere in this country—is that bureaucrats get money and keep their power only as long as they *don't* solve the problem. Once they solve it, they're out, so naturally they perpetuate it. There's a vested interest in misery."

—RICHARD HARRIS

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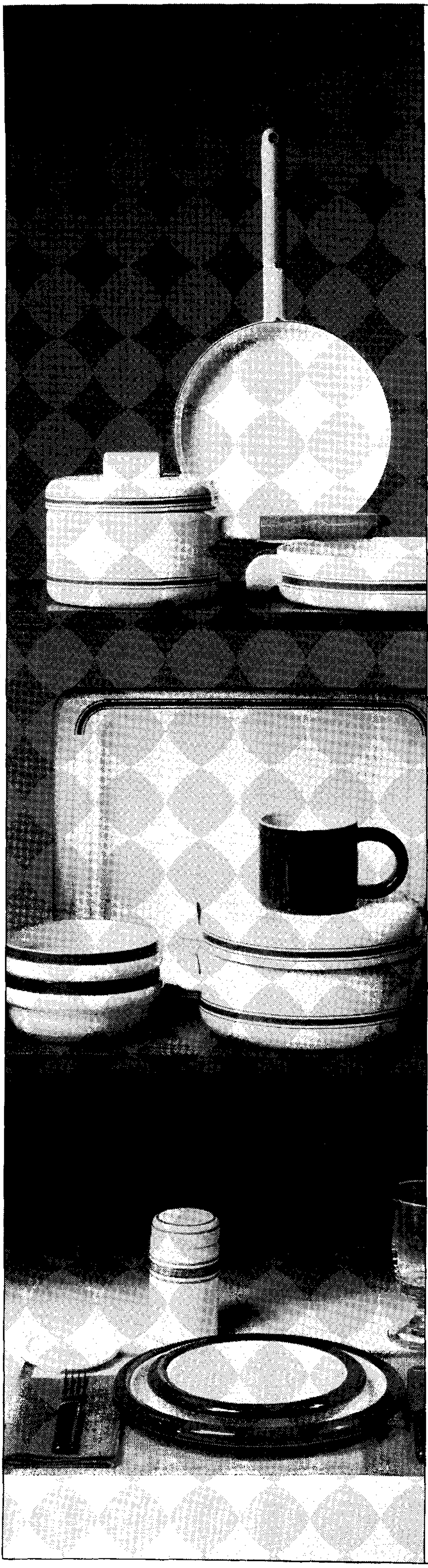
WEATHER

Partly cloudy with warm days and wild nights through Sunday.—*Charleston (S.C.) Evening Post.*

And then comes Monday morning.



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THE THEATRE

MAL DE MER

Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," currently on view in an ambitious new production at the Imperial, is a play coarsely conceived, coarsely constructed, and coarsely composed. On three or four occasions in his long career, O'Neill managed to marry strong emotions to a dramatic construction and utterance worthy of them; more often, he was simply a second-rate writer with delusions of literary grandeur. It is a constant embarrassment to observe the disparity between the effort it has cost O'Neill to grapple with an idea and the intrinsic merit of that idea. Again and again, he proves as brave and dogged in pursuit of a commonplace as if it were a Bengal tiger, and once he has captured the poor, toothless tabby nothing will do but that he repeat the laborious act of capture several times; the result is that at the end of an evening of O'Neill we tend to feel battered instead of purged, leaving the theatre with the impression not so much that we have been run through by a rapier as that we have been run over by a bus.

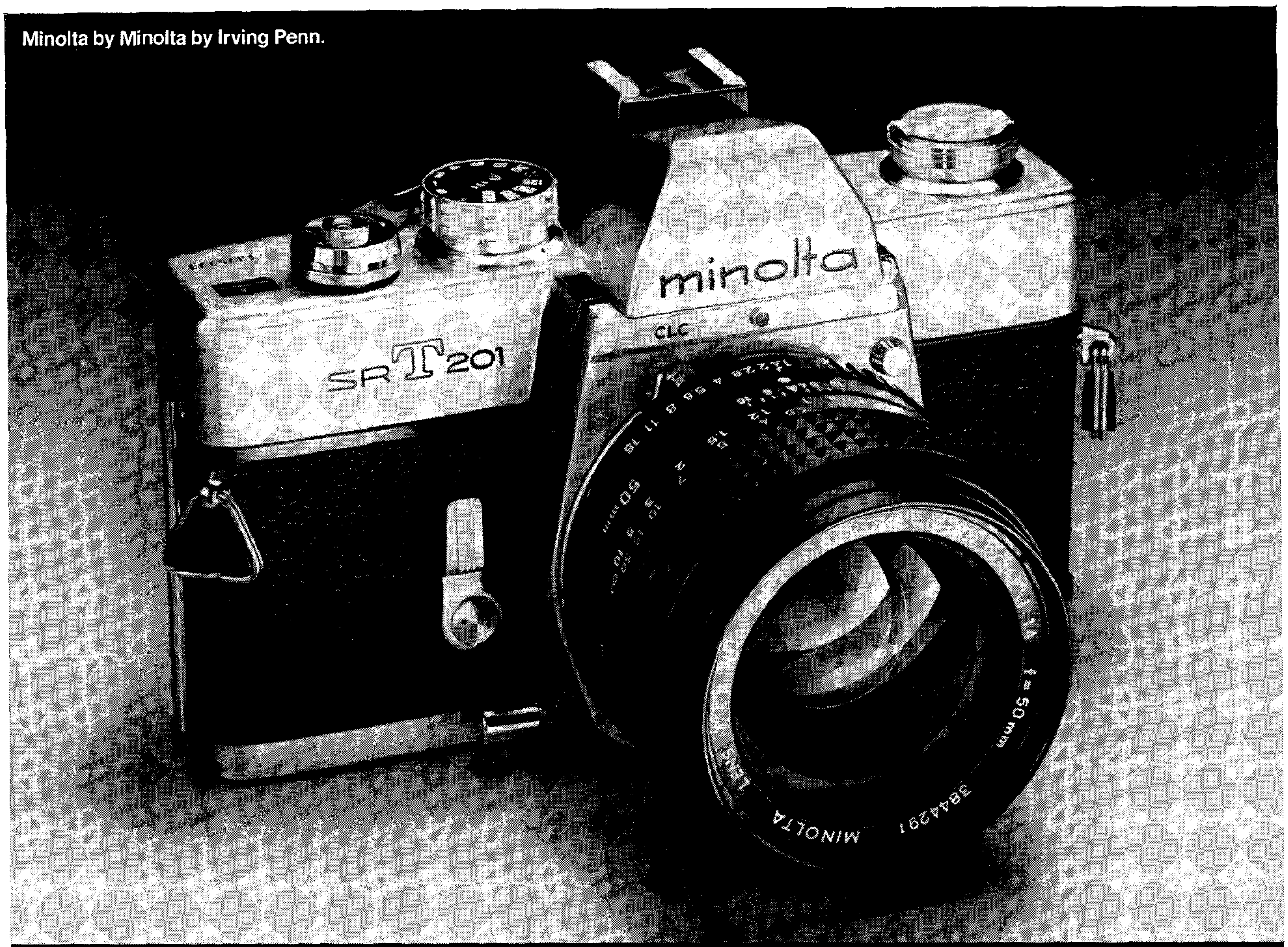
"Anna Christie" is just such a bus—or, to be literal, just such a barge, for it is on a coal barge plying the coast between New York and Boston that most of the action of the play occurs. A hard-drinking old Swede named Chris Christopherson is the captain of the barge; in a waterside saloon called Johnny-the-Priest's, he enjoys an unexpected reunion with his daughter Anna, who, on her mother's death many years before, was left with relatives in far-off Minnesota. Chris has assumed that they were rearing her gently; on the contrary, it turns out that she early fell upon evil days and has had to earn her living as a prostitute in St. Paul. Old Chris invites her to accompany him on his next voyage, and in the course of it, to his dismay, Anna expresses a feeling of warm kinship with the sea, which Chris hates and incessantly anthropomorphizes as "dat ole davil." They rescue a young Irish sailor, Mat Burke, from a shipwreck, and he and Anna fall in love; when Anna discloses her past, Mat and Chris respond by going ashore together to get drunk. On their return, Anna excoriates them and then humbly consents to swear on the rosary of Mat's dead mother that she has never loved anyone but him and henceforth will remain as white as snow. Mat and Chris join the crew of a steamer bound for South Africa, and Anna promises to be waiting for them when they come back.

This implausible and, at bottom, unpleasant nonsense takes four acts to work itself out. Much of the dialogue is in a sort of pidgin English, tethered loosely to Swedish by accent and the interjection of an occasional hearty "Py yingo!" Mat Burke speaks a tongue that O'Neill inexpertly lifted from Synge, whose plays he admired; what O'Neill apparently didn't know was that Synge's characters speak an Irish English never heard (though Synge pretended otherwise) outside Synge's own head. "Anna Christie" began as a study of Chris and his hatred of the sea, which we are to take for a symbol of the inescapable mindless cruelties of life; in giving the play to Anna, O'Neill loses control of his symbol, since to Anna the sea represents a cleansing goodness. The confusion scarcely matters, for it is the case with O'Neill (as it was not the case with Melville and Conrad) that the sea begins and ends as a conceit. Though he went to sea—sometimes at his father's expense—he went as a Princeton dropout in delicate health, enviously observing what he took to be the real world: ruffianly sailors, stevedores, and assorted down-and-outers. He drank with them and passed out among them, but he was never one of them, and his sea plays have a got-up air. They are the handiwork of a young man struggling against heavy odds (good looks, intelligence, talent, the promise of inherited wealth) to seem a victim.

The present production serves as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who has assuredly joined the ranks of our superstars. Miss Ullmann is a very good movie actress—one never tires of watching that radiant face in extreme closeup—but she fails to command a stage. She is often awkward in movement, and, perhaps in part because of the great size of the Imperial, her Anna speaks in a voice louder and rougher than the role requires. Robert Donley utters Chris's tiresome monosyllabic dicta with an accent that threatens to become indecipherable, and John Lithgow is almost wholly at a loss in the absurd role of Mat Burke. Mary McCarty is admirable as Marthy Owen, Chris's slatternly drinking and bed companion. The setting and the lighting are by Ben Edwards, whose fingers plainly itched to be designing a schooner instead of a barge, and the costumes are by Jane Greenwood. The director is José Quintero, who treats O'Neill with a reverence that he rarely deserves. "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is one of the greatest plays written in my lifetime, but it is the mighty exception among O'Neill's works; everything else he wrote lies far down the slope from it and in its shadow.

"I Love My Wife," at the Ethel Barrymore, is a quick-moving little show, with some charming music by Cy Coleman and some neatly turned lyrics by Michael Stewart. The cast is welcomely youthful, comely, and eager to make good. The scenery (by David Mitchell), the costumes (by Ron Talsky), and the lighting (by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr.) all fulfill their assigned tasks, and the director, Gene Saks, is a man who could turn the grimmest mausoleum at Woodlawn into a House of Fun for the Whole Family. With those words, I come to the end of my praise. For the musical's book, which is also by Mr. Stewart, is a monotonous and mildly unsavory series of variations on a single witless joke—the difficulty faced by two young married couples (well played by Lenny Baker, Ilene Graff, James Naughton, and Joanna Gleason) when they attempt to stage a far-out wife-swapping party on Christmas Eve. As the title of the show sweetly and wholesomely hints, the couples fail, because, being sweet and wholesome, they find that orgies, great or small, are simply not in their line. It is a built-in defect of shows of this kind that one can guess within five minutes of curtain time precisely how far anyone will go in discussing male and female physiology and how far anyone will go in disrobing. Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Mrs. Grundy, and it is she who draws the line for Broadway shows that wish to seem naughty and yet bring in the yokels. "I Love My Wife" is a fatally old-fashioned piece of work, much disimproved by electronic amplification. All those nice young people in "I Love My Wife" are singing their hearts out at center stage, but their voices come to us from a couple of boxes fastened to the proscenium arch: mere canned sound, bulging with auditory botulism. Damn the boxes, say I, and pause for a reply.

—Brendan Gill



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JAZZ

For the Comfort of the People

IN the late thirties and early forties, when jazz was still a newly settled enclave, with its paranoia, its internecine warfare, its hagiographers and apologists, and its sense of musical grandeur, real and imagined, one kept on course by attending one's heroes—in the flesh and/or on records, both endeavors being cheap and easy—and by adding an occasional reverential brick to the shrine that housed the music's three great legendary figures: King Joe Oliver, Bessie Smith, and Bix Beiderbecke. That world has grown up, its heroes have become aged or have died, and its legends have at last been tested in biographies and extensive, critically equipped reissues and have been declared human—all except Joe Oliver, who, mysterious, almost primeval, remains enshrined. But perhaps Oliver's demythification is at hand, for the Smithsonian has released "King Oliver's Jazz Band: 1923" (R 001), as part of its Smithsonian Collection. The two-L.P. set contains twenty-nine numbers made by Oliver between 1923 and 1928 for Columbia and its subsidiary Okeh. These represent less than a fifth of his total output, but they cover most of his recording career. Nineteen of the Smithsonian selections are by his celebrated Creole Jazz Band, which lasted for three years and recorded just thirty-five numbers; the others are two Clarence Williams selections on which Oliver appears as a sideman and eight accompaniments for Butterbeans and Susie and such blues singers as Sippie Wallace, Hazel Smith, and Elizabeth Johnson. The recordings have been remastered by Art Kendy of CBS, who has made them as aurally intelligible as they are ever likely to be—their sound, so frustrating and difficult for so long, now ranges from fair to good. Nonetheless, listening to the Creole Jazz Band's records is an acquired taste. One must listen over and over, until the ear takes hold and the surface tininess turns to resonance, the mushy ensembles to detailed polyphony, the ricky-ticky rhythmic effects to a subtle and driving beat.

"*Well, Carpenter, this does it! You and O'Callaghan are through as a team!*"

Oliver was born in or near New Orleans in 1885, or perhaps earlier, and was raised by his half sister Victoria Davis. Bunk Johnson said that Oliver was a slow music student, but by the turn of the century he was working in marching bands and in cabarets. He was also a butler in a house still standing in the Garden District. His musical career in New Orleans lasted at least twenty years, and by the time he moved to Chicago, in 1918, he had been nicknamed King by Kid Ory, even though he was probably already past his prime. Except for brief forays to California (1921-22) and New York (1924, 1927), Oliver stayed in Chicago for ten years, leading the Creole Jazz Band and the later and larger Dixie Syncopators. In 1928, he at last committed himself to the exodus to New York, where, the year before, he had made a disastrous decision. Two successful weeks at the Savoy Ballroom had led to an offer from the Cotton Club. But the New Orleans evil, an affliction made up equally of hubris and perversity, took hold, and Oliver decided the money was not good enough. He turned the job down, and it went to a newcomer named Duke Ellington. Oliver had been wrongheaded before. He had had lucrative offers from New York for years but had stubbornly stayed in Chicago—so long, indeed, that when he moved to New York he discovered that his music had already been accepted, absorbed, and filed away. During the next three years, Oliver, whose gums and teeth had begun to trouble him, subsisted by making records, writing occasional music, and taking whatever gigs were offered him. Then, in 1931, he put together a good band and went on the road. It was his last mistake. He never got back to New York or Chicago or New Orleans (partly because of the New Orleans evil), and by 1936 he had landed in Savannah, where he sold fruit and vegetables and swept out a pool parlor. He died in Savannah, on April 8, 1938. His body was brought to New York and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in an unmarked grave.

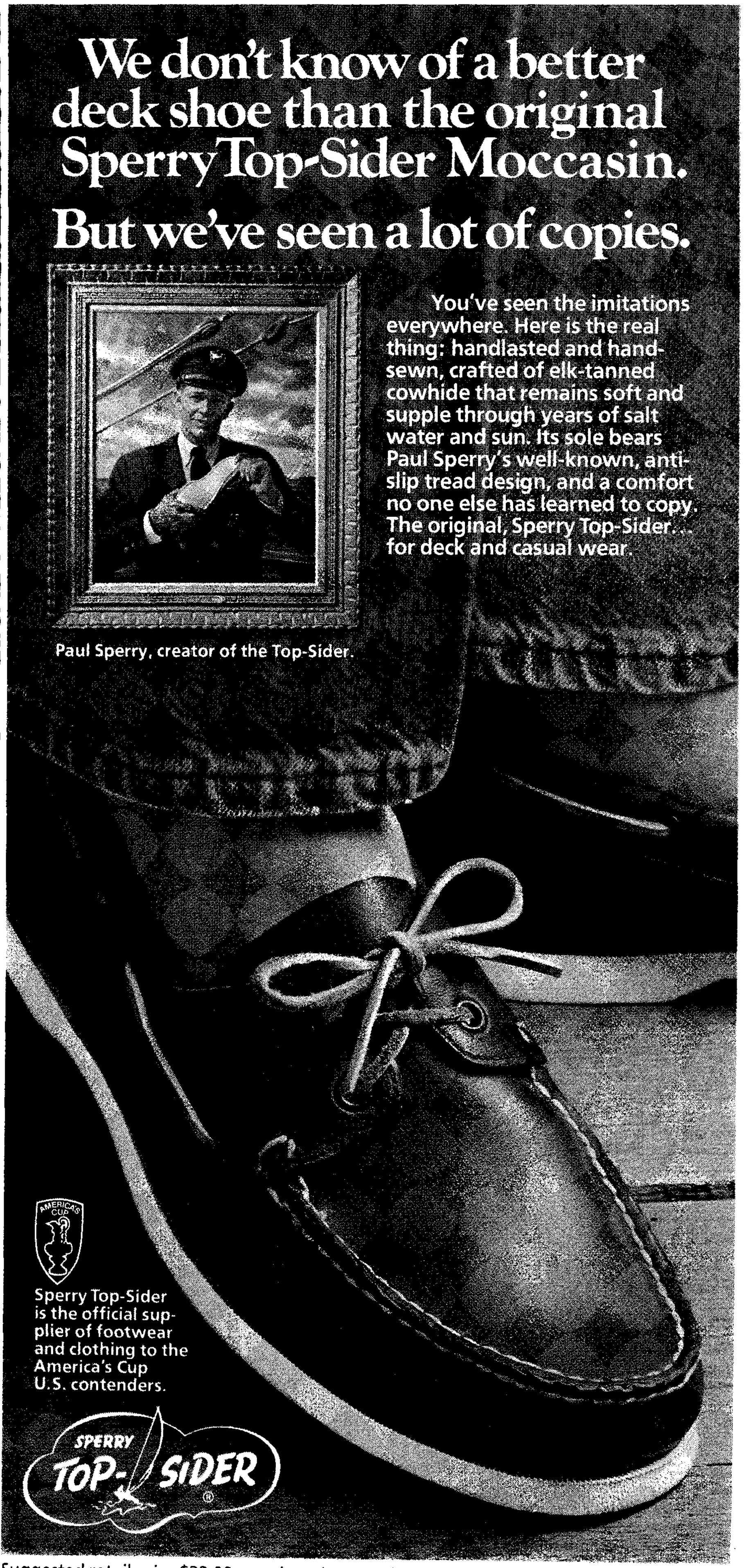
Within two years, Oliver had been

enshrined by Frederic Ramsey, Jr., in the book "Jazzmen," and by the New Orleans revival movement, which would have put him on easy street. Ramsey made Oliver a tragic, put-upon figure, and quoted several letters that Oliver wrote from the South to his niece and sister in New York:

> DEAR NIECE,
>
> I receive your card, you don't know how much I appreciate your thinking about the old man. . . . I am not making enough money to buy clothes as I can't play any more. I get [a] little money from an agent for the use of my name and after I pay room rent and eat I don't have much left. . . . I've only got one suit and that's the one sent me while I was in Wichita, Kansas. So you know the King must look hot. But I don't feel downhearted. I still feel like I will snap out of the rut some day.
>
> Well, the old man hasn't got the price of Xmas cards so I will wish you all a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year . . . Love to the entire family including the bird dog and cat. . . .
>
> Sincerely,
> UNCLE

OLIVER set Louis Armstrong up in business in the early twenties by summoning him from New Orleans to Chicago to play second horn in the Creole Jazz Band. Armstrong borrowed wisely and liberally from Oliver's style, and was grateful to him the rest of his life. He told Richard Meryman, in 1966, what his last visit with Oliver had been like: "So Joe winds up in little cheap rooming houses, landladies holding his trunk for rent. In 1937 my band went to Savannah, Ga., one day—and there's Joe. He's got so bad off and broke, he's got himself a little vegetable stand selling tomatoes and potatoes. He was standing there in his shirtsleeves. No tears. Just glad to see us. Just another day. He had that spirit. I gave him about a hundred and fifty dollars I had in my pocket, and Luis Russell and Red Allen, Pops Foster, Albert Nicholas, Paul Barbarin—all used to be his boys—they gave him what they had. And that night we played a dance, and we look over and there's Joe standing in the wings. He was sharp like the old Joe Oliver of 1915. He'd been to the pawnshop and gotten his fronts all back, you know, his suits and all—Stetson hat turned down, high-button shoes, his box-back coat. He looked beautiful." (So much for the old belief that Oliver could never manage to scrape together enough money for the train fare to New York.)

When Oliver set out from New York in 1931, everything went well for a time. The bookings were good,



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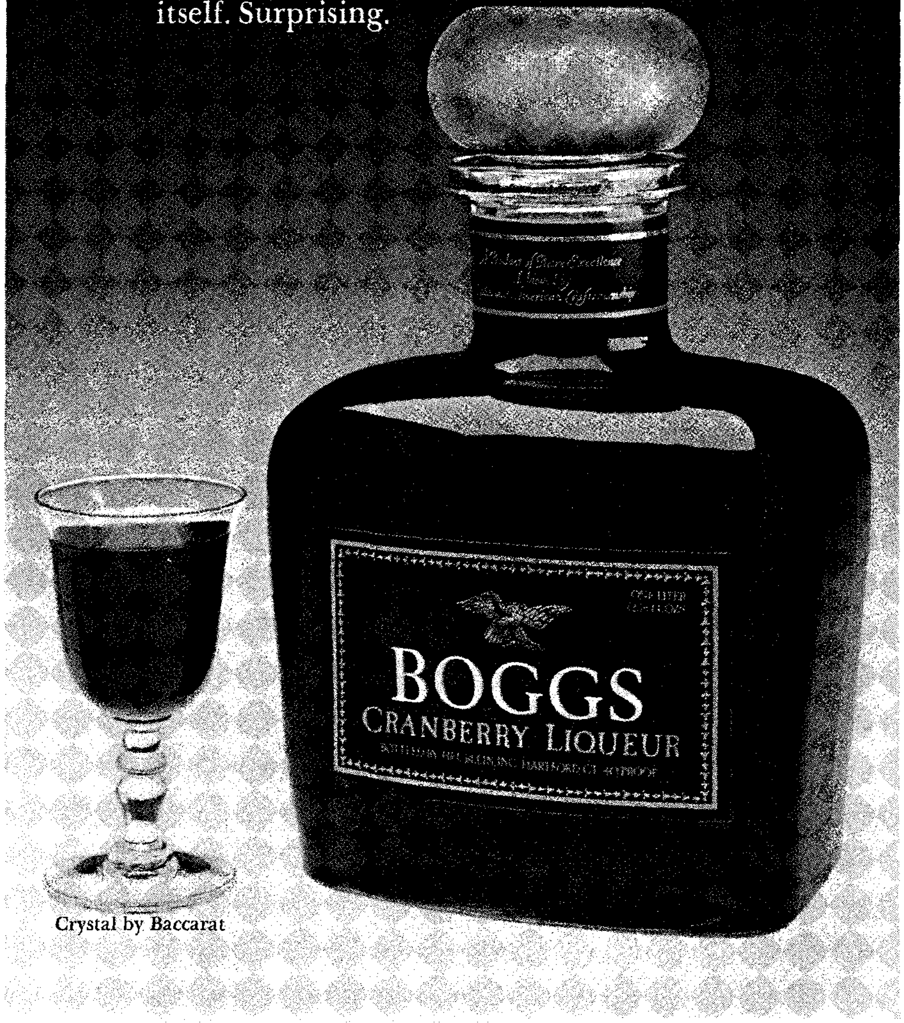

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and the band travelled in style through the West and Southwest. The trombonist and singer Clyde Bernhardt was in the band, and he has said, "I joined Oliver's band on March 1, 1931, and left it in Topeka, Kansas, on November 10th, when I found out he didn't have any intention of coming back to New York again. We played mostly white places—big ballrooms like the Coliseum, in Tulsa—and we didn't have any trouble with whites. In fact, we were treated so nice in Texas and Louisiana that we got scared. These judges and doctors and people like that would ask us to their homes, and we were scared to go and scared not to go. We travelled in a bus that would hold twenty people. The driver, Roy Johnson, was white, and he was our road manager and collected the money and such. Oliver was a Christian-hearted man, but he didn't have no business sense. He couldn't even find himself a place to sleep at night. In those times, we'd stay with families in their houses. The colored hotels was small and very often couldn't put up all fifteen, sixteen of us. I always made a neat appearance, and I'd walk in the colored neighborhood and find this real nice house and I'd talk to them and they'd take me in and Joe Oliver, too. He ate as much as four men, and he always paid double for his food. He'd sit down with me—I was a slow eater, and so was he—and he'd eat a chicken and a whole apple pie. He didn't drink, but he smoked a lot of cigarettes, so I gave him a pack of cigarettes on his birthday, in May, and he was so pleased. 'The rest of them didn't give me a damn thing,' he said, 'but you did, and that feels good to an old man of fifty-four.' So he was older than anybody thought he was—older by eight years, which would have put him in his sixties when he died.

"Those New Orleans musicians were funny. They had strong likes and dislikes. But I was lucky. Oliver knew some of my family in New York, and he treated me as his son. He was very easygoing, and he loved to talk—at least, he liked to talk to me, so much sometimes that he aggravated me. It would go this way:

"OLIVER: Why the hell don't you say something!

"BERNHARDT: I ain't got nothin' to say.

"OLIVER: Well, I'm going to make you sing tonight if you don't open your mouth now.

"BERNHARDT: Who is?

"OLIVER: Who's talkin' to you?

"And on like that. Joe didn't look

his age because he was so dark. He was really comical about color. If he spotted someone as dark as he was, he'd say, 'That son is uglier than me. I'm going to make him give me a quarter.' Or he'd light a match and lean forward and whisper, 'Is that something walking out there?' He wouldn't hire very black musicians. I suggested several who were very good players, but he told me, 'I can stand me, but I don't want a whole lot of very dark people in my band. People see 'em and get scared and run out of the place.'

"He had a dental plate by then, and he could play for an hour or an hour and a half before his gums would get to aching. Then he'd take down and go off the bandstand and let his other trumpet players go. He had a strong, piercing tone you could feel right through you when his teeth weren't bothering him."

At the bottom of the Depression, the saxophonist Paul Barnes kept a log of the band's ceaseless, swaybacked swings across the South. (In 1932 or 1933, Lester Young, then in his early twenties, joined the band for a time; it was Genesis and Revelation under the same roof.) Here is Barnes' log for the first two weeks of March, 1935. The date is at the left and the money paid each man at the right. (Oliver presumably got double, and there were occasions in his career when his men accused him of shortchanging them.) "N" means a black audience and "W" a white one. "B" means a radio broadcast:

1	Gadsden, Ala.	N	.50
3	Columbus, Ga. (Liberty Theatre)	N	.25
4	Columbus, Ga. (Army camp) B	N	3.00
5	Moultrie, Ga.	N	1.00
6	St. Augustine, Fla.	N	1.50
7	Daytona Beach	N	3.00
8	Lakeland	N	2.00
9	Tampa	N	1.00
11	St. Petersburg	N	2.00
12	Sanford	N	1.50
13	Melbourne	N	1.00
14	Miami	N	3.71
15	West Palm Beach	N	3.00
16	Vero Beach (Fireman's Ball)	W	3.53

Only nine years before, the pianist Jess Stacy, just arrived in Chicago from Missouri, had gone to see the famous Oliver in the Plantation Café, at Thirty-fifth and Calumet. Stacy recalls, "The first time I ever went to hear Oliver, he was playing 'Ukulele Lady,' and he was playing the fool out of it, and he took five or six choruses in a row. He played sitting down, and he didn't play loud. He knew his instrument. He wasn't spearing for high notes; he stayed right

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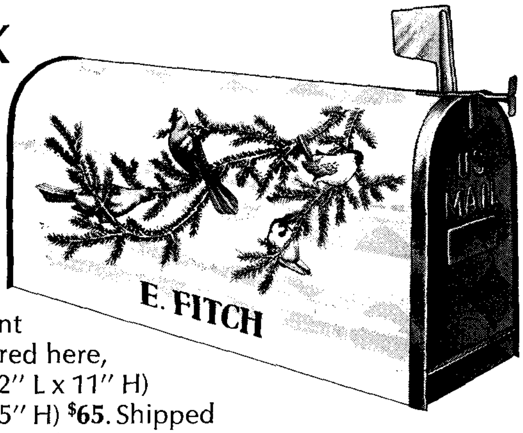

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in the middle register. His chord changes were pretty and his vibrato just right—none of that Italian belly vibrato. You could hear that both Louis and Bix had learned from him. In fact, Bix was nuts about him, and one of the things he liked was that Oliver played open horn a lot. Which reminds me of what Eddie Condon said of those days in Chicago when there was so much music: 'You could take a trumpet out of its case and it would blow by itself.' Oliver's band worked from nine to six—I know, because I was often there—and what with the shows to play for and the dancing, it took an iron lip."

Two or three years earlier, the Creole Jazz Band was still intact and was playing at the Dreamland Café. (Oliver and Armstrong, cornets; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Honoré Dutrey, trombone; Lil Hardin, piano; Bill Johnson, bass; and Baby Dodds, drums.) Here are three scenes. The first is by Lou Black, the banjoist with the fine white New Orleans Rhythm Kings; the second is from Armstrong-Meryman; and the third was told to Larry Gara by the drummer Baby Dodds.

Black: "We were at the Friars' Inn for a couple of years, and when we'd finished work, or when there were no more customers to play for, we'd go over to the Dreamland and sit in with Pop Oliver and Louis Armstrong. You know why he was called Pop? When he played, his right eye came almost out of the socket from the force of his blowing. . . . He had enormous lips, too, and his cornet mouthpiece would disappear right inside them. Once in a while he'd stand up there in front of the band, cradle the cornet on its valves in a handkerchief in his left hand, put his right hand in his pocket, and play ten or eleven choruses of 'Tiger Rag' or 'Dipper Mouth Blues' without ever touching the valves with his right hand and without repeating himself."

Armstrong-Meryman: "In those days the bands sat on chairs and Joe, with his big wad of chewing tobacco in his cheek, would go *pa-chooo* into a brass cuspidor, then he'd start beating his foot on top of that cuspidor, setting that tempo, and *blow!* And whatever Mister Joe played, I just put notes to it, trying to make it sound as pretty as I could. I never blew my horn over Joe Oliver at no time unless he said, 'Take it!' Never. Papa Joe was a creator—always some little idea . . . I hear them phrases of his in big arrangements and everything right now. And

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sitting by him every night, I *had* to pick up a lot of little tactics he made—phrases, first endings, flairs. I'll never run out of ideas. All I have to do is think about Joe and always have something to play off of."

Dodds-Gara: "We had the sort of band that, when we played a number, we all put our hearts in it. Of course that's why we could play so well. And it wasn't work for us, in those days. . . . We took it as play, and we loved it. I used to hate when it was time to knock off. I would drum all night till about three o'clock, and when I went home I would dream all night of drumming. . . . We worked to make music, and we played music to make people like it. The Oliver band played for the comfort of the people. Not so they couldn't hear, or so they had to put their fingers in their ears. . . . Sometimes the band played so softly you could hardly hear it. . . . We played so soft that you could hear the people's feet dancing."

Clyde Bernhardt's belief that Oliver was eight years older than had been thought explains a good deal. To wit: Why his teeth and gums and embouchure began to weaken in the mid-twenties, when he was supposedly just forty (Dizzy Gillespie is fifty-nine, Harry Edison is sixty-one, Roy Eldridge is sixty-six, and Doc Cheatham is seventy-one, and all play with clarity and ease); why he repeatedly called himself an "old man" in his letters to his niece and sister; why he was so slow to adapt to the new music around him; why his bands played what they did. Oliver—tall, fat, secret, solemn—was old-fashioned and formal, and so was his music, particularly when he had the Creole Jazz Band. It played the sort of contrapuntal ensemble jazz that probably reached perfection in New Orleans around 1915. The musical difference between Louis Armstrong-Earl Hines in 1928 and Oliver just five years before is too great; Oliver must have been mirroring a music at least ten years older. (What Armstrong and Hines were doing together in 1928 can be heard to brilliant effect on a two-L.P. Smithsonian album called "Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines: 1928.") Oliver was summarizing New Orleans jazz with intelligence, wit, honesty, and great cool. The summary, insofar as the Creole Jazz Band records are concerned, was not complete, however. The records have few solos, and for good reason: there wasn't time within the three-minute limit of the 78 r.p.m., and tried-and-true en-

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sembles (most were partly written) were safer than improvised solos in the perilous confines of a pre-electronic recording studio. But Stacy and Lou Black tell us that Oliver soloed often and at great length in the flesh. Still, the Creole Jazz Band's records swing steadily. The band beckoned but never shouted, it pointed but never pushed. The ensemble passages were controlled, dense, and full of four-way counterpoint. Each voice was skilled enough to speak easily and to blend with the other voices without fault or interference. It was a band completely at ease with itself and its materials. Musicians of greater or lesser skill would have destroyed its fabric.

The Smithsonian reissue offers many pleasures: Armstrong's and Oliver's clean, neat unison playing in "High Society;" the great cornet duet breaks in "Sobbin' Blues" (Armstrong-Meryman: "While the rest of the band was playing, Oliver'd lean over to me and move the valves of his cornet in the notes he would play in the next breaks or a riff he'd use. So I'd play second to it"); the steady, enveloping drive, the slow-motion *galloping* of "Dipper Mouth Blues," "Chattanooga Stomp," "Buddy's Habit," "Riverside Blues," and "I Ain't Gonna Tell Nobody;" Armstrong's brilliant-kid solo in "Riverside;" and Oliver's serene three-chorus solo in "Dipper Mouth," a solo that reverberated through jazz for twenty-five years. The remaining sides of the Oliver reissue are valuable because Oliver can be heard far more clearly than on the Creole Jazz Band sides. He was a classic player. His tone was strong and even, and his vibrato was controlled. He loved the middle and low registers, and he was a first-rate melodic embellisher. He liked to play behind the beat, and he never wasted a note. He had *presence*. Cootie Williams is the third link in the chain begun by Joe Oliver and Ellington's Bubber Miley, and Oliver at this period probably sounded the way Williams does now—stripped down, primitive, and majestic.

IT is too bad that the Smithsonian records stop when they do, for in many ways some of the records Oliver made with his Dixie Syncopators and in New York are more absorbing. Electronic recording had come in, and one can hear Oliver clearly. Also, he was heroically trying to catch up with what had happened in jazz while he was molting in Chicago. The Dixie Syncopators sides have arrangements and a saxophone section, and they have

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the sound of pioneer big bands. Much the same is true of the New York recordings Oliver made for Victor in 1929 and 1930, although Oliver plays only occasionally on them. The New York recordings have an eerie quality. They are very much of their time and place, with their soupy saxophones and often halting rhythm sections, but Oliver's statements, particularly his muted ones, have a special long-ago sweetness and directness and simplicity. New Orleans musicians were Arcadian no matter where they went. The late Red Allen, who was Oliver's last protégé, once described his arrival in New York, in 1927: "It was my first time away from home. I was an only child and I'd had a lot of care. I wasn't accustomed to taking things to the laundry and making my own bed. I couldn't get used to it. Then I moved in with Oliver and his sister. Oliver and I stayed together like father and son. I used to kid with him all the time and imitate the grand marshal in one of the parades back home, and he'd laugh so hard he'd cry."

"King Oliver's Jazz Band: 1923" and "Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines: 1928" can be purchased only from the Smithsonian Institution, P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C., 20013, at nine dollars apiece.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

DIVING FOR ROSES. By Patricia Windsor. (Harper & Row. $5.95. Ages 14 and Up.) A 17-year-old girl, her disheveled, raving mother, a forest lover, alcoholism and pregnancy are the ingredients in a fine, powerful and literate book.—*Times Book Review.*

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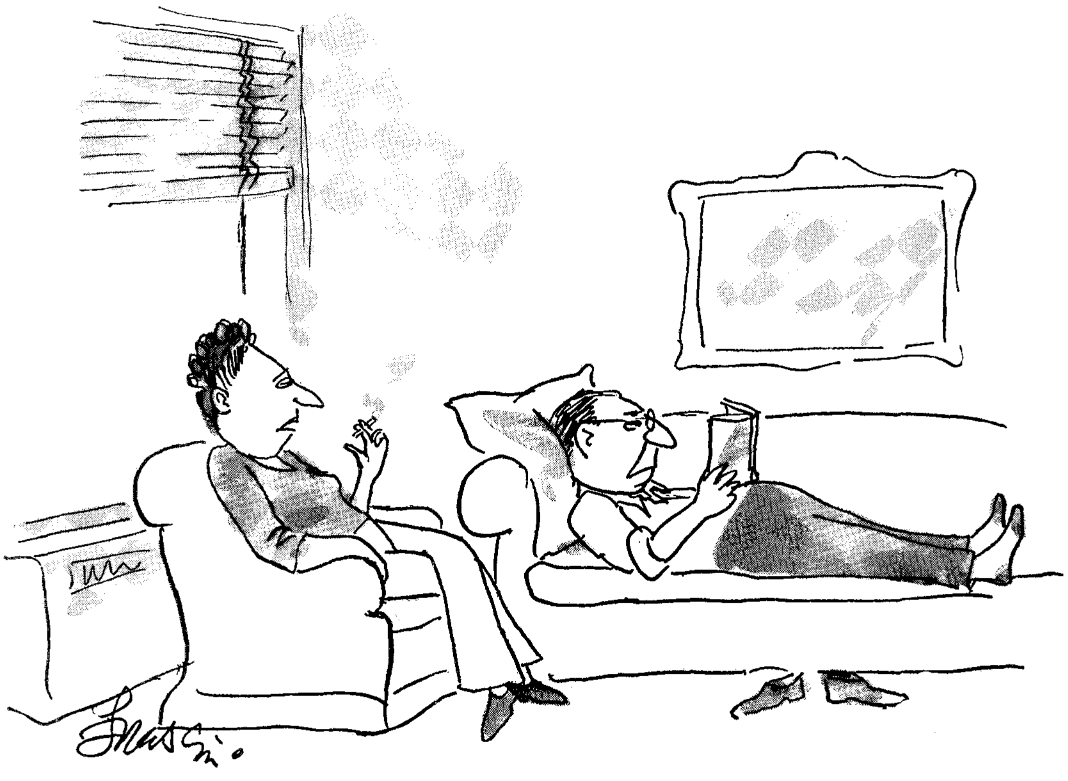
THE LONG GREEN

LAST month, in Scottsdale, Arizona, I had a drink with a friend of mine named Jerome Holtzman, who is an eminent baseball writer with the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and after a very few minutes we found ourselves scribbling on bar napkins as we tried to draw up an all-star team for 1977. Everything in baseball is changing, and it is possible that our joint effort may be the first interleague all-star team ever to be seriously discussed some weeks before the beginning of the season. Here it is:

2b.	Morgan	Reds	400
ss.	Grich	Angels	310
lf.	Rudi	Angels	418
3b.	Schmidt	Phillies	450
rf.	Jackson	Yankees	580
cf.	Matthews	Braves	360
dh.	Brett	Royals	385
1b.	Garvey	Dodgers	283
c.	Tenace	Padres	363
p.	Gullett	Yankees	330
p.	Garland	Indians	230
p.	Fingers	Padres	320
p.	Campbell	Red Sox	250
utility	Cash	Expos	300
″	Bando	Brewers	300
″	Baylor	Angels	266

The statistics accompanying this roster, it may be noticed, look impressive but peculiar, because of the missing decimal points. The stats become more understandable, and perhaps more awesome, when it is explained that the decimal points in this case do not belong on the left-hand side of the figures, as they normally do with batting averages, or one or two spaces to the right, as they do with earned-run averages, but *six* spaces to the right, after the addition of three zeros to each set of figures; what now must be added to the left-hand side of the numbers is a dollar sign. These—as well as Jerome Holtzman and I could work them out—are the present annual salaries of some celebrated big-league ballplayers. A few of the names and a lot of the numbers are open to challenge (not many players' salaries have been actually announced this year, so careful guessing and a judicious computation of bonuses were sometimes necessary), but never mind. This is the richest team in the history of baseball.

Selecting all-star squads is usually a harmless mid-season or post-season pastime for writers and other baseball idlers, but this particular selection is more serious; in one form or another, these figures were the central subject of conversation, speculation, jokes, anger, and anxiety among the players, executives, writers, TV and radio people, fans, and hangers-on gathered at the pre-season baseball camps that I visited in Florida and Arizona this spring, and there is no reason to believe that the daily headlines and box scores of the baseball season that has now begun in earnest will diminish their importance or (as most of the owners secretly pray) somehow make them disappear. Baseball is caught up in an immense redistribution of money and power and talent—one could call it a revolution, except for the fact that the same redistribution, in one form or another, has come to all the other professional sports—which has darkened the vernal gleams of the old game and presented us with disturbing new ironies and doubts. Fan friends of mine have confessed that the new salary scales and the sudden winter decamping of so many baseball stars to different cities and into strange uniforms have finally destroyed their attachment to the game and done away with the last shreds of their identification with some favorite old team. "It's just show business," they have said to me. Or "All the players care about now is money." Or "It's got cold-blooded and greedy. Even the minor-leaguers have those agents now. The game is dead." I sympathize with their feelings, for I have certainly shared them at times in the past year. Most of all, I think, the new salaries have vastly increased the distance between the players and the fans—increased it figuratively in much the same way that the machinelike, circular new ballparks have done the job literally and aesthetically on the field. Before last year and this year, baseball fans and baseball players—all but a few superstars, that is—seemed socially, and perhaps spiritually, united. Baseball was their game, owned in a complex partnership, and the man in the stands could be forgiven if he felt that only the inexplicable accident of skill kept him from the field itself. (The players always knew how wide *that* space really was.) There was a bond between fans and players in the wry shared knowledge that both groups were the victims of the businessman owner. In the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, when some old baseball franchises—the Dodgers, the Giants, the Athletics, the Senators, and the rest—were first ripped loose



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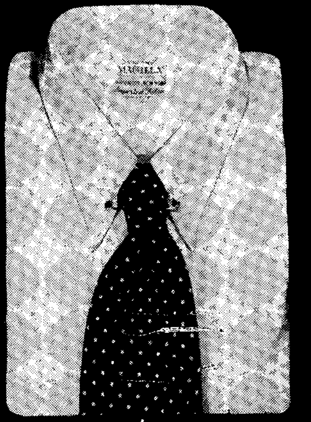

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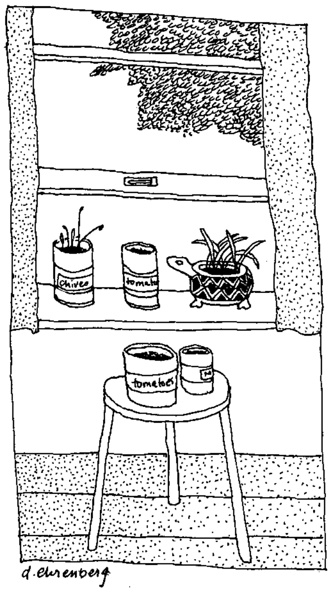
from their traditional cities and their fanatically loyal lifelong fans, and after that, when handfuls of new and vapid teams were invented, the fans saw, many of them for the first time, that the owners were in this game, first and always, for the money. The fans' pain on learning this hard, barely concealed old truth was exactly the same as the shock and outrage that any veteran player had suffered on being given the news that he had suddenly been traded away from his parent club. Now all this is gone. The players are businessmen, too—businessmen with a vengeance, it seems—and the space between the fan and the player is the same light-years span that divides the television star or the famous night-club singer from his patronized and wholly anonymous audience.

None of this is retrievable, but I must now add that my recent spring-training travels, during which I talked to a great many players and other baseball people about these issues, diminished my despair, and I came home feeling pretty cheerful about baseball, and expectant, as always, about the long season ahead. I believe that while the players' new freedom to hire themselves out to the highest bidders and to employ cool and sometimes arrogant young financial agents to arrange complex six-figure or seven-figure contracts for them has badly jolted some of the customs and continuity of the game, it will probably not destroy it, or even permanently twist it into some parody of its old and elegant self. The startling new salaries may represent both a contemporary reality and a historical inevitability, and are thus perhaps best approached with curiosity rather than horror.



One of the peculiarities of the great money shakeout is the difficulty that fans now have in getting hold of any accurate figures. In the old days, when a club signed one of its stars to a new contract the writers and photographers would be called in, cigars would be passed out, the florid owner and the beefy, bow-tied slugger would pose shaking hands over the fabulous document, and the price of the contract would instantly go out to the world. In their time, every fan in America knew about Connie Mack's Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Infield of Stuffy McInnis, Eddie Collins, Jack Barry, and Home-Run Baker (the scale of things has so shifted that one usually hears this wrongly referred to as the Million-Dollar Infield), and about Babe Ruth's eighty thousand dollars in 1930, and about Sandy Koufax's and Don Drysdale's successful double holdout against the Dodgers in 1966, to gain admission to the élite hundred-thousand-dollar fraternity. The money became part of the star's reputation, part of his drawing power. Now the numbers are shrouded and somehow less splendid; the total is rarely announced, partly because the player's agent and the team's lawyers have usually worked out a document involving so many deferrals and life-insurance plans and mutually advantageous I.R.S.-inspired subclauses that no single bottom-line figure can encompass them all. (Catfish Hunter, the first and most celebrated beneficiary of the money boom, has been omitted from my all-stars simply because his five-year, three-and-a-half-million-dollar contract with the Yankees, signed in 1974, calls for a deferred bonus of one and three-quarters million dollars, to be paid over a period of fifteen years starting in 1979, which does not seem translatable into a 1977 "salary.") Front-office people have also become evasive about announcing gargantuan new contract figures because they are not anxious to deepen the unhappiness of their other (and now suddenly underpaid) stars or to invite the rage of poorer or less venturesome rival owners. When the Red Sox general manager, Dick O'Connell, signed an obscure Minnesota relief pitcher named Bill Campbell to a four-year, million-dollar contract last November, another baseball executive said, "They ought to *shoot* Dick O'Connell."

Most of the players on my roster (Bobby Grich, Joe Rudi, Reggie Jackson, Gary Matthews, Gene Tenace, Don Gullett, Wayne Garland, Rollie Fingers, Bill Campbell, Dave Cash, Sal Bando, and Don Baylor) are new to their present clubs and present salary levels, because they elected to become free agents at the conclusion of the 1976 season. This was made possible by a

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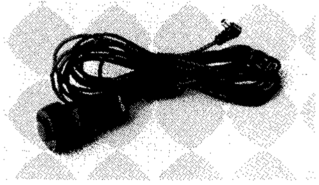

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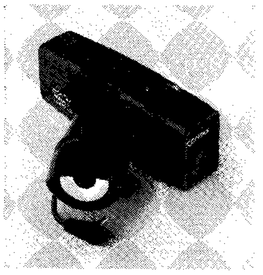

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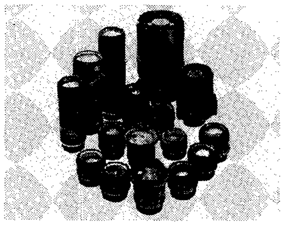

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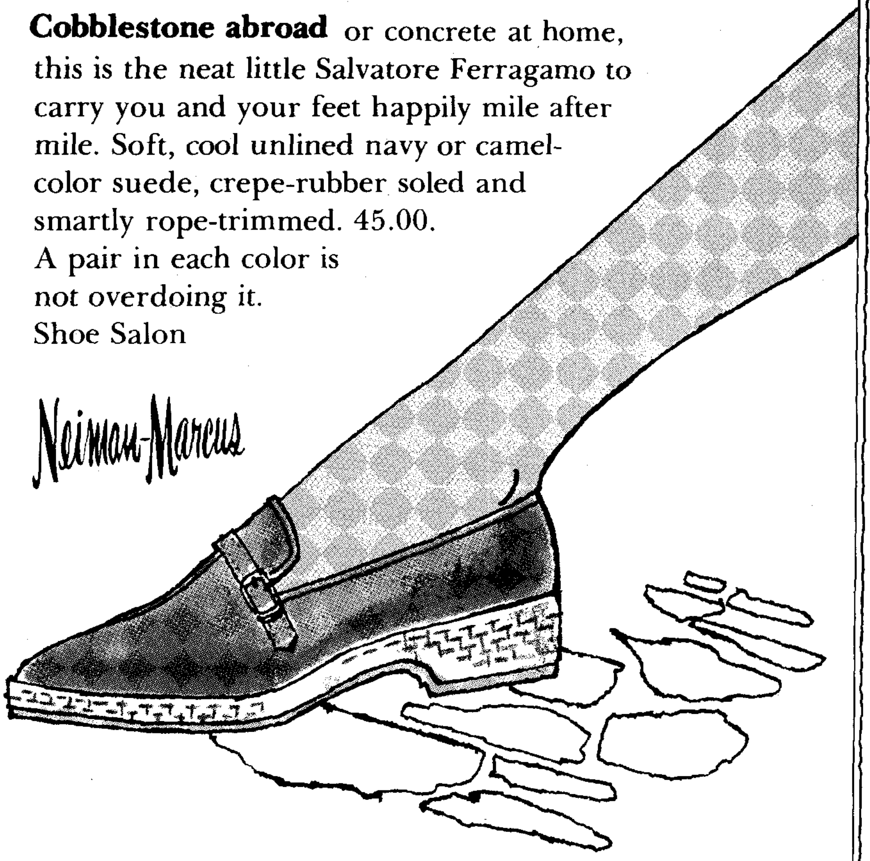

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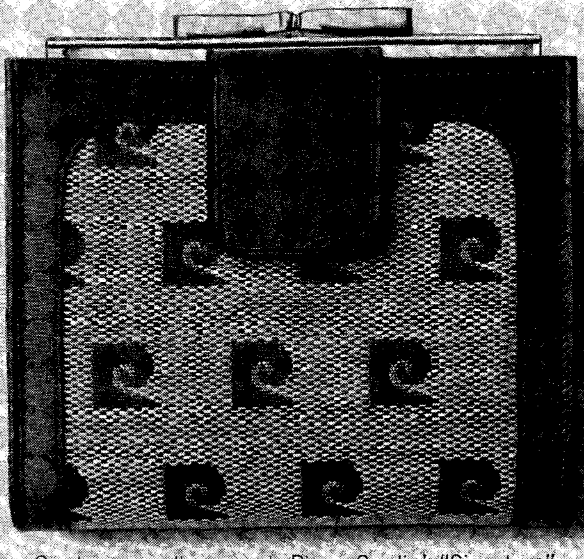

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new basic agreement between the owners and the Players Association, which was drawn up last July, after a winter and spring of prolonged and bitter negotiations and maneuverings, including a lockout that temporarily closed the 1976 training camps. The document granted free-agency to all players a year after the expiration of their existing contracts, including multi-year contracts running through 1977 or later. Players signing contracts after the agreement went into effect could achieve free-agency upon the completion of six years' service in the major leagues. As is perhaps well known by now, this baseball earthquake came about as the result of a grievance procedure won the previous winter by two major-leaguers, Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally, challenging the ancient "reserve clause," under which players since the earliest days of baseball had been forced to negotiate exclusively—and thus powerlessly—with the clubs holding their current contracts. The number of self-declared free agents last fall was much smaller than many owners had predicted (there were twenty-five of them, out of a total of six hundred major-leaguers), but the size and nature of some of the new contracts they arranged for themselves, it must be admitted, seemed to bear out the horrified prognostications of those hard-shell owners who had insisted all along that a few extremely wealthy clubs would attempt to dominate their leagues by pouring great sums into the sudden new player market. The Yankees and the California Angels have evidently embarked on this course—the Yanks by spending a total of about five million dollars to pick up Jackson and Gullett, and the Angels (whose principal owner is Gene Autry) by investing five and a quarter million in Rudi, Grich, and Baylor. The pennant adventures of these two teams, and of the San Diego Padres, who also spent heavily at the free-agent counter, will be watched by the other owners with fervent ill will. There is no way to forecast how many players will decide to become free agents at the end of this season, either upon the expiration of their old multi-year contracts or because they will have qualified as six-year men, and it is still too early in the season to work out an average salary for a major-leaguer in 1977. A very recent count, however, shows that at least a hundred and twenty-five players will be paid a hundred thousand dollars or more this year.

Four starters on my Gold Sox team—Joe Morgan, Mike Schmidt, George Brett, and Steve Garvey—are holdovers who have signed lucrative contracts with their old clubs. They are irreplaceable stars. Morgan has won the National League's Most Valuable Player award for the past two years; Schmidt has led the majors in home runs for the past three years; Brett, at the age of twenty-three, is the American League batting champion; and Garvey is a lifetime .300 hitter and a former National League M.V.P. Their pay scale provides the owners with a disheartening measure of the price of club loyalty on the new open market. Wayne Garland and Bill Campbell, by contrast, represent high-risk fliers. Campbell, a reliever, achieved an impressive 17–5 record with the Twins last year, with twenty games saved—considerably better than his performance in 1975, when he was 4–6, with five saves. (His new two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar salary with the Red Sox is also an improvement; last year, with the Twins, he earned twenty-two thousand.) Wayne Garland, a twenty-six-year-old right-hander, finished up with a splendid record of 20–7 with the Orioles in 1976 and was paid twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars. He became a free agent and went to the Indians. Upon signing Garland to a ten-year contract worth two million three hundred thousand dollars, Phil Seghi, the Cleveland general manager, explained that the financially troubled Indians, who have not won in their league since 1954, could not afford *not* to sign him. This statement struck me as being insane but familiar, although it was some little time before I realized that Mr. Seghi sounded exactly like the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee about a new American missile system.

IN the middle of March, I determined to think less about money and more about baseball; I got out my summer shades and my suntan lotion and took off for the Florida camps—where everybody was thinking about money. At Al Lopez Field, in Tampa, I watched Tom Seaver work four innings against the champion Reds, in which he gave up two runs on five hits; it was a good, mid-March sort of performance, with a couple of steamy mid-July swinging strikeouts thrown in, but in the dugout before the game I had noticed that Seaver had a hooded, glowering expression. The Mets' left fielder in the game was Dave Kingman, who in the first inning played a little handle-hit by Ken Grif-

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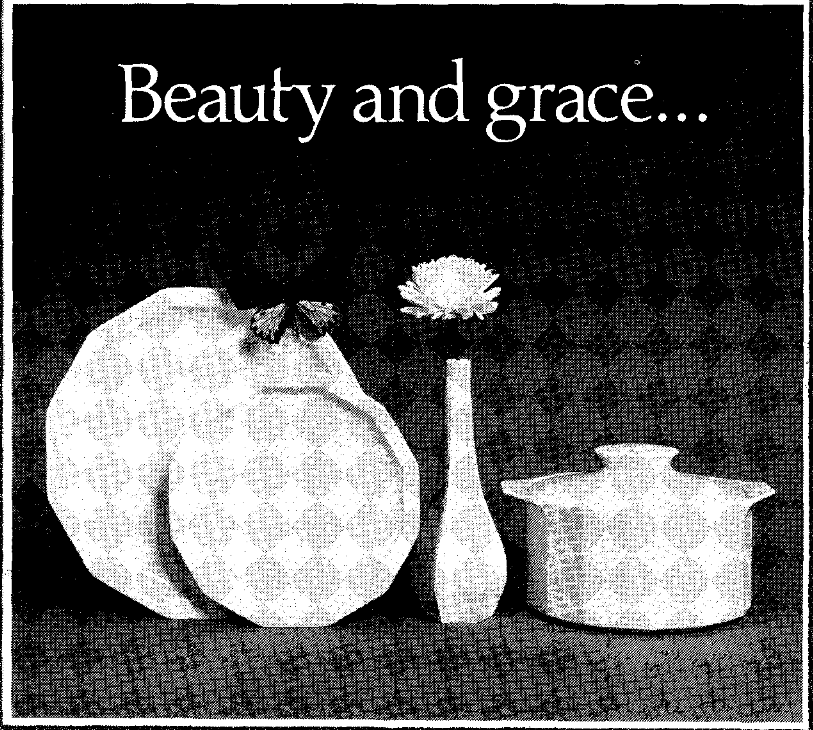

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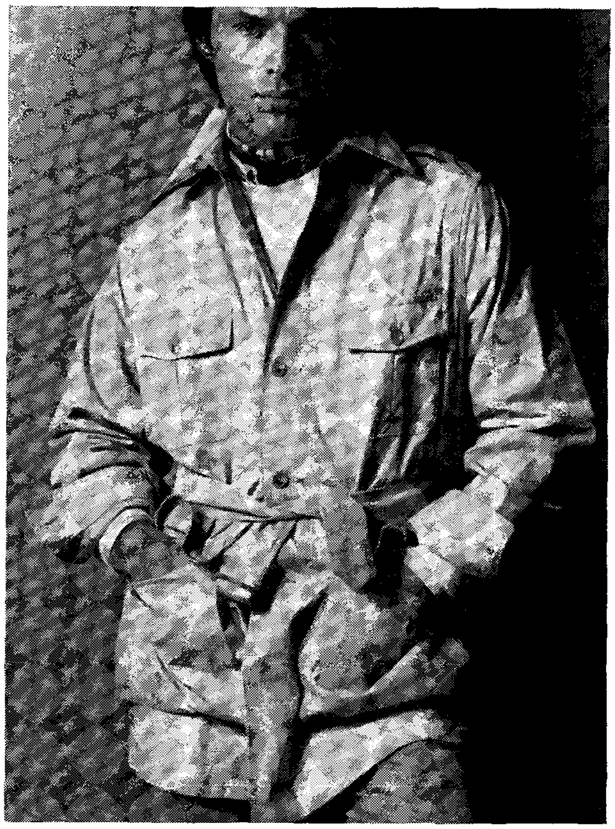
fey into a stand-up double. It is no news that Kingman is a frightful fielder, just as it is no news that he sometimes hits tropospheric home runs, but his presence on the same team as Tom Seaver had become a distracting little economic morality play. Kingman, who was unsigned, was asking the Mets for an enormous new contract—a multi-year, million-and-a-half-dollar model, it was said, with a very large additional bonus for his having not elected to become a free agent—and he and the club were very far from coming to terms. Tom Seaver had announced that he wished Kingman nothing but the best in his salary dispute, but Seaver is also a proud and realistic young man, who knows that he is the premier pitcher of his era and that his own value to the Mets is immeasurably greater than Kingman's. Seaver is in the middle year of a complicated three-year contract that brings him a base pay of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, with some special performance clauses that can further reward him for a good year on the mound; his contract struggles with the club last spring were marked by extreme bitterness. Dave Kingman hit thirty-seven homers last summer—only one less than the Phillies' Mike Schmidt, although Kingman played in thirty-seven fewer games than Schmidt, because of a damaged thumb. He also batted .238 and struck out a hundred and thirty-five times. The Mets, who have no hitting to speak of and who made no serious moves in the winter player market, clearly needed Kingman in the lineup, for his power and his gate appeal, but how could his value to the club be assessed against the contribution of a Tom Seaver? I wondered how any front-office executive could solve a problem like that, and how a ball team could be expected to hang together through the long summer's campaign if it *weren't* solved. Specifically, if the Mets were to sign Kingman (at this writing, they have still not come to terms) to a contract that called for, say, three hundred thousand dollars, would they not then be under some obligation to come back to Tom Seaver and offer to remedy an apparent injustice? Was "injustice" an admissible word in these circumstances? What *was* justice? What was truth? Beauty? What ever happened to the ten-cent subway fare? Where was Casey Stengel, now that I needed him, and why did he always use to call Bob Miller "Nelson"? . . . I sighed and gazed moodily out at the young men at



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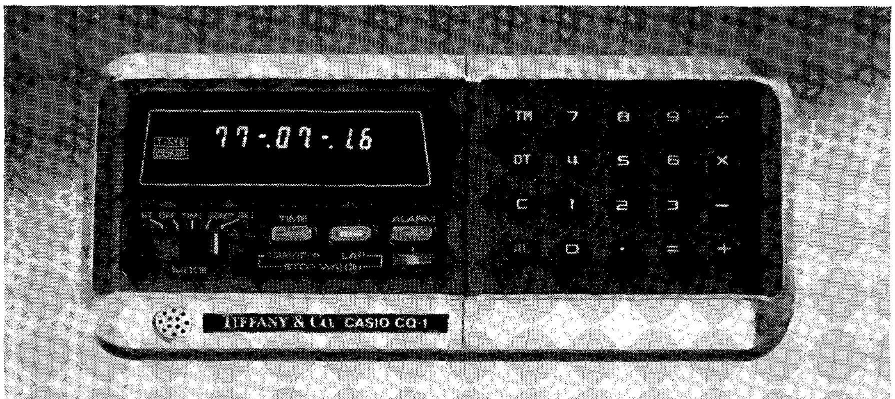

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play on the warm green pasture before me; it was my very first game of the year, and already there was something glum about it.

I did a little better after that. I began to put these new questions and confusions to the players, thus freeing more of my attention for the old pleasures of the game. The next afternoon, I watched the Phillies paw gently at the Toronto Blue Jays, who are one of the American League's two newborn expansion clubs. The Toronto road uniforms are horizon blue and feature a large ventral blue jay's head superimposed on a baseball, with a scarlet maple leaf *supra*—everything, in short, except a view of Banff National Park. The earnest young men bearing this heraldry were almost entirely unknown to me (according to an American League roster, the six Toronto outfielders boasted a combined total of 1.389 years of major-league experience), but I did take note of a large first baseman named Doug Ault, a draftee picked up from the Texas Rangers, who smashed an enormous sixth-inning double off the center-field wall on a pitch by Wayne Twitchell. There was a good, hot sun, and by the middle innings a lot of the writers were sprawled on the grass in short right field with their shirts off. I was glad to see that the Toronto scribes seemed to be in excellent trim, for they are going to have a longish summer of it up there in the provinces. I wandered out toward left field and began to watch a tall, extremely youthful Blue Jay pitcher named Butch Edge, who was warming up in the bullpen with a catcher named Ernie Whitt. Edge was working hard, and Whitt kept talking to him between pitches. "Keep it all together, Butch," he said, straightening up and flipping back the ball. "Don't hurry it. Keep that arm and shoulder all one."

The ball popped in the glove this time, and Whitt said, "That's it! Beautiful. Just keep it together, man."

A signal came from the Toronto dugout, and Edge picked up his jacket and walked in to face the Phillies in the bottom of the seventh. "Go get 'em, Butch!" the other young pitchers called to him from their folding chairs. "You can do it, baby!"

But he couldn't. He retired the first man on an infield out, and walked the next. He worked Garry Maddox to a two-and-two count, then threw a wild pitch, then walked him. He walked Tommy Hutton on four pitches. He bounced a pitch in the dirt, and the crowd began to get on him, clapping

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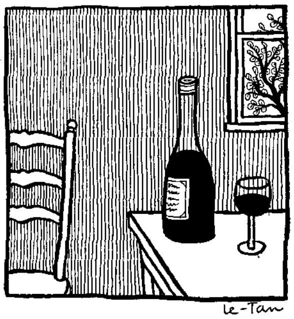
and groaning derisively. Butch Edge no longer had it together. The Toronto pitching coach came out to settle him down, but the boy was beyond reach, caught up in a bad dream. He gave up a run, and, with the bases again loaded, delivered three more balls to a Phillies rookie named Dane Iorg. He threw a called strike and then a swinging strike—a good pitch. Encouraged, he came in with a waist-high fastball, which Iorg smashed over the center-field wall for a grand-slam homer. Butch Edge walked one more man and was taken out, getting a nice, friendly round of applause as he came off the field: That's O.K., kid. This kind of small tragedy is a regular feature of the touring spring repertory companies, and each spring I find it more nearly unbearable to watch.

Tug McGraw cheered us up, strolling in to pitch the top of the eighth in a Phillies uniform with a shirt that had been dyed a gruesome green, in honor of his ancestors: it was Saint Patrick's Day. The umps would have none of it, of course, but they had a good laugh, too. Tug went back to the dugout to change, and I recalled a Camera Day at Shea Stadium several years ago, when McGraw rubbed shoe-blacking on his face and arms and then slipped on Willie Mays' uniform shirt, with its famous No. 24, and ran out onto the field to oblige the Queens shutterbugs. The act received mixed notices.

Earlier in the day, before the game, I had asked a couple of the Phillies veterans what they thought about free-agency and the enormous new sums of money that some players have begun to earn. Tim McCarver, a catcher, with seventeen years' service in the majors, said, "I think the news about our money is written in sort of a derogatory way. I always used to feel that we were looked down on by the press and by other people for not being good businessmen, but now we're criticized even more if we *are*. Who determines this idea that athletes are overpaid? How much is 'overpaid,' anyway? If Elizabeth Taylor gets a million dollars for appearing in a picture, it adds to her attraction. Why isn't this true with ballplayers? I don't understand it. If the owners are offering this kind of money to players right now, it would be folly for anyone not to try to get it."



Jim Lonborg, a tall and extremely handsome pitcher, who is thirty-four years old, said that he had been paid about sixty-five hundred dollars for his first year in the majors, in 1965; he had not yet signed with the Phillies for this season, but I had heard it said that he was expected to receive a two- or three-year contract worth about two hundred thousand per year. "It's fun to think about what the money might be if I were starting up right now," he said, smiling and shaking his head. "I feel fortunate to still be around when this boom came along. But what about the people who just missed it? How about somebody like Bob Gibson—what would a great competitor like that be worth today?"

I had a sudden sharp memory of the World Series of 1967, when Jim Lonborg, then with the Red Sox, beat the Cardinals twice but was beaten by Bob Gibson in the seventh and deciding game. Gibson, in fact, had won all three of his starts in that Series, pitching three complete games and giving up three runs in twenty-seven innings.

"I wonder what Bob Gibson thinks now," Lonborg said.

Tom Seaver had been running in the outfield at Huggins-Stengel Field, which is the Mets' major-league training center in St. Petersburg. We were sitting on a bench in the shade just outside the clubhouse, and Seaver was wearing a pale-blue Mets warmup jacket. The front of the jacket was streaked with sweat. He wiped his face with a towel and murmured, "Never *will* get used to all this damn running." He took a packet of Red Man chewing tobacco out of the side pocket of the jacket and helped himself to a good-sized wad, and began to talk baseball.

"Some of the owners seem able to understand the changes in the money levels that have come into the game as a result of the new agreement, but not all of them, not all," he said. "For years, you know, the owners were able to get away with almost everything in their dealings with the players, even if it ran up against— ran contrary to the teachings of a democratic society. They had it all their way, and they weren't willing to give that up. The Players Association kept suggesting that something could be worked out that would make for a fair distribution for both sides, but the owners said no, and

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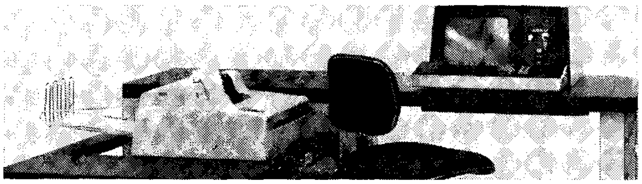
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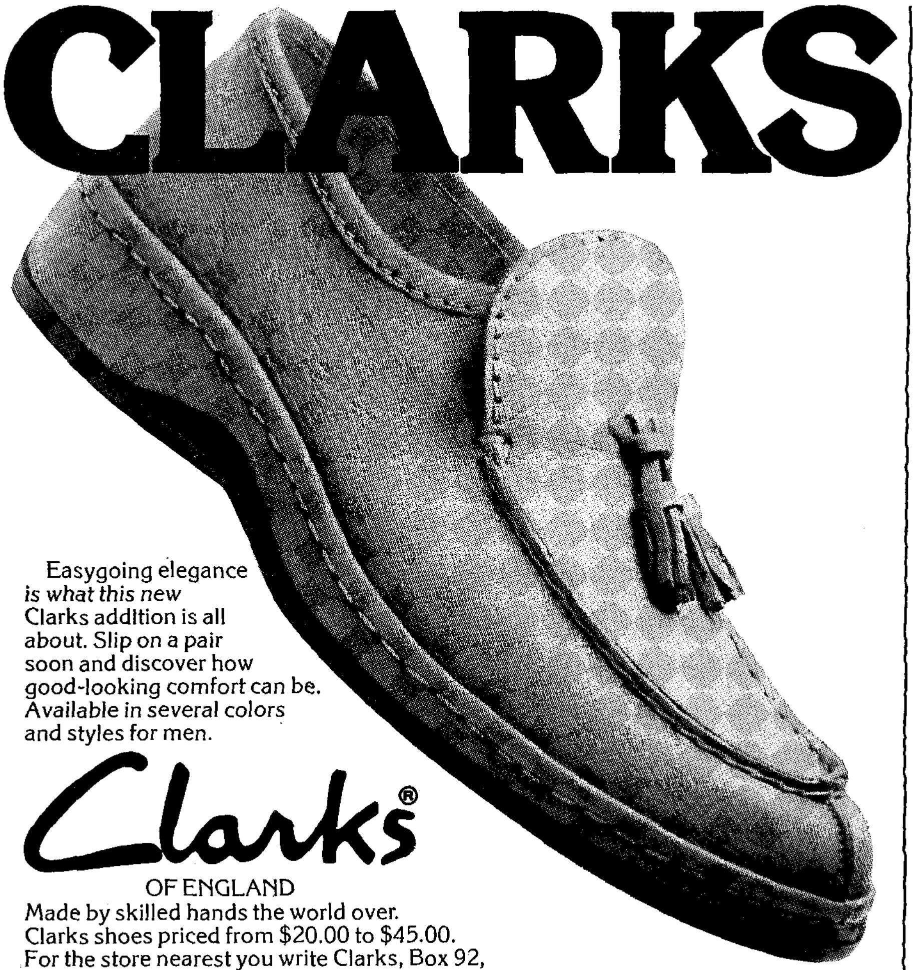
they fought it all the way through the courts, and every other way. Now when we talk about money the owners say, 'What will the fans think?,' but that's always a nebulous question. It depends which fans you hear from. I get letters that are pro-owner and letters that praise the players' position in all this, but most of the letters I get just say that the Mets fans want a winner. The owners hold up the spectre of increased ticket prices as a reason for not entering the free-agent market, but the fans I hear from don't have any interest in paying less money for the privilege of watching second-rate ball. I think a lot of fans understand that free-agency is going to help the game by cutting loose the good players that some clubs have kept sitting on the bench. That's the redistribution that matters.

"I think this industry just doesn't want to make progress. Maintaining the status quo has always been the first concern of the owners. There are so many examples. For instance, they've almost never worked at finding coaches who are really efficient in their teaching—people who have studied teaching and know how to get their ideas across. No other business would put up with such a thing. Or look how long the owners have been dragging their feet about interleague play. There's no question that the game needs it. You could build up natural rivalries—Cleveland and Cincinnati, New York and Boston and Philadelphia, and the rest—and the fans would eat it up. In any business, you have to think how to make things better, how to make the right alterations, how to use imagination and new ideas and forms. I'm not automatically in favor of change. I mean, I don't think much of the tricks and easy little gizmos that are beginning to alter the game on the field. The designated hitter takes away part of the beauty of the game. I think it damages the feelings we have about the age of the game of baseball and how it's always been played. You should be very careful about how you fool around with something like that."

I asked Seaver about his relationship with the Mets front-office people.

"There's no doubt that I'm being treated differently now, because of my part in the labor negotiations last year," he said. "The chairman of the board, M. Donald Grant, reprimanded me directly for that. I still can't believe it. I know what he thinks about player salaries, because last year he said to me, 'You're making too much at a young age. It isn't good for you.' My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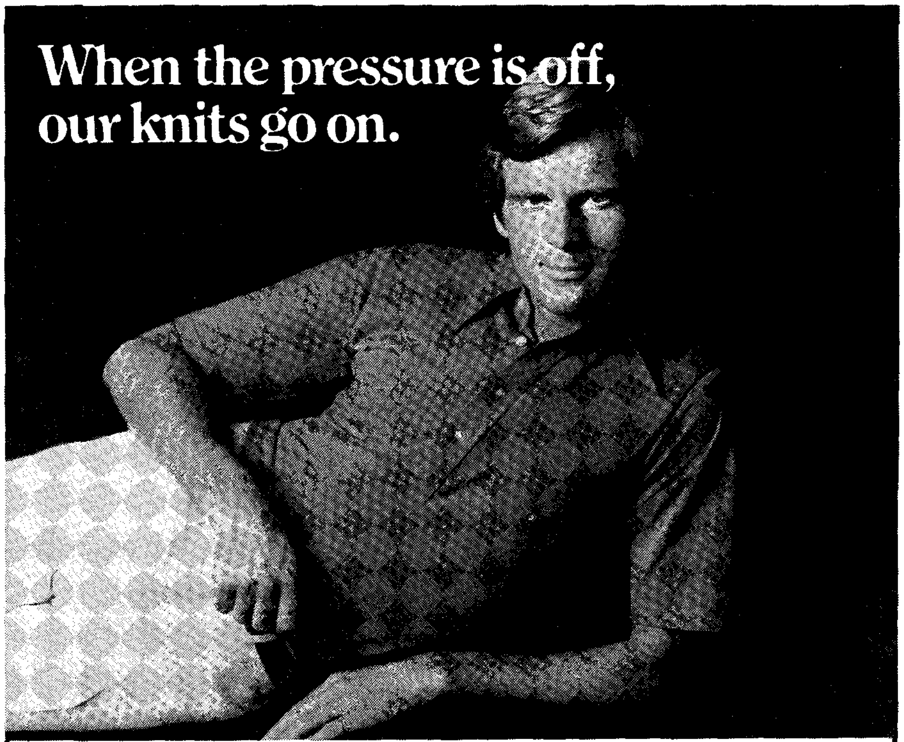
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owner said that to me. And for me to say 'my owner' is the most ridiculous thing in the world. Does somebody own *you*? Does anybody *own* anybody else in this country?"

He stopped and stared out at the empty ball fields. In the distance, a couple of lawn sprinklers were sending up pale clouds of water that caught prisms of color from the sun.

"I don't think any of this has changed my feeling about how I play the game," Seaver went on. "I still love to pitch, and I love the game and the people I play with. I still bust my ass out there. The thing that depresses me, though, is that so many of the owners think of me and all the other players essentially as laborers. They have no appreciation of the artistic value of what I do. They think if I wasn't in baseball I'd be out digging ditches, or something. That really fries me. How can they be in baseball and not see what it's all about? Pitching is a beautiful thing. It's an art—it's a work of art when it's done right. It's like a ballet or the theatre. And, like any work of art, you have to have it in your head first—the idea of it, a vision of what it should be. And then you have to *perform*. You try to make your hand and body come up to that vision. When you do it, when you can sense sometimes that it's been done right, it's an extraordinary feeling. It's the most beautiful thing in sports."

THE dialogue went on the next day, back in Tampa, where the Kansas City Royals were visiting the Reds. The Royals, who won their western divisional title last fall and came within a hair of beating out the Yankees for the American League pennant, experienced very few salary squabbles this year, mostly because their president, Ewing Kauffman, offered attractive multi-year contracts to the Royals' stars, and pointed out to them the long-term benefits of their staying together and sticking with a rising club.

"I wanted a five-year contract," the Kansas City shortstop, Freddie Patek, said to me, "but I settled for three. I thought they were always good to me here. Before free-agency, you weren't really bargaining at all. Now it's more realistic. But, to tell the truth, I don't think anybody thought the escalation of salaries would ever go this high. I feel we're all overpaid. Every professional athlete is overpaid. I got a phenomenal contract—much more money than I ever thought I'd make. I wouldn't say I'm embarrassed by it, but deep down

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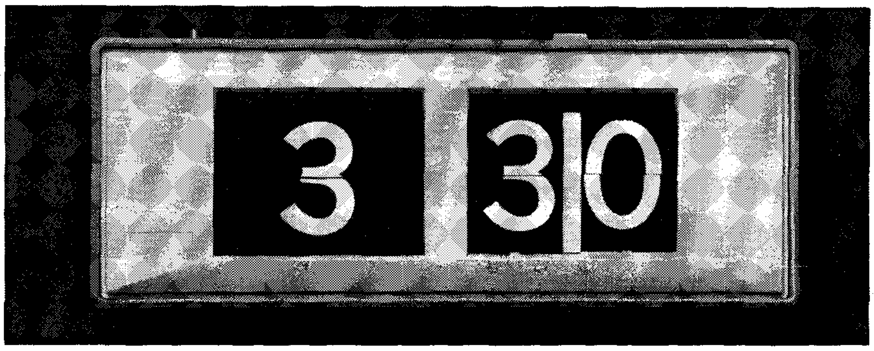

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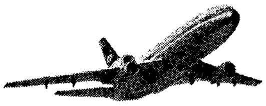

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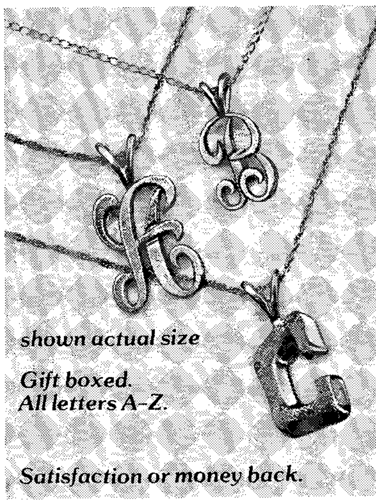

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Patek, who is thirty-two, is a ten-year man in the majors. He is five feet four inches tall, the smallest man in the big leagues, and he is so neat in appearance that he sometimes gives the impression that his uniform is a business suit, complete with vest and tie.

"I've heard the fans and writers complaining about money," he went on. "People are sort of upset about the kind of player who's getting fifty or sixty thousand now, even though he has hardly played as a regular in the big time. Sometimes he's even playing out his contract and getting ready to move on. People say, 'How can he do that?,' but often it's a good investment for a club to give a young player that sort of bonus, if he's proved his potential. But if they don't want to, then O.K., he can move along. Free-agency should stay. I've always felt that just because I was a major-leaguer I had no right to hold somebody else down in the minors. You have to think about things like that in this whole picture. Movement of players is a good thing. It's good for baseball. Being traded from the Pirates seven years ago was the best thing that ever happened to me. If I'd stayed with them, I'd still have the utility-man status, and probably I'd be out of baseball by now. The Players Association has made all the difference. I admire Marvin Miller a lot, but I think the players ought to be more content with things the way they are now. I hope it doesn't get out of hand."

I found Pete Rose over in the Cincinnati clubhouse. He had been suffering from a sore elbow and was not in the Reds' lineup for the game against the Royals, but he had worked out that morning, and now he was getting into his street clothes. Pete Rose looks like nobody else in the world: round, hard, firmly packed, resilient, interesting—a bag of basketballs. He is thirty-six years old now, but is still one of the great hitters in the game; if he attains his customary level of two hundred base hits this summer, he will match Ty Cobb's all-time record of nine two-hundred-hit seasons.

There were a couple of large paper bags in Rose's cubicle, with dollar signs on their sides made out of adhesive tape; the bags were stuffed with crumpled newspapers, to make them look like sacks of money. These had just been sent over by two of the visiting Royals, George Brett and Hal McRae, and Brett had also sent along a signed personal check made out to

Pete Rose in the amount of two million dollars. Down in one corner of the check, Brett had written "Your contract—no cut," and then he had thoughtfully added "VOID!"

"Too bad," Rose said, showing me the last entry. "I'd have cashed the son of a bitch."

It was all a joke, of course, but it was a message, too. Pete Rose's contract with the Reds still had a year to run, but it was known that he had demanded a new three-year contract worth a million two hundred thousand—the same four hundred thousand per year that the club had already agreed to pay his teammate Joe Morgan. Rose had announced that if he and the Reds could not come to terms, he was prepared to become a free agent at the end of the season. (A couple of weeks after my visit, just prior to the beginning of the regular season, Pete Rose signed a two-year contract, reportedly for about three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year.) The Reds, of course, are the most successful team of this decade, and their manager, Sparky Anderson, has been a passionate advocate of short haircuts, absolute team loyalty, and other classic baseball virtues; the club president, Bob Howsam, has been a proconsul among the most conservative and intransigent club owners during the long labor wars. Rose, for his part, is a Cincinnati native who has been a home-town hero ever since he first came up to the Reds, at the age of twenty-two—a dedicated and hardworking team player who has perfectly embodied the Reds' "image." For the Reds and Pete Rose to wrangle openly about money was scandalous: it was the end of a famous marriage.

Rose finished dressing, slipped on his loafers, and put on a pair of dark glasses, and we walked out into the dazzling sunshine. I asked him if he thought it would be different for him playing for the Reds this summer.

He answered with a short word. "I've had trouble with them every year," he continued. "The only difference this year is I'm not forced to sign. It don't make any difference on the field if I'm signed or not signed—I'll still give a hundred and fifteen per cent out there, the way I always do. If it comes down to playing out my contract this year, what good will it do me if I hit .220?"

Rose talks in exactly the same headlong style with which he runs bases. "My age has nothing to do with it," he went on. "I'm asking off my record of last year. I led the league in runs,

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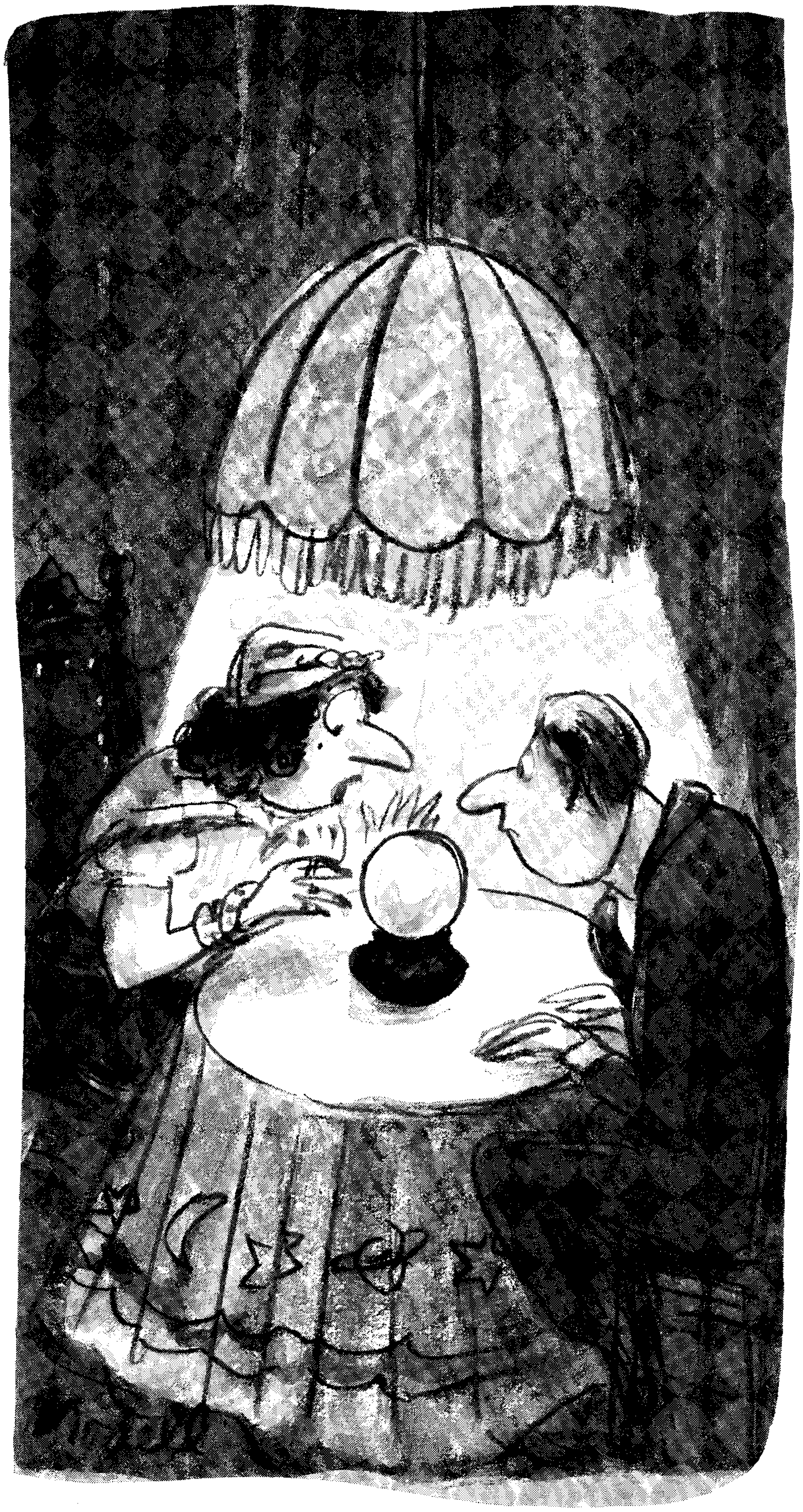

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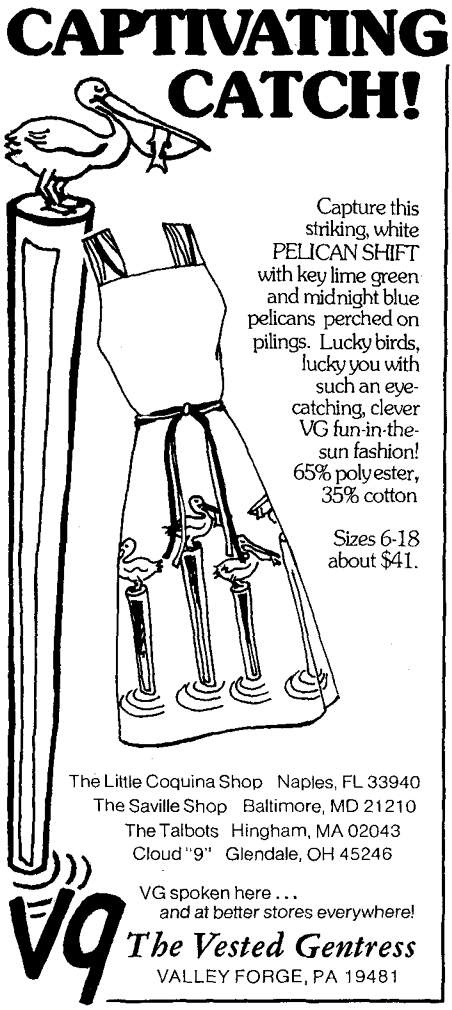
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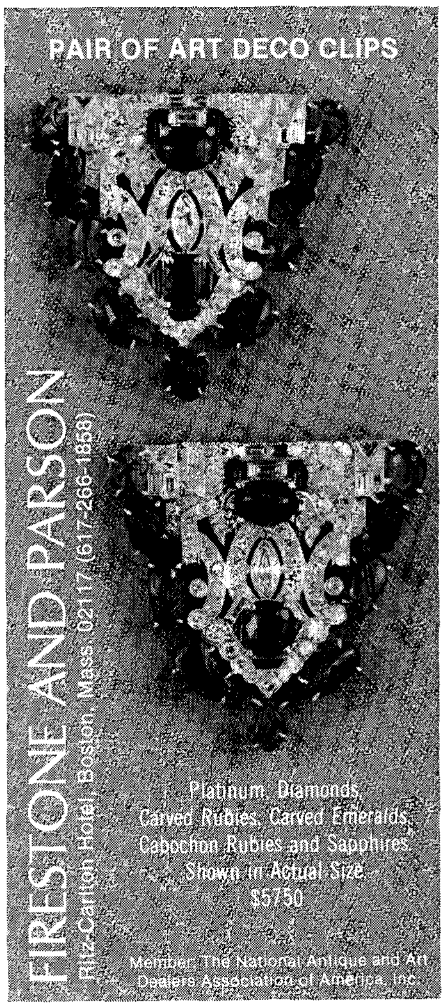
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led the league in hits, led the league in doubles. I tied for the most games played—a hundred and sixty-two. That's all of them—the whole season. I ain't missed but one game in three and a half years, two in four years, four in six years, seven in seven. You can look all that up, but you don't have to, because it's the truth."

We were standing in the foul ground in short left field, and the game had just begun. We were joined by Pete Rose, Jr., who had been a part-time batboy with the Reds this spring. Young Pete, who is seven, was wearing a T-shirt with his father's number, 14, on it, along with a Reds cap and a pair of outfielders' snap-down dark glasses, and he was also carrying a glove. The Royals had a man on first, and now George Brett whaled a line drive that caromed off the center-field wall. Brett wound up on third, but the Reds had executed the relay perfectly, as is their custom, and the first base runner was cut down at the plate. Brett, with his toe on the bag, spotted Pete Rose, and grinned cheerfully at him over his shoulder.

"Yah, yah!" Rose yelled at him. "Only, how come you din' bat his ass in?"

"Hey, Dad," Petey Rose said, "did that guy have more hits than you last year?"

"Naw," Rose said. "We had the same." (Pete Rose and George Brett each wound up with two hundred and fifteen hits in 1976.)

"Did you have more triples than him?" Petey asked.

"No, he had more triples. I had more doubles. But he plays in an easier league than I do."

Petey nodded, and then his father looked down at him and said in a quiet voice, "No, Petey. He's a real good hitter."

The game that afternoon was a rouser. George Brett, who is the kind of real good hitter I like to think about during winter bouts of insomnia, also cracked out a double and a single against the Reds' pitchers, and Clint Hurdle hit a home run, and there were two good-looking rookies on view—Joe Zdeb for the Royals, and Steve Henderson for the Reds—and, best of all, a gemlike cutoff play by the Reds in the third inning, during which a run came in but another Royals base runner was cut down, this time at third. The middle man in the play was Johnny Bench, a first baseman on this day; like all the Cincinnati Reds, he knows how to play the game. Later on, swarms of second-stringers began to crowd into the lineup, quickly causing my scorecard to resemble a botched arithmetic test, so I cheerfully gave up following the game and ate some peanuts and listened to the jokes in the press box and watched the crowd and, lulled by baseball, perhaps fell asleep for a minute there in the sun.

On my way out, in the eighth inning, I saw a young groupie approach George Foster just outside the Cincinnati clubhouse. "Sign my pants!" she said to him. "Please, George, sign my pants!"

We both looked, and, sure enough, her bluejeans were heavily autographed.

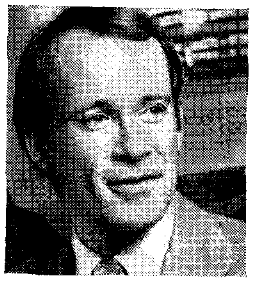
"I don't sign clothing," Foster said.

THE Yankees' dressing room in Fort Lauderdale Stadium is the most luxurious cabaña in spring training, but this year it seemed much too small. Some of this crowded feeling, I sensed, was caused simply by the names in black block letters up over the players' cubicles—HUNTER, GULLETT, HOLTZMAN, FIGUEROA . . . MUNSON, NETTLES, WHITE, CHAMBLISS, JACKSON, RIVERS, WYNN . . . and, over in the coaches' sector, BERRA, MANTLE, FORD, HOWARD. . . . The players, to be sure, were cheerful and relaxed, even raucous at times, but the place was claustrophobic. The Yankees are loaded with fame and money and expectations—oppressive with possibilities. Their high-priced, high-powered lineup is expected to spread-eagle the field in the American League East this year, and then, maybe, avenge their frightful beating in the World Series last fall, but there is always a chance that it will not. There is a possibility of failure—and any failure of this expensive, custom-built apparatus will be cosmic in its dimensions, and perhaps more entertaining and popular than the expected triumph. Flying molecules of news, trifling or epochal,

zinged invisibly through the Florida air—Thurman Munson's moodiness, Dock Ellis's contract, Graig Nettles' silence, Mickey Rivers' lethargy, Reggie Jackson's money, Billy Martin's temper, George Steinbrenner's ambition—and the New York writers vibrated under a bombardment of intimations. All of us there, writers and fans and hangers-on, were no longer a baseball audience but attendants at a contemporary festival of personality and celebrity, and the event we were waiting for was not just a pennant race but something deeper and sneakier—perhaps (COMING SOON!) even the long-expected, much-predicted explosive row and bust-up between Billy Martin and his boss, George Steinbrenner. Even the ballgames in Fort Lauderdale had a different taste. During my visit, Mickey Rivers misplayed a single in center field in the seventh inning of a game against the Phillies and then trotted languidly after the ball as it rolled to the fence; on the next play he dropped an easy fly. None of this was exactly startling—Rivers' sputtering desire is a persistent mystery, probably even to himself—but after the game the writers subjected Billy Martin to a good twenty minutes of questions about his inevitable forthcoming psychosocial colloquy with his center fielder. Spring afternoons in Fort Lauderdale were *stuffed* with drama, exactly like "Marcus Welby, M.D."

Reggie Jackson, the new president of the Bronx, impressed everyone in camp with his hard work, cheerfulness, and good sense. "You have to feel your way on a new club," he said to me. "Come early, stay late, be a diplomat." Reggie in white pinstripes was dazzling; the change of costume from his old green-and-gold Oakland frontier getup reminded me of Clark Gable no longer in the Klondike or on the China seas but entering a drawing room in a dinner jacket. I talked with Reggie about money, of course.

"I paid my dues," he said. "It took me seven years to get up to a hundred thousand, and I was in four divisional championships and two World Series before I made it. One thing I learned from Charlie Finley is how to be a tough bargainer. Sure, there's a lot of feeling against me. Some club owners have said they wouldn't let me in their clubhouse. The feeling is in the air—not so much an anti-big-money thing as an anti-Reggie Jackson thing. Some of it is because I'm black and I'm articulate. The owners don't like ballplayers who talk a lot. Some other people don't like black people who talk a



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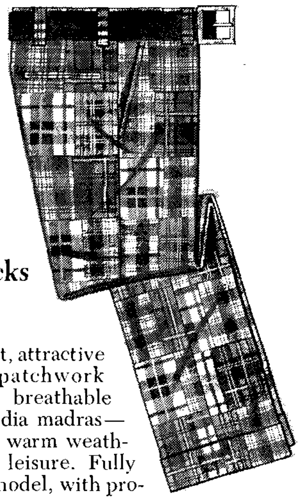

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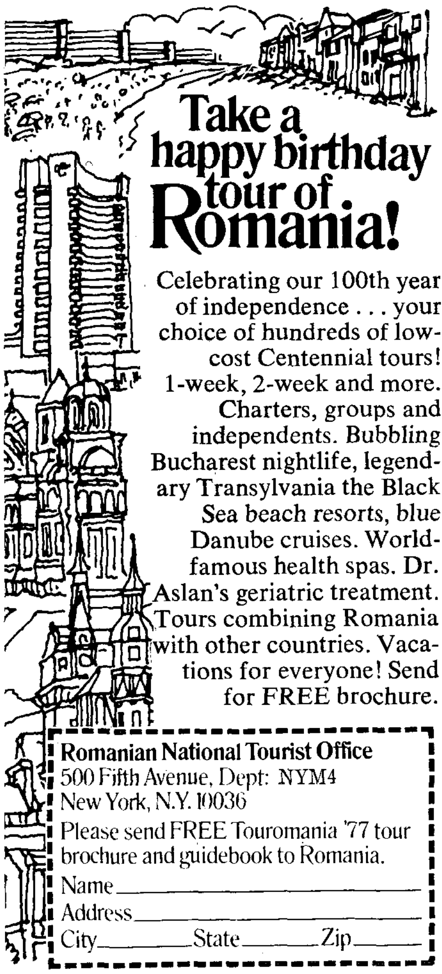

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lot. That's distasteful, but it doesn't surprise me. I think most of the flak about too much money has been aimed at the black players."

I asked Billy Martin whether the wealth and celebrity of his new stars would inspire deeper competitive hostility in the rival clubs in his league.

"You don't want 'em to *like* you," he said at once. "We always had the same thing on the Yankee clubs I was with. The amounts were different, but we were the ones making the big money back then, and everybody was laying for us. If you're any good, it'll only make you play harder."

That afternoon, in a game against some Dodger scrubs, Reggie Jackson singled his first two times at bat—singled noisily, with the pistol-like sound that his bat always somehow produces—and then struck out, swinging and staggering, in the same exuberant fashion. The crowd loved it all. Rivers, it could be noticed, played hard in the game, running out everything. Martin had talked to him that morning, and so had Reggie Jackson.

"Maybe Mickey Rivers needs to hear more about himself," Jackson said after the game. "All he hears around this place is Jackson, Munson, Hunter, Steinbrenner. He may need to be told how much he matters to this club. Sure, he ought to know it already, but some people have to be told that every day of their lives."

Jackson noticed some reporters writing this down, and he made an impatient, dismissing gesture. "Aw, come on," he said. "None of this counts. Hell, this is just spring training. But a couple of weeks from now . . ." He picked up an imaginary bat, knocked some imaginary dirt from his spikes, and took up a batting stance. He was smiling now. "Show-time!" he cried.

SMALL-TIME is often just as good as show-time, at least in baseball, and a couple of nights later I took in a night game in Tempe, Arizona, between Arizona State University and a B-squad from the California Angels. There were only a few dozen people in the stands when the game began, and about half of them seemed to be kids—boys of ten or twelve, in T-shirts or bright windbreakers and beat-up, stripe-sided sneakers—who were sprinting up and down the aisles and throwing popcorn around and scuffling happily together. The ushers and the members of the grounds crew were pretty, heavily tanned Arizona State coeds, who wore short bright-orange jumpers. There were a couple

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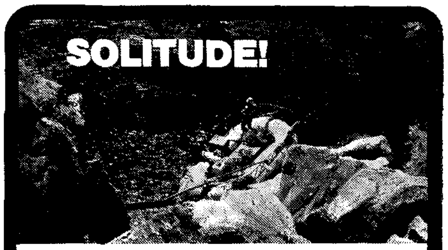

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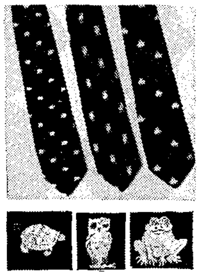

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of men in the stands wearing sombreros, so I knew this wasn't Florida. It was a mild, still night, and the air was like amontillado. The Arizona State Sun Devils are a nationally ranked college-baseball power, and they played good ball, easily holding off the Angels benchwarmers for the first few innings. My attention was caught by the home-team catcher—a solid-looking, black-haired, low-to-the-ground youngster, who unfurled a couple of whistling pegs down to second to erase would-be Angels base stealers. The boy looked familiar, and no wonder: he was Chris Bando, whose brother Sal had played here for Arizona State a dozen years ago, along with Rick Monday and Reggie Jackson.

I had good company in the stands, too, for my neighbor was Harry Dalton, the Angels' executive vice-president and general manager. Dalton, of course, had been instrumental in arranging the Angels' multi-million-dollar purchase of Joe Rudi, Bobby Grich, and Don Baylor in the free-agent market last winter; he is an adept dealer—he picked up Nolan Ryan from the Mets in one of the most lopsided trades in baseball history—but he is perhaps most admired for his energy and acumen in developing young baseball talent by careful scouting and sound minor-league training. Before coming to the Angels, he helped put together the championship Baltimore Oriole clubs of the late sixties and early seventies; most of the younger stars on the Angels club—Frank Tanana, Dave Chalk, Bruce Bochte, and Jerry Remy—were drafted out of high school or college.

I asked Dalton about the recent changes in his business.

"A lot of players are being signed to long-term contracts, and nobody knows what effect that will have on their motivation on the field," he said. "Before this year, I gave out only three contracts that were for more than a single season. This year I gave fifteen. We'll have to wait and see. Most of our two-year contracts went to the younger ballplayers, and I hope they'll think, Well, they must have some confidence in me. Maybe I'm going to make it here.

"The other part of it—the free-agent scramble—will probably be pretty lively for another year or so, I think you may see four or five more clubs being very aggressive in the free-agent market this winter. There will be some quality players available at the end of the season, and there may be some more high-priced, multi-year contracts

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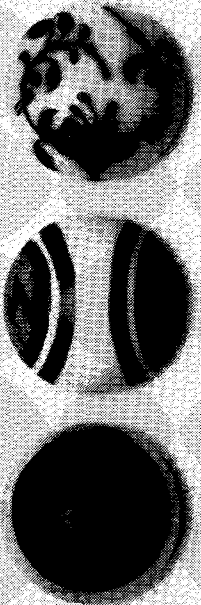

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offered. We'll have to go through until the end of next year, 1978, before it levels off and we can evaluate it all.

"You have to feel some concern about clubs that may decide to jump into this without having the capacity to increase their attendance at the gate and thus realize their investment. Not all clubs can expect to draw bigger crowds, because of their location or other problems. I'm afraid there may be some shorting of player development. Traditionally, a sudden large expenditure for established stars means that scouting suffers. Or sometimes a whole minor-league team will be dropped out of a farm system. I think that the clubs that can't compete for high-priced free agents will have to stress the traditional ways of developing a ball team. It will take them longer, and they'll have to work harder at it, but there's no reason to believe it won't pay off. With the six-year grace period, you'll have time to develop your young prospects, and it's my experience that most players like to stay put if they're treated well and given the right kind of contracts. They don't like disruption any more than the rest of us do. This whole shakeout period looks dark right now, but I'm pretty sure it will be more stable in another year or so. I'm optimistic."

We were in the eighth inning, and the collegians were down by 3–0. The Arizona State pitcher walked the first two batters of the inning, but Chris Bando threw one of them out, stealing, at second, and a few minutes later he cut down the other one at third. Dalton shook his head appreciatively. "When you come to think about it," he said, "you remember that all the famous, high-priced stars have to start somewhere. They're all just kids when you first see them. Young players like this one are what this game is all about."

THE following afternoon, under a blinding desert sun, I watched the San Diego Padres and the Seattle Mariners inflict unspeakable indignities upon each other on a patch of barely reclaimed Tempe mesa. I had come mostly to look over the lively new San Diego assemblage—hitters Dave Winfield, George Hendrick, Gene Tenace, and Mike Ivie; pitchers Randy Jones and Rollie Fingers and Butch Metzger; and a slick new infield combination just up from the minors: shortstop Bill Almon and second baseman Mike Champion. San Diego had been given an outside chance to "back-door it" to the top of the National League West while the Dodgers and Reds wore each

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other out this summer. Here, in the very first minutes of play, the Padres whacked six consecutive base hits, good for four runs. The Mariners are the other expansion club in the American League, and I felt a brief, commiserating sadness as their overmatched, anonymous hopefuls trotted in for their licks in the bottom half of the first inning—brief because the boy Mariners instantly rapped out three doubles and four singles, good for *eight* runs. The unique Seattle style, I subsequently saw, is one of ferocity at the plate and unbridled generosity on the mound. Their pitchers now gave back those eight counters, in five- and three-run clusters, and after five innings the score stood at 12–10, in favor of the Padres. I looked up the Seattle club statistics in my scorecard and discovered that after thirteen spring games the new club boasted a team batting average of .343 and an earned-run average of 8.20—with both indicators sharply on the rise.

Strolling the sunny casbah of Tempe Stadium, I ran into Mike Kekich, the former Yankee left-hander and marital celebrity, who had invited himself to the Mariners' camp this spring on the outside chance of winning a place on the Seattle pitching corps. Nothing has gone right for Mike Kekich in the last few years. He was traded away from the Yankees shortly after the famous press conference, four years ago, when he and a fellow Yankee pitcher, Fritz Peterson, announced that they were switching wives and children. For Kekich, the new marriage didn't materialize. He moved around in the big leagues and played in the minors and in Japan. A year ago, on his way to spring training with the Rangers, he cracked up his motorcycle and damaged a shoulder, and last winter, playing in Venezuela, he suffered a ruptured spleen in a brawl on the field and nearly died. Here in Tempe, however, he looked fine. He was wearing bluejeans and sandals (he was sitting out the game because of a pulled muscle), and he was clapping and whistling for the Mariners' hitting. "Have you ever seen the likes of this!" he exclaimed. "These kids just don't know any better. They're not in there trying to guess pitches—they just hit the ball wherever it's thrown. Everybody knows it can't last, but there's always that crazy little glimmer—a little hope that we can keep some of this after the season starts. Don't look for us in August, but it's sure been fun in camp. There's a high level of excitement when everybody has a chance for a place on a club. Most of

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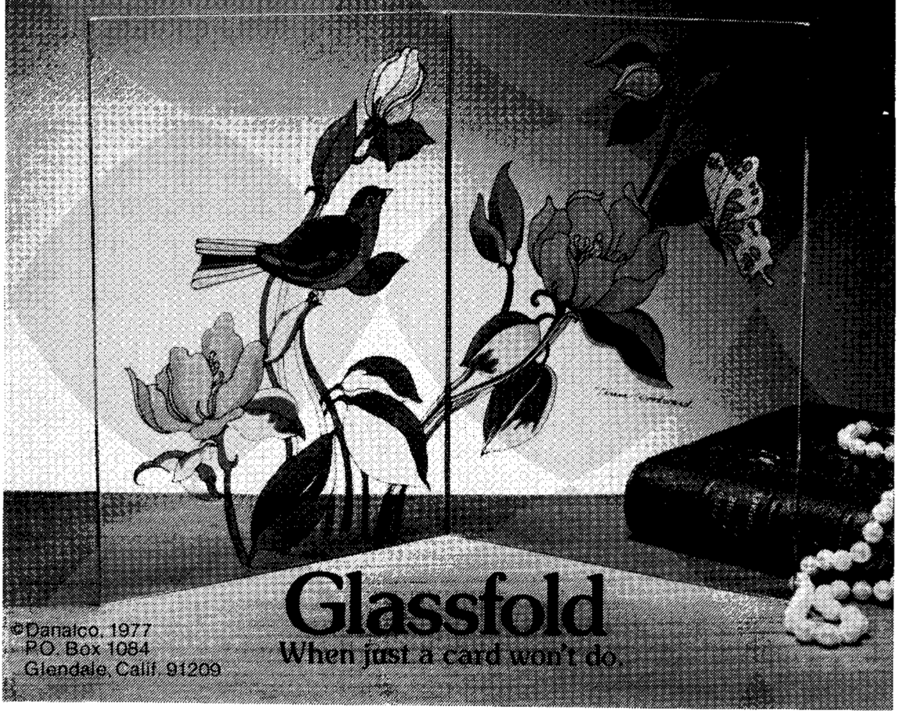

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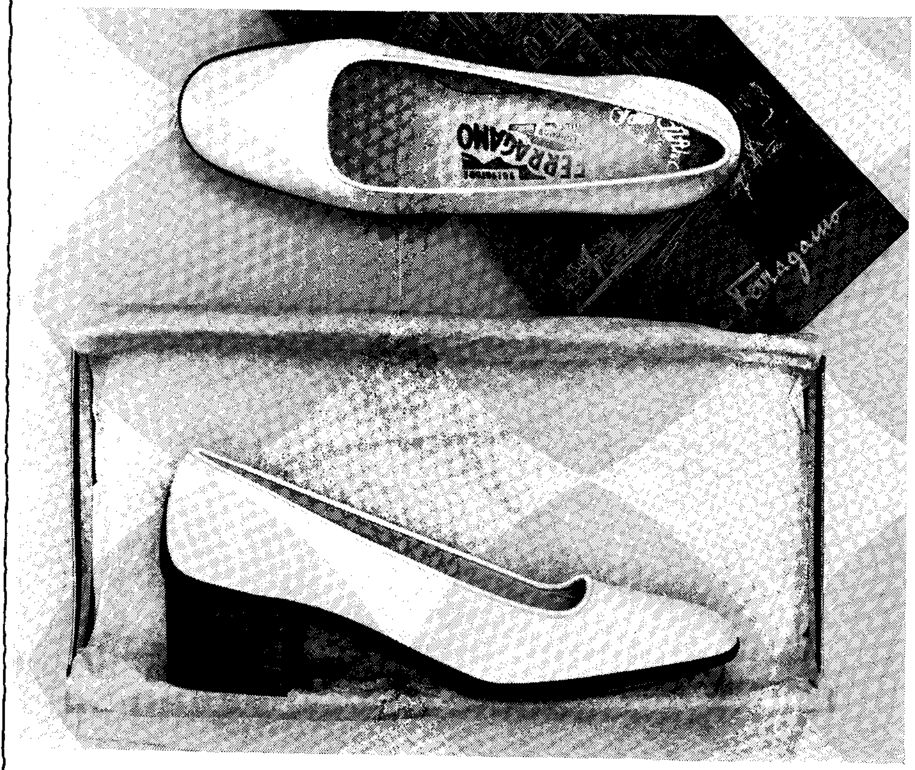

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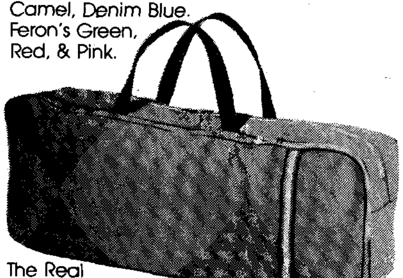

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the players here are in their early twenties, which makes me an elder statesman or something. My motivation is that I need a job, but I don't think I've ever been so— so *stimulated*. I've never known a spring to go so fast."

Kekich looked young for an elder statesman (he is thirty-two), and I was delighted to learn later that day that he had pitched well so far and was considered a cinch to make the club. He was the only ballplayer I talked to this spring who never mentioned money.

I stuck with the game until the end of the seventh inning, by which time matters stood at 16–12, in favor of the Padres, and my scorecard looked like a volume report from the Chicago commodities market. As I stood up in the press box and prepared to take my leave, in search of less excitement, a Seattle writer murmured, "If you want to stick around, the pitching sometimes gets better near the end. I think it's because the batters are worn out." The final, I read later, was 17–15, San Diego, with a total of thirty-eight hits, including seven triples. The next day, the Mariners whipped the Cleveland Indians, 16–13, on a field goal in the last two minutes.

BIG scores in Cactus League games are partly attributable to the thin, high desert air and the commensurately spacious local outfields, but this spring there was a lot of speculation that the ball itself was livelier. Big-league baseballs are being manufactured this year in Haiti by the Rawlings Company, which has taken over the job from the Spalding people, and pitchers told me that the new ball did seem tighter and quicker. Pitchers, however, always think that the ball has been secretly doctored to their disadvantage. This is nonsense. Everybody knows that pitchers are crazy. What *was* happening this spring was that the baseballs were trying to tell me something. Me, personally, I mean. A message was being sent, or perhaps several messages, and the fact that I have not yet deciphered them doesn't change anything. During a batting practice in Clearwater, I was gossiping with a Philadelphia writer near the Phillies' clubhouse in foul territory, well up the right-field line, when we heard an urgent "Heads up!" As we all know, "Heads up!" on a ball field means "Heads *down!*," and I quickly cringed away and received a glancing but painful blow on the back of my right shoulder—a line foul from the batting cage, hit by Ted Sizemore. My shoulder felt as if I had been grazed by a 37-mm. cannon shell, but

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I did not rub the spot (a man learns a few things about this game over the years), and that night in my motel room I was delighted to discover that the bruise looked large enough and purple enough to last, with any luck, until my return home, ten days later, when I could show it to my six-year-old son and thus qualify for the Croix de Guerre. Then, in Arizona, the following events took place: A foul ball descending into the stands in Tempe Stadium ricocheted past my chin and then catapulted a full container of beer out of the hand of a retiree two rows in front of me, distributing its contents impartially upon four or five blue-haired senior citizenettes immediately before him. The next afternoon, in Phoenix Municipal Stadium, a ball came down behind the foul screen, bounded about determinedly and curiously among several boxes, rows, and railings in the manner of a police-trained terrier sniffing out an illegal immigrant, and then, suddenly on the trail, scurried down three more rows, took a sharp left, and rolled gently up the aisle behind me and into my hand. It was the first foul to come my way in the stands since I was about fourteen years old. Next day, same park, and here came a *third* foul, almost in the same location. This one took a high, straight-up ricochet and then a quick sideways one; missing our rendezvous, it vanished somewhere close to a nice-looking woman in my section who was wearing a Giants cardboard sun visor. She looked frantically around and under her seat, and cried, "Where *is* it?" Don Drysdale, who is now a broadcaster for the California Angels, was walking by on a transverse aisle, and he stopped behind the woman and pointed. "There it is," he said. "In your pocketbook." Finally, just after I had left another game in late innings, I was walking alone toward my car in the parking lot when I heard the sound of quick, oddly spaced running footsteps behind me. I turned and saw a baseball—red-seamed, shiny-white, beautiful—bounding delightedly toward me up the alley between two rows of cars: a foul ball, out of the park. The ball saw me and inexplicably veered and went to earth beneath a mauve Camaro. I followed, getting right down on my belly under the back bumper, but, of course, that ball had vanished forever—done away with, no doubt, by the agents of a foreign power.

MY spring tour was almost over. For the most part, it had made me feel a lot better about the state of

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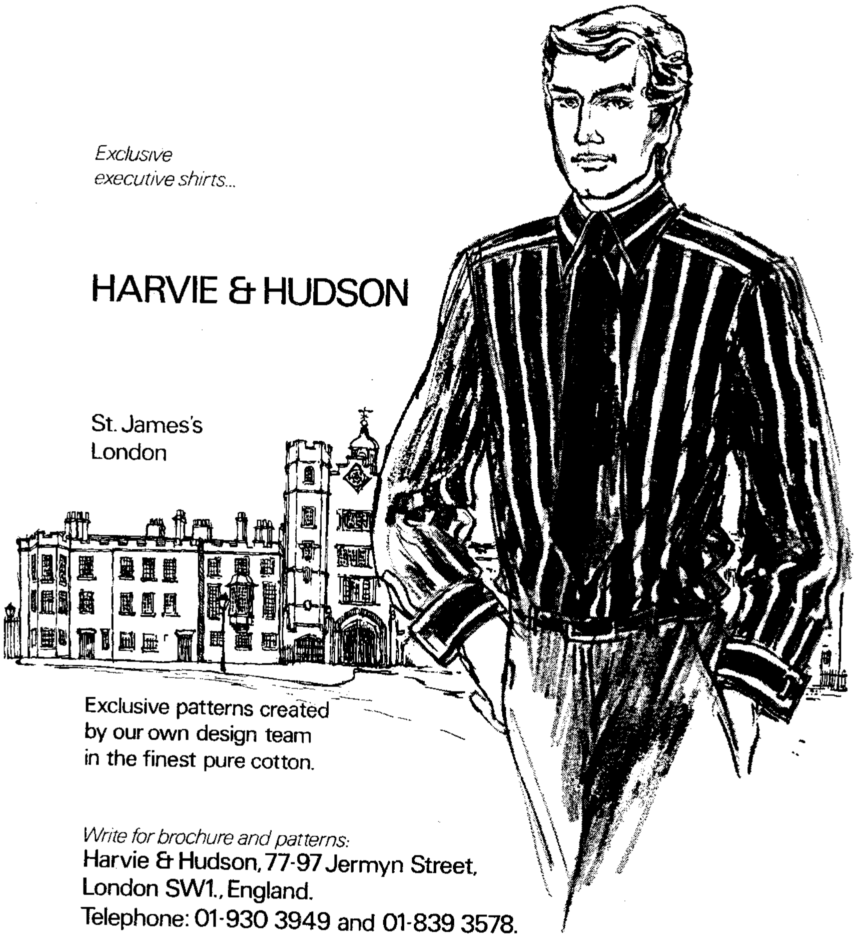
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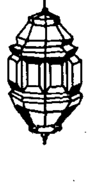

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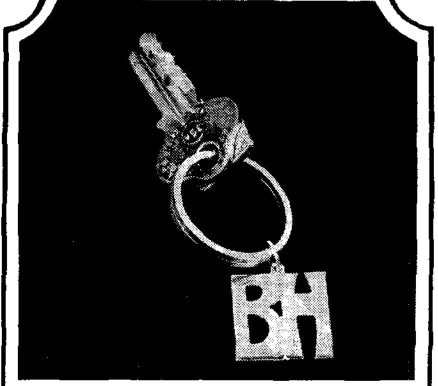
baseball, and now the best news of all came from Tampa, where the baseball owners, in a special spring meeting, had voted not to subdivide their leagues. For the last year or two, I have gloomily awaited this apparently inevitable wrinkle. Three subleagues, of four or five teams each, would mean that more baseball cities would have the appearance of being in pennant contention—perhaps even including, in a particularly weak division, a team with a losing record. The summer campaign would have very little meaning, of course, being a mere preamble to a double championship elimination series, in which the three divisional leaders in each league would be joined by a fourth "wild card" team. This would require a longer season, culminating in further high-priced, easily promotable "crucial" series, all leading up to an artificially heightened World Series that might conclude sometime in November. The ghastly model for this, of course, is visible in the three other major professional team sports in this country—football, basketball, and hockey—whose stretched schedules now all conclude in hyperbole and ridiculous weather, to the delight of the television networks and to the irritation and exhaustion of the fans. The decision of the baseball owners to put off such a glittery scheme, and perhaps even put it away for good, leaves them free to get on with some other immediate tasks, such as the rebalancing of the two leagues (there are fourteen American League clubs, thanks to the new expansion, as against twelve in the National League) and the shifting of a team franchise to Washington, D.C., and to undertake serious plans for the beginning of the much more sensible and attractive innovation of interleague play at the earliest possible time—say, next summer. The Tampa decision deserves the gratitude of the fans, and our only concern now should be for the emotional stability of the baseball owners, who are utterly unaccustomed to this response.

BEFORE a Giants-Angels game in Phoenix, I watched Bobby Grich take a long infield practice at shortstop for the Angels. It will be a new position for him this summer—he was a second baseman for his last four years with the Orioles—although he played short through most of his minor-league career. Last winter, after signing up with the Angels, he got in a lot of work at short with the Long Beach Rockets, a semi-pro club in his home town. Grich is a hard worker.



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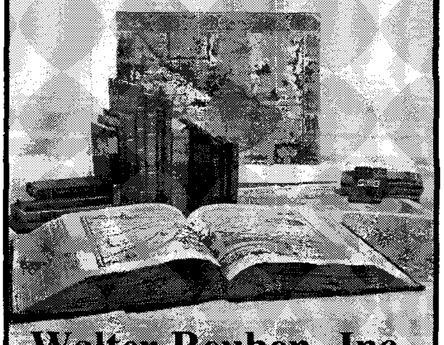

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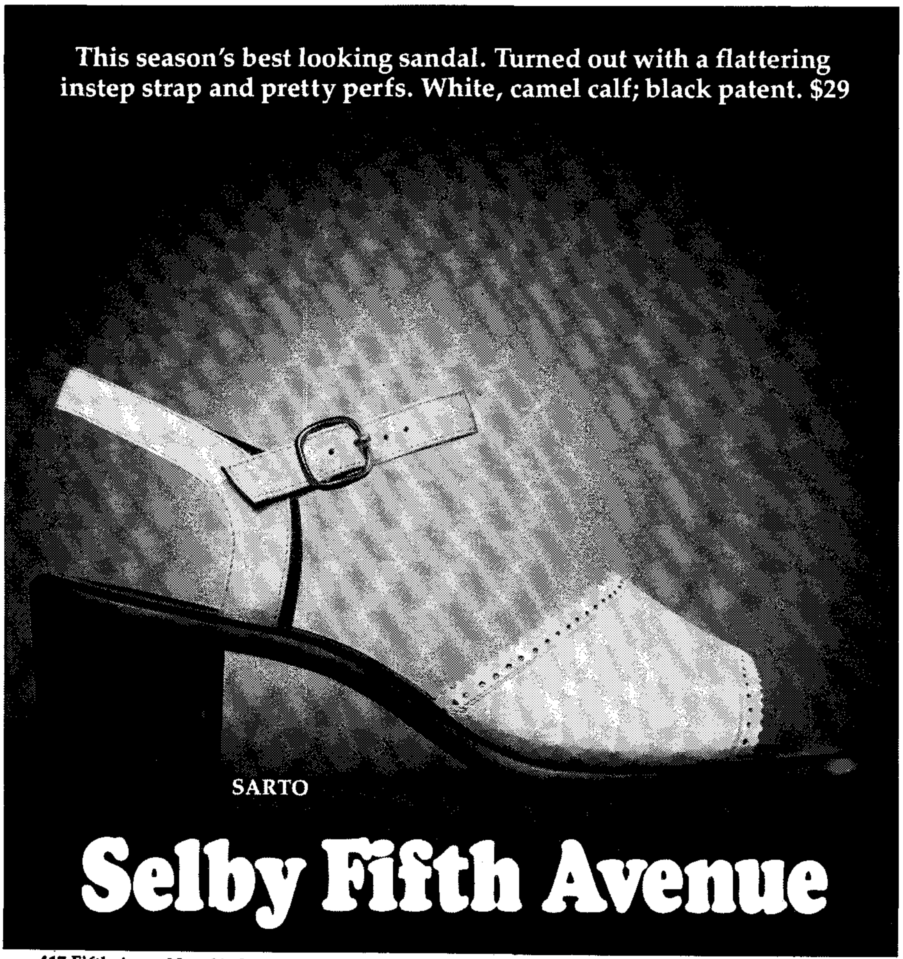
"I think I'll be all right over there," he said to me in the dugout before the game. "I'm getting used to Jerry Remy, and I hope he's getting used to me. The big difference is that you get more chances at short—about seven hundred during the season, as against four hundred at second—and the throw is longer. The ball is coming at you at a different angle, and the D.P. is easier, because you can see the base runner."

Grich, who is six feet two and powerfully built, has high cheekbones, narrow eyes, and a dashing mustache—a Cossack shortstop. He seemed anxious to talk about his status as one of the new high-priced free-agent stars.

"It bothers me," he said. "I'm a .260 hitter, and I think a lot of the fans are going to expect me to be a .290 hitter because I got all that money. Well, it's not going to happen—" He stopped and laughed. "I mean, I don't *think* it's going to happen, unless I have some kind of great year. I hope in time the fans will understand what went on last winter. It was a bidding year, and I just happened to be there. It was almost the same situation that we had back in the early nineteen-sixties for kids getting out of high school, before the coming of the baseball drafts. A lot of money was paid out for some eighteen-year-old ballplayers then. I was in elementary school, and I remember reading about Bob Bailey signing for a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. He was in Woodrow Wilson High, in Long Beach—the same school I went to later on.

"The way I look at it is that professional athletes are among a very small group of Americans who are able to make a lot of money when they're young. People aren't used to the idea of that, and it worries them. It doesn't happen to many of us, but I can't see there's anything wrong with it. I feel very lucky, but I don't feel guilty. I'm enjoying it. If this was twenty years ago, I'd take what was being paid then and I'd enjoy that. I love playing ball. It's competitive. It's a struggle. You're always pushing yourself, trying to be better. I think the ones that get to the majors and get to the top—get up to the big money—are the ones that work the hardest and challenge themselves the most. The self-fulfillment you get out of the work is worth a lot more than the money. It's the only thing that matters."

The game that afternoon was full of pleasures and excitement. The Angels and the Giants both started lineups close to what they would put on the field on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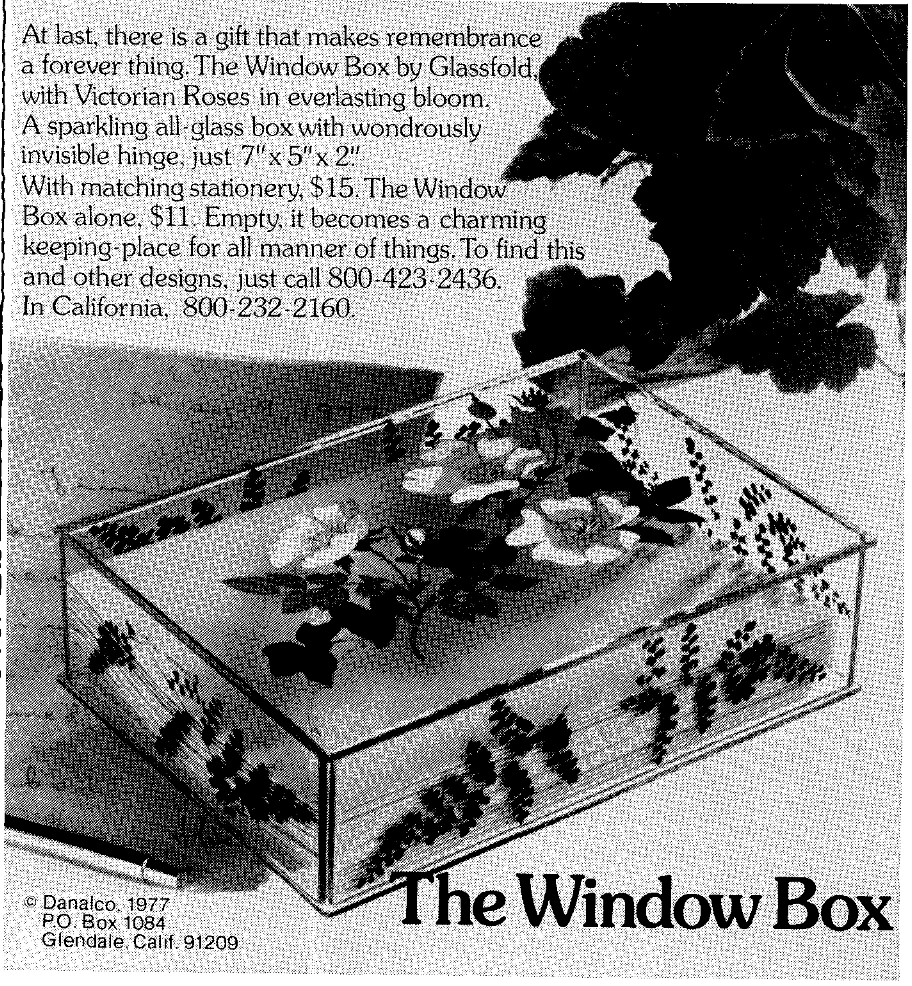
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The Window Box

opening day. Grich and Joe Rudi and Don Baylor were there, in their new California colors, and the starting Angels pitcher was Frank Tanana, their terrific left-hander, who is considered on the verge of perhaps becoming the best pitcher in the game. My only disappointment was the absence of Bobby Bonds, who was sitting out the game; Bonds, entirely recovered from the broken hand that spoiled his summer with the Angels last year, was batting over .400 for the spring. The Angels were loaded. The Giants, of course, have no such expectations, but their lineup was almost as interesting. At third base, there was Bill Madlock, the National League's batting champion for the past two years, who had been picked up from the Cubs in a late trade. At first was Willie McCovey, now thirty-nine years old and home again with the club for which he had hit four hundred and thirteen home runs over fifteen memorable summers. McCovey became a free agent last fall, departing Oakland, but discovered that age had destroyed his market value; he came to the Giants this spring as a non-roster supplicant, and won back his old job. The Giants' obligatory super-prospect—the Giants *always* have a fresh-hatched Willie Mays or Carl Hubbell in March—was Jack Clark, the left fielder, but Clark had already achieved special status as the *old* pheenom, having been pushed out of the headlines by a non-roster ballhawk named Randy Elliott, who was playing right field today; Elliott was batting .625.

Frank Tanana works from the outermost corner of the pitching mound on the first-base side, throwing with a swift knee-crick and a rapid motion. His money pitch is the curve, but his fastball is no insignificant article; for right-handed batters it seems to sweep in on their fists from somewhere out by the right-field boxes. American League batters often describe Tanana with the currently cool line "He's *unfair*." In the bottom of the first inning, Tanana fanned the first two Giants, swinging, and then looked in at an unfamiliar, chunky, thick-legged right-handed batter—Bill Madlock. Tanana stared, leaned, cricked, and threw, and Madlock whacked the ball—the very first pitch to him—on a burning line past third base and beyond, a foot fair, for a fiery double. McCovey stood in, and we all yelled for him, but Stretch's bat has slowed, and he looked overmatched here. He popped weakly to center.

The next inning, I watched with condescending amusement as Randy Elliott led things off against Tanana—

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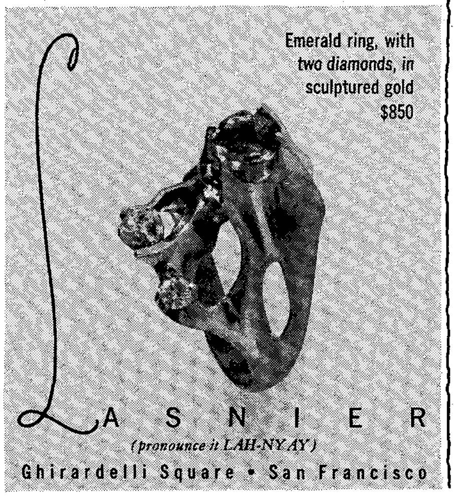

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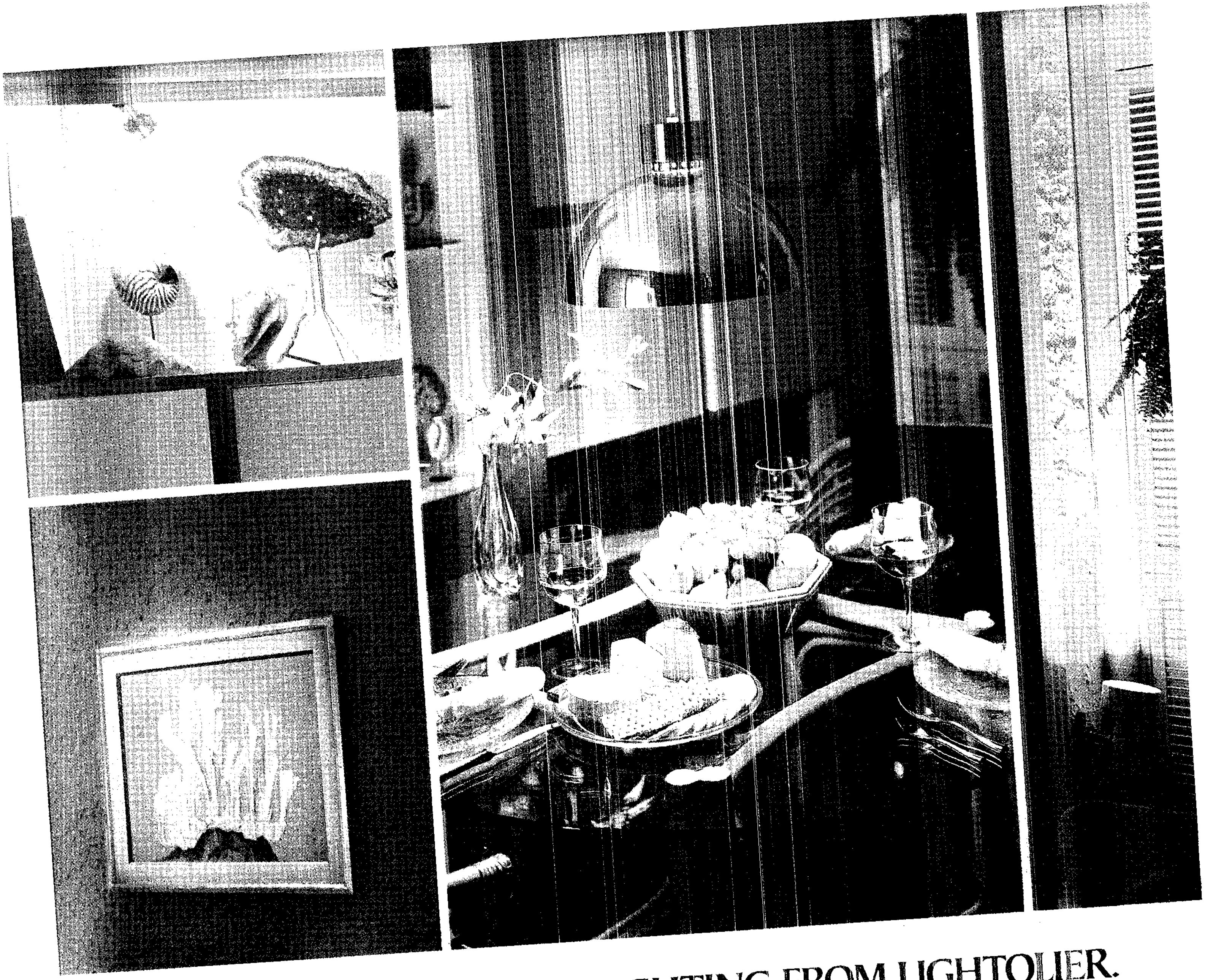

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and smashed a drive to the left-field fence, for another double. A grounder and a sacrifice fly brought him in, for the first run of the game. Tanana settled down, striking out several more Giants but giving up a bulletlike single by Madlock in the third. Randy Elliott led off again in the fourth: a first-pitch triple to the left-center-field wall, four hundred and twelve feet away. He is tall and heavy-boned, and runs in a sprawling, loose-footed manner, but he pulled into third base standing up, with an expression of careful unsurprise on his face: Nothing *to* this game, gang . . .

The Angels, for their part, worked away at the Giants' starter, Ed Halicki, and tied the game at one-all, fell behind again, then tied it again, on a sacrifice fly by Joe Rudi, and went ahead again in the seventh, by 3–2. Bill Madlock (who had embarrassed Tanana with a third pulled base hit in the fifth) made a super, diving stop on his knees to cut off the California rally. Then the Giants retied the game, 3–3, in their half. The whole afternoon was like that. The desert sun hammered down on us, casting rocklike shadows on the infield and softer shapes on the thick green grass of the outfield, but there was a warm breeze blowing out toward center field and beyond, where a little windmill spun and glittered in the sunshine. In the stands, we yelled happily and almost impartially, admiring the wonderful ballplayers and the close game, not wanting it to end. Then it did end, in the ninth, with a double by Bruce Bochte, hit off Giants' reliever Randy Moffitt, and a useful, just-good-enough, wrong-field single, an inch or two above the first baseman's leap and stab, by Joe Rudi—by Joe Rudi, *of course*. In their half, the Giants put two runners aboard and got the tying run to third before a quick double play ended it all. You couldn't ask for a better game. —ROGER ANGELL

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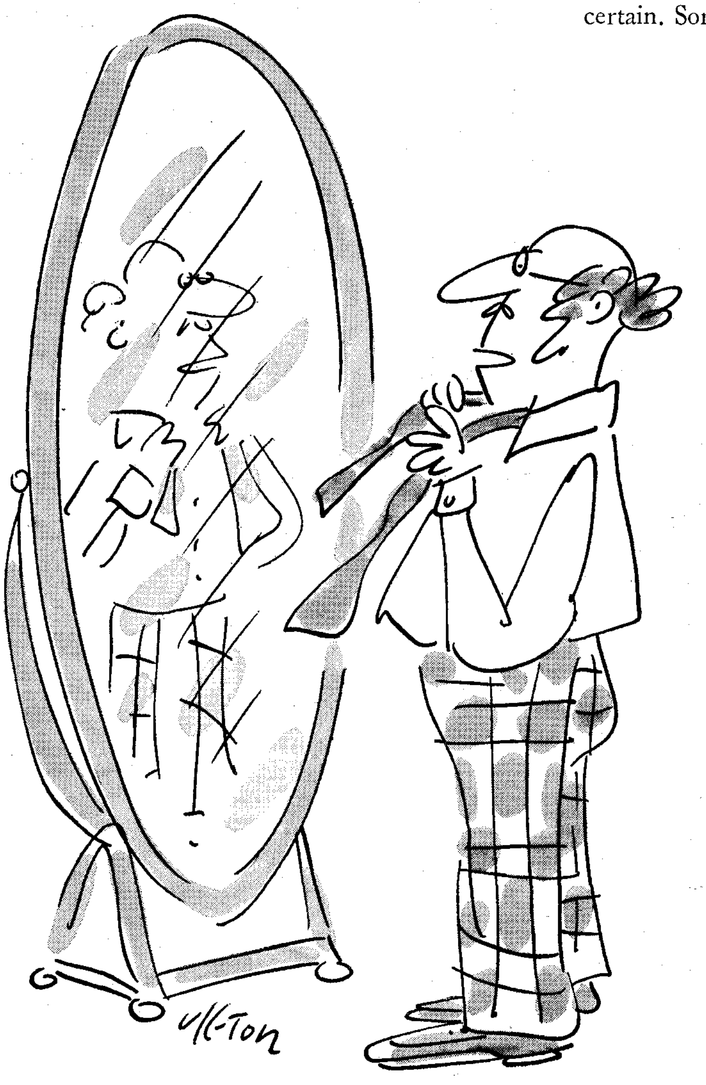
MUSICAL EVENTS

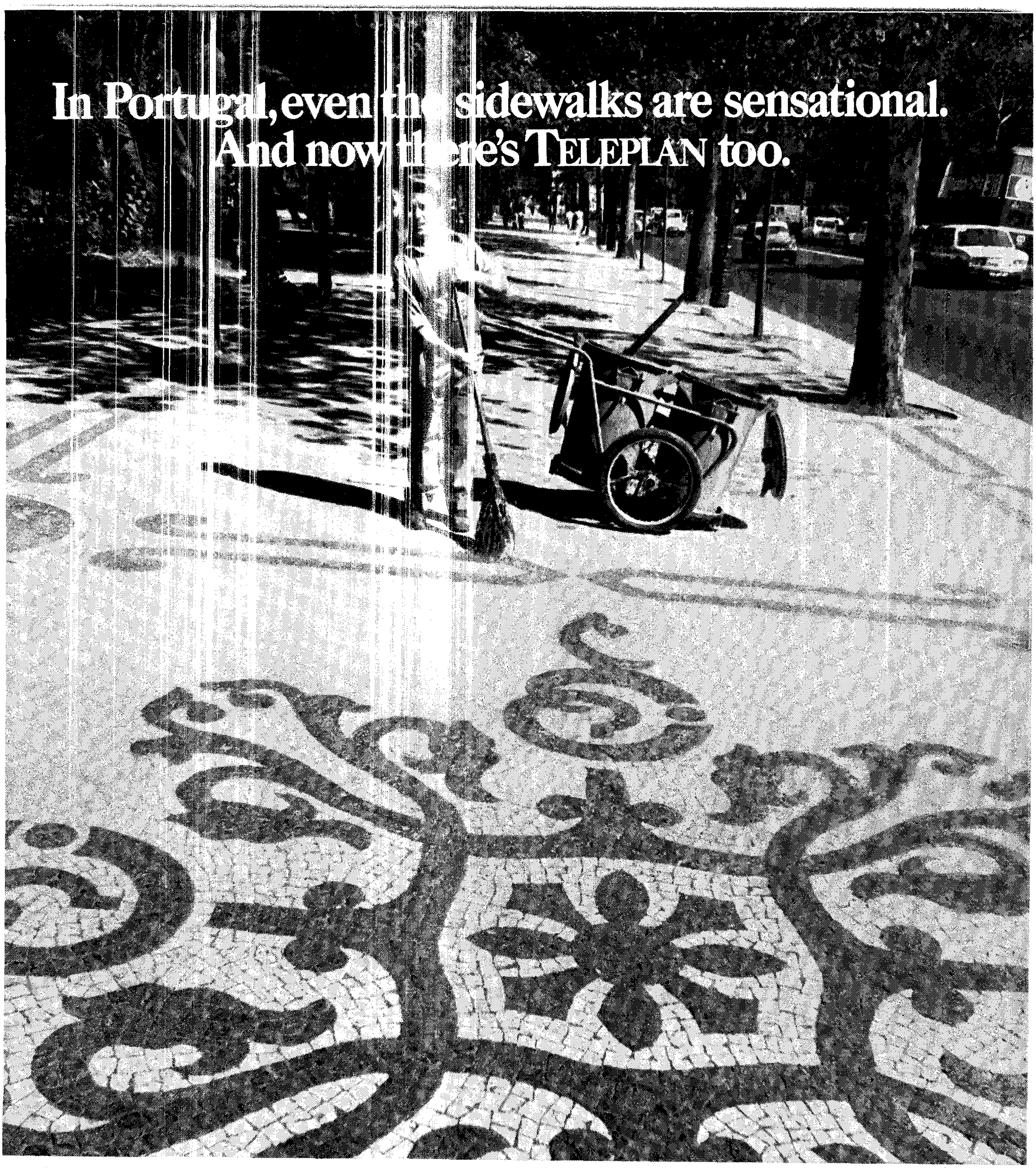
City Operas

I'D been warned off the City Opera's "Ariadne auf Naxos": too much of a romp, people had said, and too little romance. But when I dropped in to see it, the other day, I enjoyed it from beginning to end. How a company with two new productions (Leon Kirchner's "Lily" and a triple bill) in rehearsal and a new production ("The Pirates of Penzance") and two big revivals ("Mefistofele" and a Stravinsky-Carl Orff double bill) just staged could have found time to prepare so deft and dapper a performance of Strauss's tricky ensemble opera I can't imagine. But it had. Julius Rudel conducted with delicacy, spirit, and affection. Sarah Caldwell's production revealed subtleties in the piece which had escaped me before. The performers understood clearly what they were about. (It helped, of course, that most of the work—all but the opera-seria scenes of Ariadne and Bacchus—was played in English.) Two performers were exceptional: Johanna Meier in the title role and David Holloway as the Music Master. After a curiously cautious "Ein schönes war," Miss Meier's voice began to flow in a stream of warm, beautiful sound. Her phrasing was eloquent; so were her appearance and demeanor. Mr. Holloway's baritone was so clear and true and his utterance so polished that one wished he had been assigned the role of Harlequin as well. (The doubling was practiced at the Vienna première of "Ariadne," in 1916: in the prologue Hans Duhan played the Music Master and a Mr. Neuber played Harlequin, who has nothing to sing there; in the opera proper, where Harlequin has a good deal to sing, Duhan took over.) Thomas Jamerson, the City Opera Harlequin, was not at all bad—but Mr. Holloway has a voice in a thousand. Gianna Rolandi's Zerbinetta lacked softness and sweetness of timbre to start with, but as the music became more difficult her singing became gentler, more prettily and captivatingly playful. The big aria was exquisitely done. There was much to admire in the trios of nymphs (Gwenlynn Little, Glenys Fowles, Jane Shaulis) and of subsidiary comedians (John Lankston, Richard McKee, Melvin Lowery). John Alexander's Bacchus was reliable but unromantic (epithets attached to his performances with almost Homeric regularity). Not everything was right. The second set is a hideous tinsel confection. Hans Sondheimer's lighting is rudimentary. Maralin Niska's Composer was sometimes tough and sometimes edgy in timbre; the role does not seem to suit her at all. But the pleasures of the production carried the day.

"The Pirates of Penzance" is an opera that would be well cast with Joan Sutherland as Mabel, Marilyn Horne as Ruth, Placido Domingo as Frederic, and Sherrill Milnes as Major-General Stanley. Or maybe Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, and Piero Cappuccilli; if that quartet tackled the work in Italian translation, with the spoken dialogues musicked, we might find ourselves praising the dramatic verity with which the composer had expressed the characters' predicaments. In an age when "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Il Trovatore" are once again taken seriously, the graceful or brilliant melodies of "The Pirates," its elaborate cadenzas, high rhetorical recitatives, and striking orchestral gestures to underline dramatic moments acquire a new charm. Sullivan did not have to write parody music. His joke is in the form itself: that a heroine should announce her arrival in a burst of brilliant coloratura; that a conspiratorial chorus should (like Di Luna's men in "Il Trovatore") steal in with catlike tread, declaring their intentions the while; that all action should cease for an unaccompanied ensemble; that a hurried farewell (as in "Rigoletto") should take several pages to achieve; that for no urgent reason a baritone should suddenly decide to apostrophize the breezes in a mellifluous cavatina. But in the City Opera "Pirates" the touch of the director, Jack Eddleman, is uncertain. Some of his staging is neat and witty, some of it crass and routine. He has a heroine, Miss Rolandi, whose coloratura is good enough to glitter in its own right; he should not have encouraged her to mime it as well, fluttering a hand to indicate a trill when by an accomplished vocal trill Sullivan's point has already been made. Henry Price was a romantic and musical Frederic, and he alone pronounced the text in a straightforward, sensible manner. The lower orders, led by Muriel Costa-Greenspon's Ruth and Irwin Densen's Sergeant, adopted a strange stage dialect in which "late" was "loyte" but "fate" was "fite." The others often affected those pinched, "refained" vowels that have long been the bane of D'Oyly Carte G.&S. productions. "Gö, ye heroes, gö to glory!" Mabel cried, and, a little later, something like "Stä, Frederic, stä!" (Miss Rolandi does not pronounce Zerbinetta's lines in this ridiculous way.) Penzance has become "Penzahnce." Do the performers imagine they



"You're a louse, but I love you anyway."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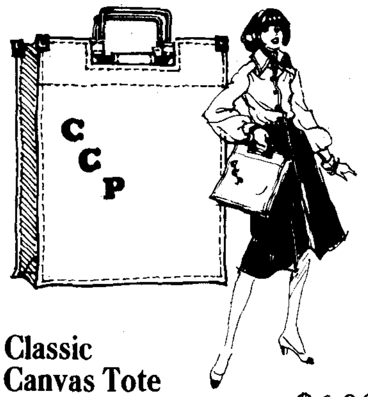

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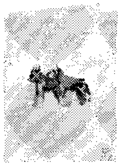

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are adding an authentic British touch? "The Pirates" was less exhilarating than it should be, partly because Judith Somogi was a dull conductor, partly because the company has the habit of delivering spoken dialogue at dictation pace; its "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "La Belle Hélène" suffered similarly.

"Mefistofele" is a large spectacular production created in 1969 by Tito Capobianco around the Mephisto of Norman Treigle and revived now with Samuel Ramey in the title role. It is a serious, ambitious presentation of a serious, ambitious opera. Chorus and orchestra, under Mr. Rudel, are at their strongest. Miss Meier makes a pleasing Margherita and a luscious Helen of Troy. Ermanno Mauro is a passable Faust, despite his failure to suggest any quick, keen, questing intelligence. Mr. Ramey endows the Fiend with both brains and voice but does not have the huge histrionic flair to make one overlook how dull the music is. This Devil does not have the best tunes. I found no reason to disagree with the opinion of my old mentor Ernest Newman: that Boito's libretto, a compound of Goethe's "Faust" with the Book of Job, is a sorry mess, and that his score reveals "a semi-musical gift that rarely rises above the mediocre and generally dips a point or two below it." Three short arias—Margherita's "L'altra notte," Faust's "Dai campi, dai prati" and "Giunto sul passo estremo"—represent just about all of "Mefistofele" that is worth listening to.

In the City Opera's "Oedipus Rex," a revival of a 1959 production, the narrator, Charles Roe, struck exactly the right tone and was the least fancy, most convincing interpreter of the part I have heard—and that despite the fact that he mispronounced every proper name except Tiresias. Both "Oedipus" and "Carmina Burana," which accompanied it on this double bill, seemed somewhat underrehearsed: the chorus movements needed discipline, and in productions as formal as these straggle is impermissible. Manuel Rosenthal conducted tastefully but weakly, without rhythmic energy or force of accent. This was his début with the company; it was odd to have invited him in for two works of a kind that buoyant young Americans could be expected to shine in. "Oedipus" was capably sung, by Richard Taylor in the title role, RoseMarie Freni as Jocasta, Edward Pierson as Creon, Will Roy as Tiresias, and William Ledbetter as the Messenger. David Hicks's direction is on the right lines but was not incisively executed. Paul Sylbert's classical set would

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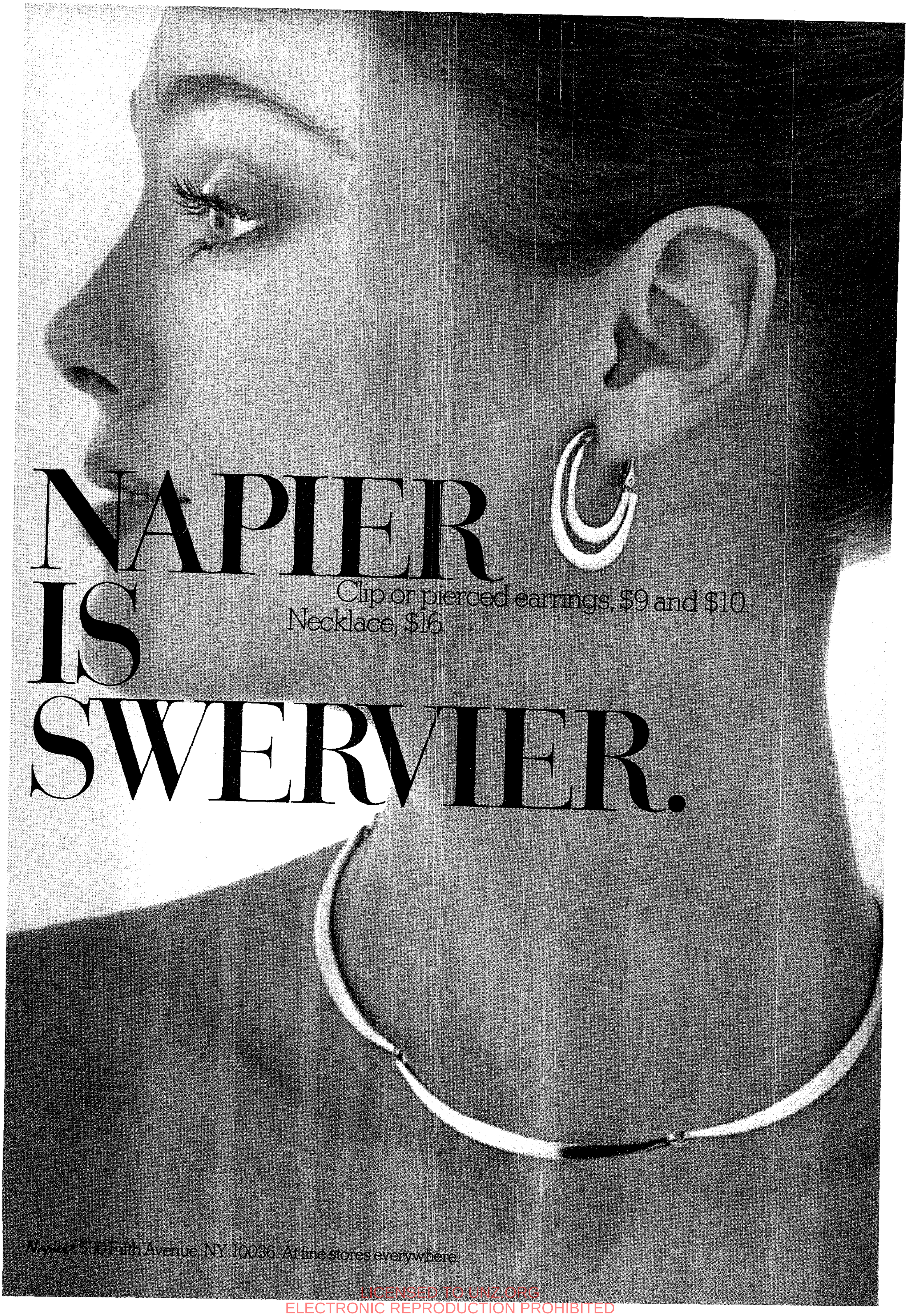
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look better under harder, brighter light than Mr. Sondheimer provided. "Carmina Burana" is done as a ballet, on a bare black-shrouded stage, with the chorus on benches at the back. John Butler's choreography, executed by Dennis Wayne's Dancers, bears little relation to the sense of the words or of Orff's music. Elizabeth Haley was sweet and true in the Korngold-like cantilena of "In trutina." In Abram Morales the company has a new tenor who can soar into the very high tessitura of the roast swan's song. Mr. Roe sang the baritone solos as firmly as he had spoken the "Oedipus" narration.

—ANDREW PORTER

●

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To walk into
This high room
Is a surrender
Like the graceful
& fragile diver
Stepping free from
The sixteen-metre
Tower. You have to be
Lucky to have
Your hands raised.
Think of accidents
Along the major
Outbound arteries,
How sleep may be
Simply the most
Important destination.
How drivers
Pull over as if
Overcome by ether.

Tired spaniels
Ramble in the woods
& the delinquent
Blackbirds jabber
In code, suggesting,
When crisp bushes
Slam like doors,
There may be men
Fumbling through
The trees.

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Are wound together,
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Is understood instantly
By everything green—
Who knows why
Sap bleeds from the maple
& the chewed spruce?
It's their world.
The blackbirds join us
In wondering where sleep is,
Its sweet erosion.

—BOB KAVEN

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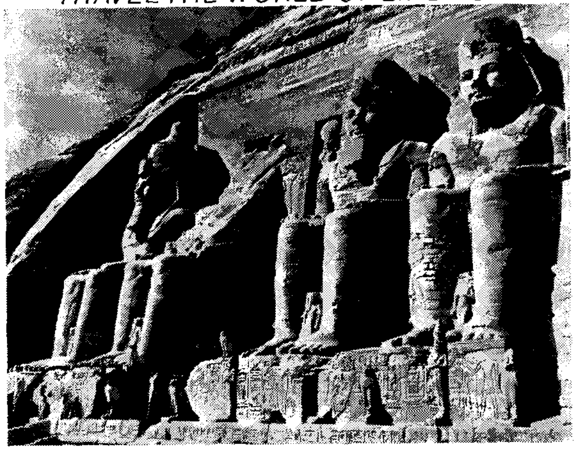

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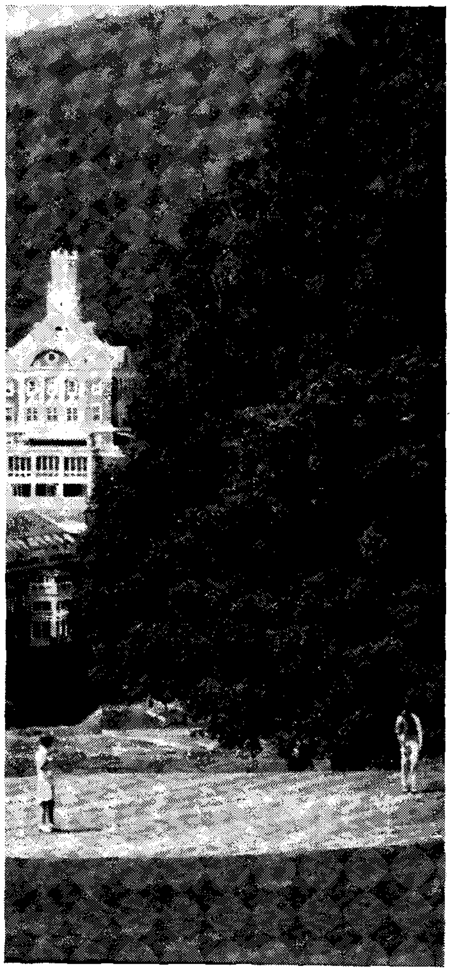

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Woody at His Best Yet

THERE was once a child of three with red hair who lived in a big house at the end of a long drive in a cold part of England. She had been given a toy wheelbarrow for Christmas. The wheelbarrow, she decided, was bound to have a purpose. Every winter morning, while her nanny was sitting over a cup of tea in the servants' hall, the child would go out into the bitter air to collect a few of the stones in the drive in her wheelbarrow and dump them in a heap in the wood alongside the drive. Her task, as she saw it, was to clear the drive of these impediments. She would mutter "Find more stones" to herself, overheard by the head gardener, as she trudged up and down the drive with the wheelbarrow at her self-allotted work.

The young Woody Allen, also redheaded, is shown in the brilliantly funny and rather racking "Annie Hall" as a character who might well have embarked on a job like this. You feel he would have had, at a very early age, the same teleological approach to toy wheelbarrows. The hero is called Alvy Singer, but biographically and neurotically he could pass for Woody Allen any day. Alvy was brought up in Brooklyn: a small, skinny boy in spectacles whose growth seems to have been impeded by his bearing the millstone of the world on his head. At some moment, the boy's family, whose heart lies mostly with chicken soup, says that he is depressed by having just learned that the universe is expanding. Alvy's worries are not small ones. In his adult life, he explains to a girlfriend that he has been jumpy since he gave up smoking. That was sixteen years ago. He treats his physique and his psyche rather like secondhand mechanisms for which engineers still hold out hope. It has been a full fifteen years since he went into analysis. He falls desperately in love with Annie Hall—Diane Keaton, of Allen's "Play It Again, Sam," "Sleeper," and "Love and Death," and one of the most dazzlingly and beguilingly funny girls in movies in years—who entrances him by her braininess. She also reassures him by having a set of phobias in a lighter vein than his own. Hers are minimal—an absolute inability to learn to drive, for instance ("We can walk to the curb from here," he says once, after she has parked)—whereas he buys any book with "death" or "dying" in the title. After they have split up, and have divided the books, she says firmly that the copy of "Death in Venice" he gave her was something he chose only for the name. Some of his other characteristics, which are obviously going to be as lifelong as his therapy sessions, include a fear that anti-Semitism is lurking everywhere ("D'you?" always has a dark and menacing other sound in his ears) and a mania about seeing a film from the absolute beginning to the absolute end, which drives him somehow to Marcel Ophuls' "The Sorrow and the Pity" again and again instead of going to whatever other film he has planned to see. When Annie arrives two minutes late to join him for Bergman's "Face to Face," he flatly refuses to go in. It would only mean missing two minutes of credits in Swedish, she says reasonably. But no. "The Sorrow and the Pity" it is again.

No "Face to Face," these two, but certainly side by side. Allen and Marshall Brickman, who collaborated on the script, have created a movie that slips in and out of a dual first-person narrative, using snatches of spoken thought by two characters of wry intelligence and a mock-fierce horse sense peculiar to Allen's humor: in him humor masks an extreme decorousness, courtesy to women, and fear of lobsters. It may be that in Woody Allen's imagination lobsters are a vastly magnified form of spider. Tackling the insanely difficult, Alvy masterminds the cooking of live lobsters, when steaks would at least have been quiescent; one of the lobsters behaves like a spider crawling up a bathroom pipe, and scuttles behind the fridge with the alarming Hitchcockian high-heeled noise peculiar to a lobster in a tantrum.

"Annie Hall" perfects a sort of humor that can best be described as psychoanalytic slapstick. It has a Geiger-counter ear for urban clichés, and a hatred of Los Angeles which is appealing to all who share it. Annie Hall falls in love with a Hollywood citizen, played by Paul Simon, who gives the sort of parties at which the hot Christmastide sun shines down on people dressed with self-conscious casualness who will talk about "Grand Illusion" as "a great film if you're high." Woody Allen listens, and pukes. He has come only to rescue his girl from all this, and heaven knows if he can do it. When he meets her at an outdoor café, he bravely orders alfalfa sprouts and a plate of mashed yeast. They tell each other—in the jargon

Dana Fradon

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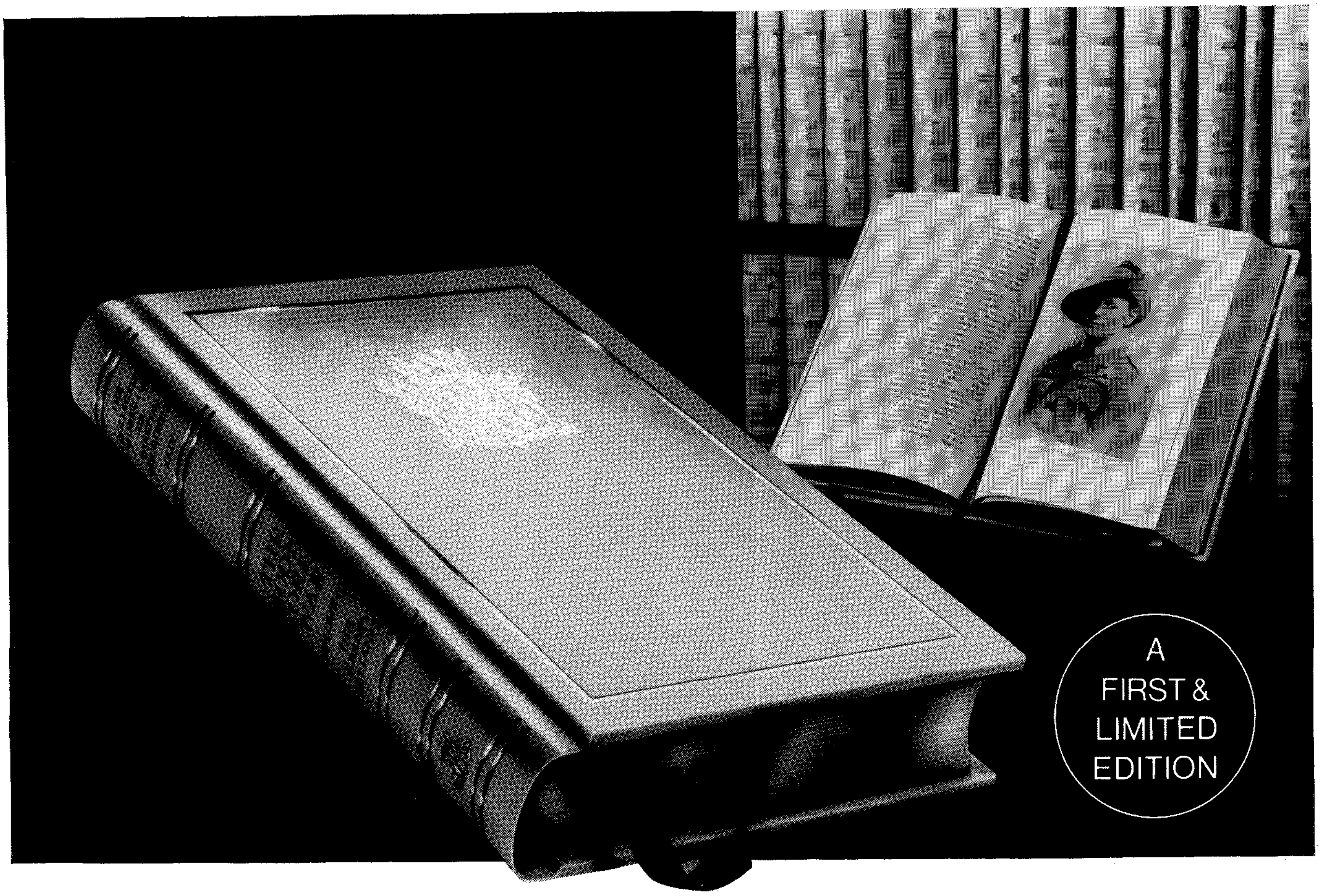

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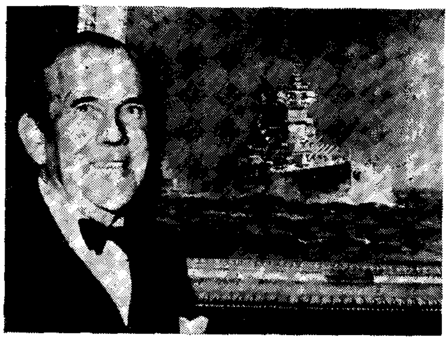

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the film bitterly notes—that they are doing the mature thing by splitting up. The movie dialogue deliberately exaggerates the habit of speaking in quotation marks which often seems now to be strangling simplicity.

"Annie Hall" goes further than any earlier Woody Allen film in the purity of its romanticism. This is a love story told with piercing sweetness and grief, for all its funniness. The hero is intelligent. That is one of the points. He is also debonair. That is another of the points. Like Buster Keaton, Woody Allen has made one of the rare comedies in existence about a well-heeled hero. Woody in "Annie Hall" is strongly like Buster Keaton in "The Navigator" when Keaton is chauffeur-driven across the road with a bouquet to court his girl. Adrift on an empty liner equipped for a thousand, Keaton alertly boils eggs for two by a self-made Emett contraption; like him, Woody Allen is spry, courtly, and alarmed, with a definite touch of the aristocratic about his small frame. In "Annie Hall," Woody Allen technically pushes far ahead of anything he has done in the cinema before, playing with ideas in film which he has been experimenting with in prose. His ear for metropolitan speech has never been finer, his approach to character never so direct, his feeling about hypocrisy never so ringing, his sobriety never so witty.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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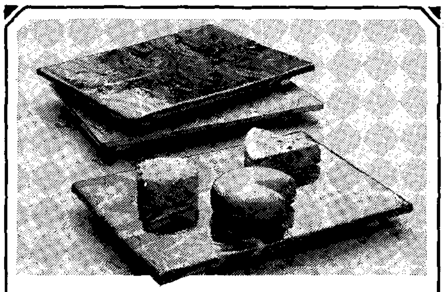

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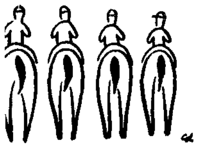
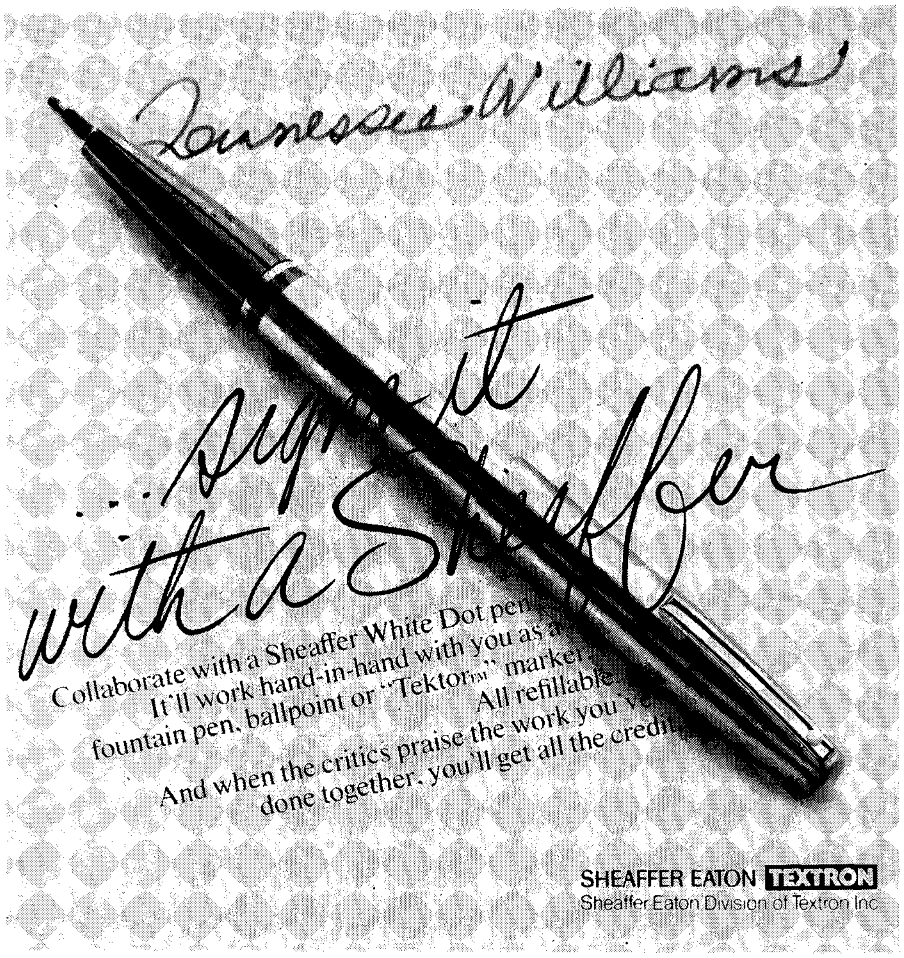


PANCHO MARTIN, who trains Turn and Count for Sigmund Sommer, says that the colt has a owed tendon, a quarter crack (a split oof), a curb on his left hock, and everal other physical problems, but hat he runs well. Indeed he does. Ridden by Cauthen in the Excelsior Handcap, at a mile and a furlong, at Aqueluct last Saturday, he looked nearly wenty lengths out of the running at ne point before coming through to vin by a length and a quarter. It was is third victory in eight starts (he was econd in the others), five of them in takes races, and under high weights. Ie's going to be given a little rest now, Martin says. Martin snowballed the ayout in the Excelsior, entering three f the six starters: Turn and Count, Gabe Benzur, who finished third, and Root Cause, who made the early runing but wound up last. The time was :23⅕, 0:47⅘, 1:12⅘, 1:38⅗, :51. The entry paid $2.80. Cauthen, vho had ridden Turn and Count in his ast four races, said, "When I made ny move, he went past Festive Mood asy." Taking one thing with another, Turn and Count's Excelsior was a renarkable performance. But then he's a emarkable horse. Despite his unsoundess (and at times it has been obvious), e runs willingly on all sorts of going, nd he works mornings as cheerfully as e runs afternoons. "We just try to eep him happy," Martin says.

FIRE that started in the clubhouse at Garden State Park during the racng last Thursday afternoon destroyed he clubhouse and the grandstand. Horsemen who were there say that here might have been a holocaust, for he stand had about ten thousand peole in it, and the old wooden buildings vent up like matchwood. But there was only one definitely known fatality: he volunteer chief of a fire battalion rom a nearby town, who died of a eart attack. Also, only twenty-four eople were hospitalized, most of them n account of smoke inhalation. There was no panic. In fact, track police had o shoo away horseplayers who were watching the sixth race from the lawn n front of the blazing stand. The barns, ull of horses, were never in danger, ecause the wind blew the sparks away



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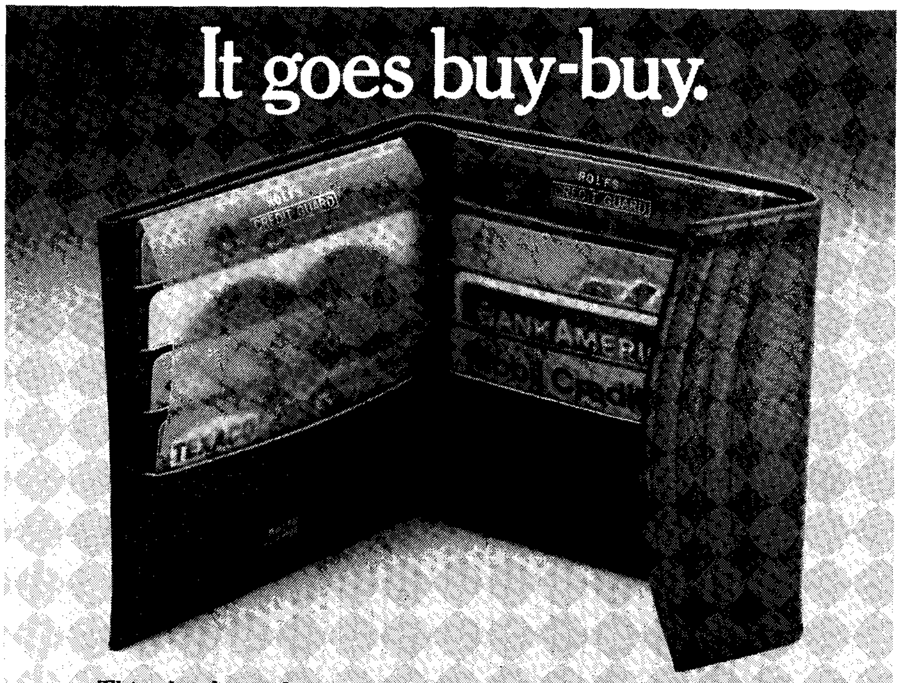

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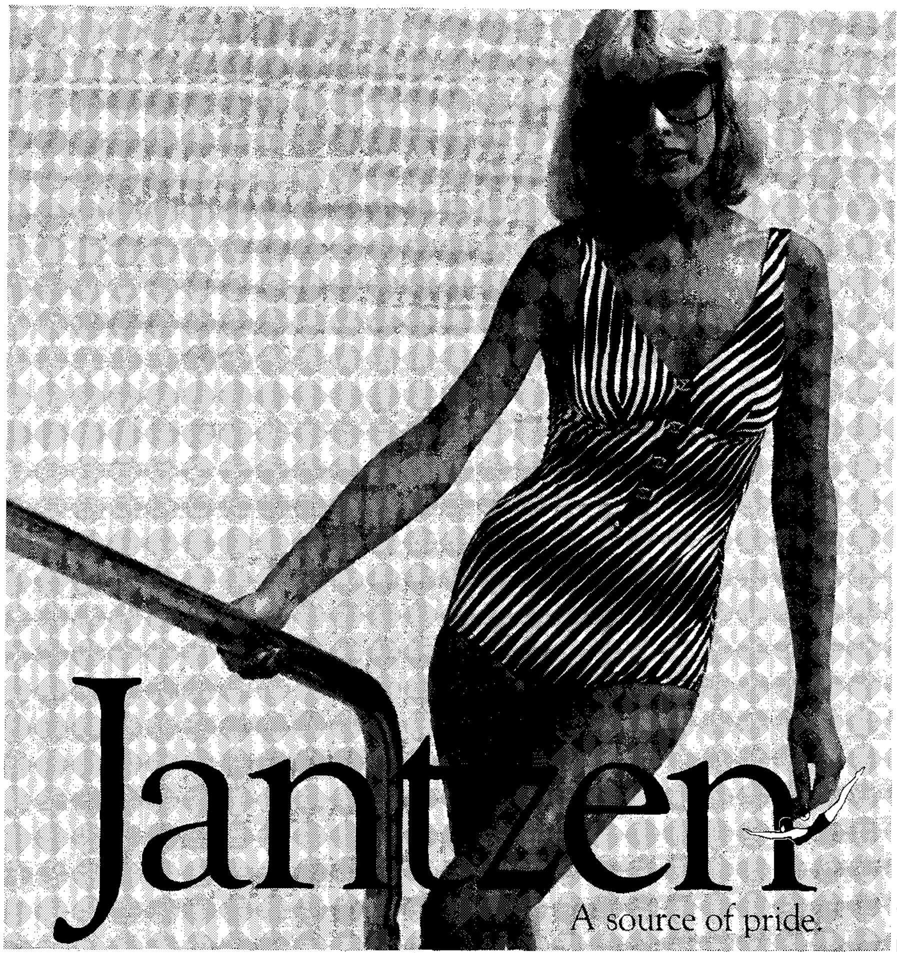
from the stables. Racing at Garde State had been scheduled to end o Memorial Day, following the runnin of the Jersey Derby. The Atlantic Cit track management has offered to handle the remaining dates, but that another matters will be taken up thi week. The late Eugene Mori, a Vineland, New Jersey, banker, built th Garden State track in 1942, bringin racing back to the state after about fift years. Because this country had entere the Second World War a few month before, steel and other metals for th stand were not available, so wood wa used, and the builders did such a goo job that for years the track was a showplace. Before work on the track wa begun, however, a group of zealot who wanted no racing in New Jerse (the congregation of the Rev. Car McIntire's Bible Presbyterian Church began praying day and night for rai heavy enough to stop construction o the track and the stand. They promise to keep it up until opening day, in July Elderly New Jersey farmers who live thereabouts still talk of the unusual dr spell that spring.

BALTIMORE will have the Preaknes Stakes on May 21st after all. Th strike of pari-mutuel clerks and othe track employees which had stopped racing in Maryland for a month ended and Pimlico opened last Saturday to crowd of nearly sixteen thousand, wit two stakes on the program. Though th Gallorette Handicap, for fillies an mares, which was won by Summertime Promise from Summer Session had a bigger purse, there was more interest in the Hirsch Jacobs Stakes, earlier in the afternoon, in which Roya Ski, weighted only a pound below Seattle Slew in the Experimental Handicap, made his first start of the season Royal Ski wore out badly through th stretch, and finished fourth, behin Iron Derby, Jeff's Try, and Tin Monk. Before the race, John J. Lenzini, Jr., Royal Ski's trainer, said that he would not run in the Kentucky Derby.

OUT in California last Sunday, Steve's Friend, a thirty-four-to-one shot, won the $200,000 Hollywood Derby by three parts of a length in a driving finish. Affiliate placed second, and Habitony, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, was third. Ten ran.

WRONG HORSE HARRY says that it would be a waste of time to look beyond Seattle Slew for the winner of the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend. —AUDAX MINOR



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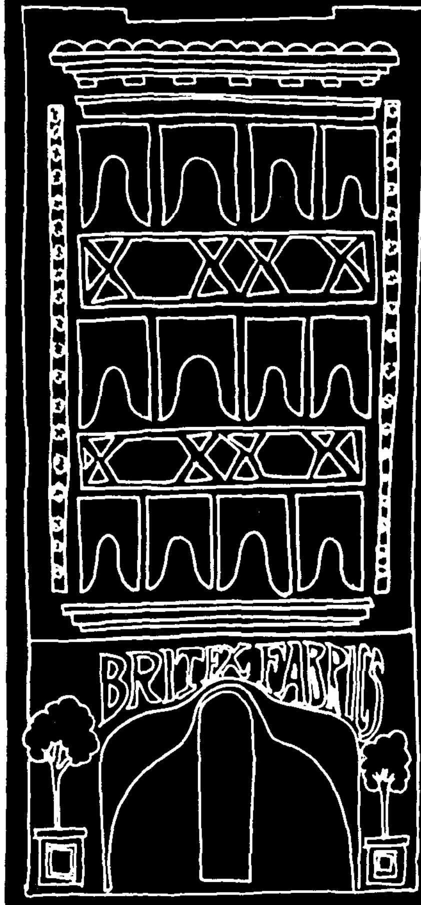

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BOOKS

Sleuths

IT cannot be fortuitous that so many of the masterpieces of Western literature turn on homicide and retribution: the "Oresteia," "Oedipus," "Hamlet," "Crime and Punishment," "The Brothers Karamazov." Murder ncarnates disorder; the discovery and punishment of the assassin restore the tructure of the community to equilibrium. The instruments of discovery can be those of direct exposure by the gods or furies. The clan or community may hunt as a vengeful pack. The killer may reveal himself through error or remorse. Often the avenger must identiy and track down his own quarry: hus Hamlet. In the supreme mouserap, it is Oedipus who, via a stringent process of analysis and examination, discovers that the murderer is Oedipus.

The history of law is that of the delegation of vengeance. In the "Oresteia," family blood feuds pass nto the trusteeship of a civic tribunal. Through gradual division of labor, the mob becomes the night watch. But for most of history such devolutions were chaotic. In 1828, the year before Peel nstituted a regular constabulary, law enforcement in London was splintered among some seventy bodies, many of hem scarcely distinguishable from the underworld they pursued, or joined in order to betray. In 1842, the notorious Bow Street Runners, a semiclandestine tribe of beaters and trackers often reliant on private gratuities, were succeeded by a rudimentary department of criminal detection. The Criminal Investigation Department, partly modelled on the French Sûreté, followed in the eighteen-seventies. By 1884, t numbered nearly eight hundred. This is the background against which the detective entered life and literature.

As Ian Ousby shows in "Bloodhounds of Heaven" (Harvard), the detective's antecedents were murky. If Jonathan Wild achieved a legendary efficiency in the apprehension of rogues and the restoration of stolen goods, it was because he himself was a virtuoso thief. His hanging, in 1725, gave equal satisfaction to criminals and lawful folk. All too often, the motive—or, indeed, provocation—for detection was blood money. Set a thief to catch a thief. This ambivalence informs William Godwin's "Caleb Williams" (1794), which Dr. Ousby picks as the first piece of English detective fiction. Godwin was a brilliant, dour radical and necessitarian who played a major part in the ideals and lives of the English Romantics. Shelley was his long-suffering son-in-law. "Caleb Williams" is a curious affair in which Godwin explores a favorite Romantic motif: that of the effects, at once corrosive and sanctifying, which remorse exercises on the human soul. Caleb, whose name is that of a Biblical spy, worms the secret of a long-past murder out of his master and benefactor, Falkland. The process of detection is one of insinuation and psychological pressure. Material clues matter far less than the subtly revelatory moments of mood, the brusque silences that tell of a mind harrowed by its black secret. At bay, the master seeks to turn on his man, but it is too late. Remorse has done its acid work. As Dr. Ousby notes, Falkland's final gesture is the most penetrating moment in the book: acknowledging his guilt, he throws himself into Caleb's arms. He accepts—indeed, in some mysterious vein he welcomes—the fact that his name will be "consecrated to infamy." It is now Caleb who, in the very instant of vindication, becomes a murderer. He has consigned to lingering torment another man's repute. According to Dr. Ousby, this climax is "echoed a century later in the deadly embrace of Holmes and Moriarty at the Reichenbach Falls." Surely the analogies lie elsewhere: in those many archetypes of fusion, of identification between hunter and hunted, between killer and victim, of which Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray and Dostoevski's Raskolnikov are brilliant instances. Falkland and Caleb Williams have grown to need each other; Holmes and Moriarty grapple in mortal strife.

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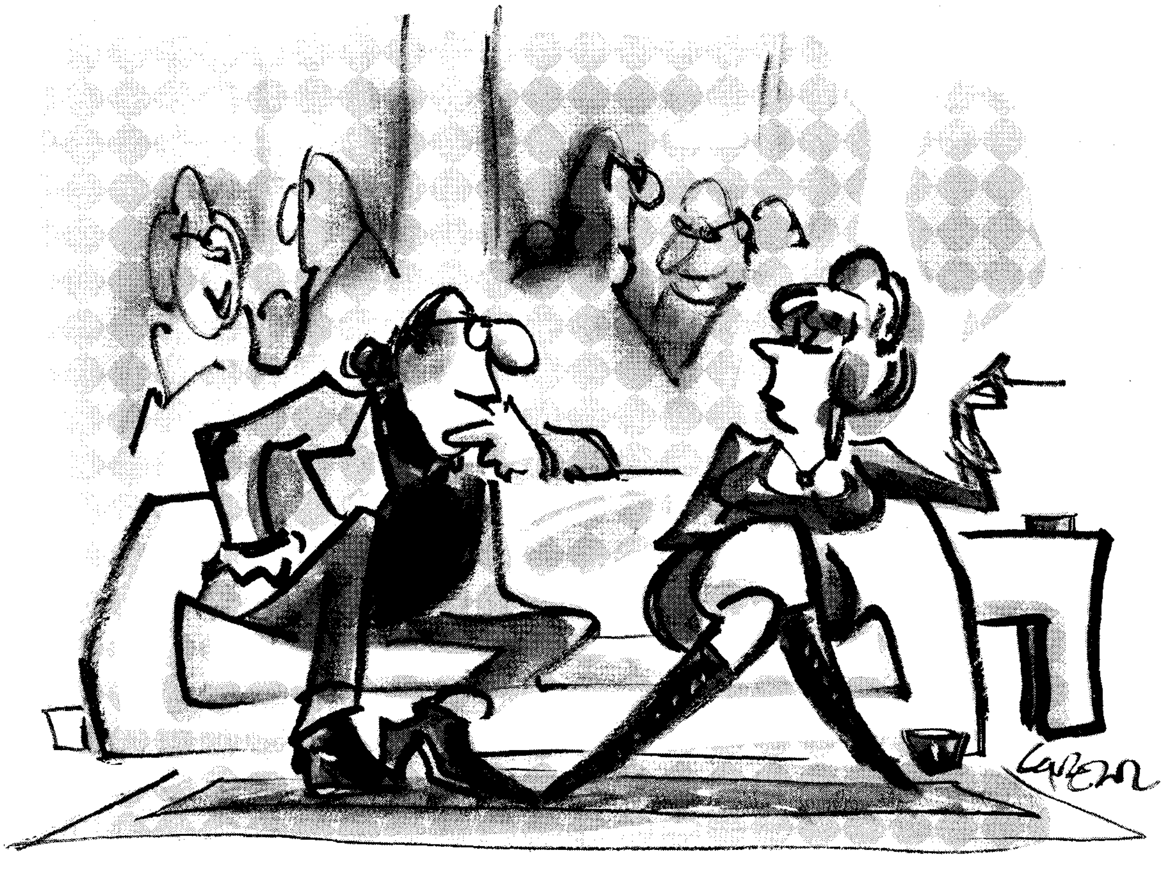

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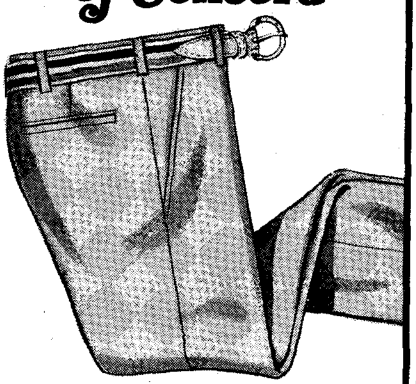

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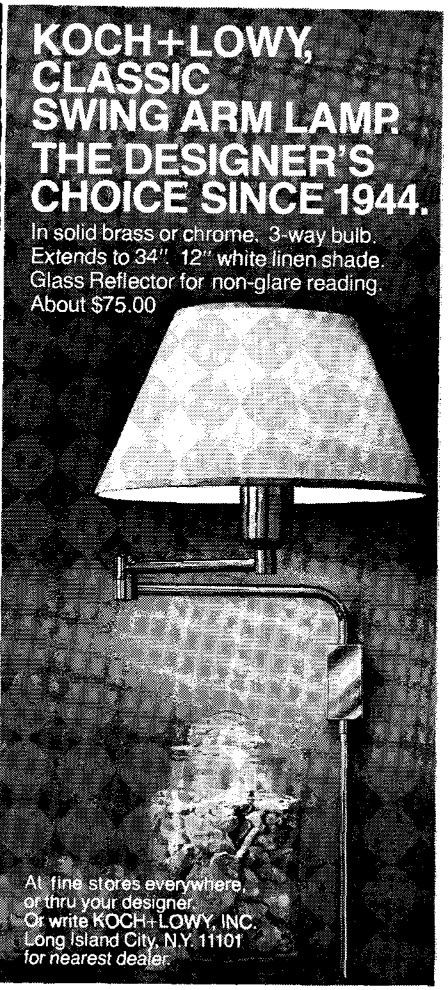
bellishment, in his "Memoirs" (1828-29), they inspired novelists, playwrights, and filmmakers from the time of Balzac to that of "Les Enfants du Paradis." Their success in England was momentous, and imitations multiplied. The detective as disguise artist, as mysterious protector of the poor or falsely accused, and as an individual in whose private life the tone is one of genteel domesticity became quickly established. He is, as Dr. Ousby acutely remarks, very close to the model of the good fairy or secret philanthropist: "In the complex and perilous world of the metropolis he acts as the defender of embattled innocence and champion of the dominant social morality. The characterization, common in the age, neatly fulfills the double function of mass literature, offering both fantastic adventure and reassuring didacticism." Bounty and crime, hallucinatory events and a sound moral—the brew stood ready for a mixer of genius.

From the very early "Pickwick Papers" to his last work, the incomplete "Mystery of Edwin Drood," Dickens was mesmerized by violent crime. Murder signified to him that final challenge to social order, that strain of darkness in the fabric of convention, which his sensibility both dreaded and sought. In Dickens' campaign against capital punishment and in his advocacy of penal reform, with their formidably histrionic presentations of the condemned man's agonies, lodged a profound ambiguity. The material repelled and drew Dickens with equal force. He could not keep it from his mind. Dr. Ousby concentrates on the handling of detection in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Bleak House." Nadgett, who tracks down the killer in "Martin Chuzzlewit," carries an aura of criminality, as did Jonathan Wild and Vidocq. Sprung from the duplicities and labyrinths of the new urban environment, Nadgett is a necessary evil. His masks are so many that he comes to doubt his own identity. Bucket, the sleuth in "Bleak House," is a far more winning personage. Based on Inspector Field, the head of the London Detective Department, he exudes an air of almost supernatural ubiquity; he seems to appear everywhere with the same uncanny poise. Yet, when he so purposes, his ministrations are of the most solacing and domestic order. In a tale notable for the manifold intricacy of its social settings and motives, Bucket is the agent of coherence. Where he cannot prevent tragedy, his tact and robust humaneness help the survivors to an understanding, to an acceptance of



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heir experiences. His name, as Ousby omments, symbolizes a matching grace f ordinariness and depth.

Wilkie Collins' indebtedness to)ickens was obvious. Nevertheless,)usby points out, it is in "The Moon:one," published in 1868, that "the eader encounters for the first time 1 English fiction that world, now so amiliar in modern detective novels, /here all the apparently incidental deails of the narrative are made to conribute to the final elucidation of the roblem." Every character misreads he motives and behavior of the others.)nly Sergeant Cuff realizes this. His wn simultaneous fascination with roses nd crime instructs him that "the naure of a man's tastes is, most times, s opposite as possible to the nature of man's business." His own hybrid emper, moreover, elicits contradictory eactions from those whom he is scruinizing. This gives him an edge, which e patiently exploits. But he is far rom omniscient. The truth about the 'theft" of the moonstone emerges iecemeal and collectively as individual nd seemingly irreconcilable accounts f the same happenings fall into rationl place. It is only thus that Sergeant Cuff can justify the most famous line 1 the book: "Nobody has stolen the)iamond."

Nineteen years separate Wilkie Colins' novel from "A Study in Scaret," and it was not only Collins who nfluenced Conan Doyle but Poe nd Émile Gaboriau. Like Sherlock Iolmes, Poe's Dupin had been used as he recurrent principal of a series of tories; he also was presented through he eyes of an admiring friend; his astes were recondite; his methods were hose of stringent scientific rationalism. Each of these traits was to be exploited ind enriched in the cases Conan Doyle ublished from 1887 to 1927. Dr.)usby has useful things to say of)oyle's minute exactness of description,)f his supreme attentiveness to the sur'ace of life. He argues that contem)orary readers relished the sense of igh excitement Holmes derived from he ordinary physical world that they hemselves inhabited. He traces changes n Holmes's style, such as that between he decadence and dandyism of the first tories and the reassuring middle-class values and patriotic fervor of the midlle and late affairs. Holmes becomes both a scientific wizard and the perfect gentleman hero. If he is the world's preëminent expert on bicycle tires, tobacco ash, and sailors' knots, if his incisive learning extends to Celtic philology and the names of American

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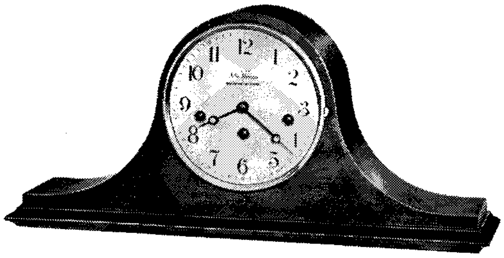

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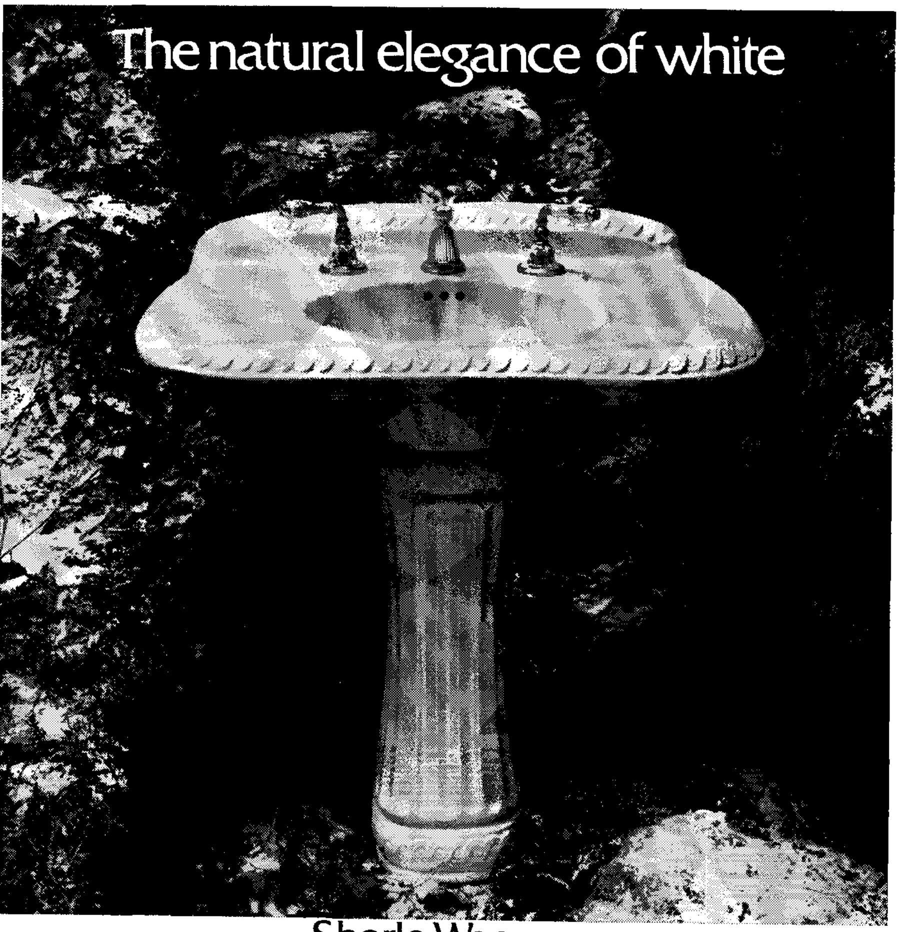

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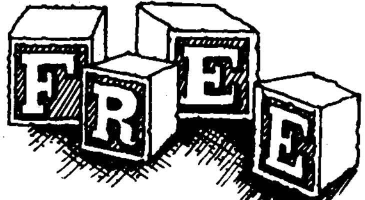

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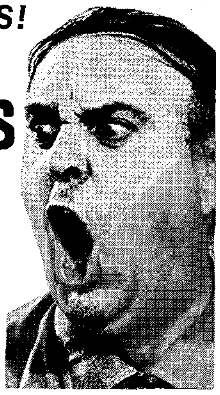

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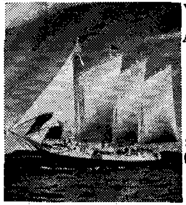

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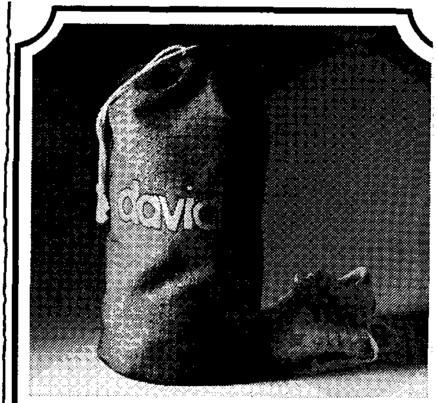
gunsmiths, he is also the infinitely gallant, ever discreet champion of beauteous damsels and threatened royalty. But he is, of course, much more than that, and Dr. Ousby's chapter is a disappointment.

The Holmes-Watson structure constitutes one of the most prodigious successes in the history of the human imagination. For palpable reality, for immediacy of recognition, in a score of languages, the figures of the two men, the world of Baker Street and of the game afoot match and perhaps outclass those of such other archetypes as Don Quixote and Hamlet. The London of fogs and Limehouse docks, 221-B Baker Street (the most solid of imagined houses), the Baskerville moors, the luminous shadow of Irene Adler continue to possess the inner landscape of countless readers. To literally hundreds of thousands of men and women, nineteenth-century England and the world of the Victorians are as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle construed them. The founts of this magic are complex. Though there was much in Doyle of Watson's tweedy robustness, there was also a shadow side, which Dr. Ousby ignores. Sir Arthur was committed to spiritualism, and risked reputation and wealth in his pursuit of communication with the dead. Something in this disappointed author of ponderous historical novels was in longing touch with those springs of unconscious being from which the enduring shapes of the imagination draw their genius.

For the point is this: Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Don Juan and Leporello, Pickwick and Sam Weller, Laurel and Hardy, Prince Hal and Falstaff enact a primal configuration. It is the relation, the dialectic of indivisibility, of two archetypes in each one of us: the tall, thin persona and the small, fat one, the straight line and the circle, the ascetic and the sensuous, the cerebral and the intuitive, the spiritual and the fleshly. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson are a marvellously complete realization of this primal pairing. In one of the innumerable archetypal instants in their quest, Holmes glides swiftly through a set of iron bars but Watson, too portly, is stuck. Yet Holmes cannot complete the venture without Watson's aid. In their reciprocities, irony and adulation, solitude and dependence are perfectly meshed. And when, in the tale of "The Three Garridebs," Watson is injured, the consequence is a ritual of exalted revelation (Dr. Ousby cites the passage): "It was worth a wound—it was worth many wounds—to know the



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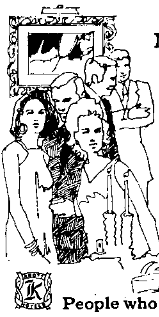

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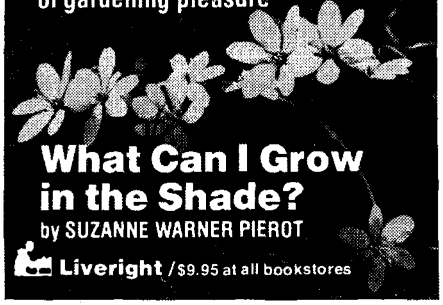

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depth of loyalty and love which lay behind that cold mask. The clear, hard eyes were dimmed for a moment, and the firm lips were shaking. For the one and only time I caught a glimpse of a great heart as well as of a great brain. All my years of humble but single-minded service culminated in that moment of revelation." We are in the realm of knight and squire, in that locale of final loyalty which seems to underlie so many masculine fantasies.

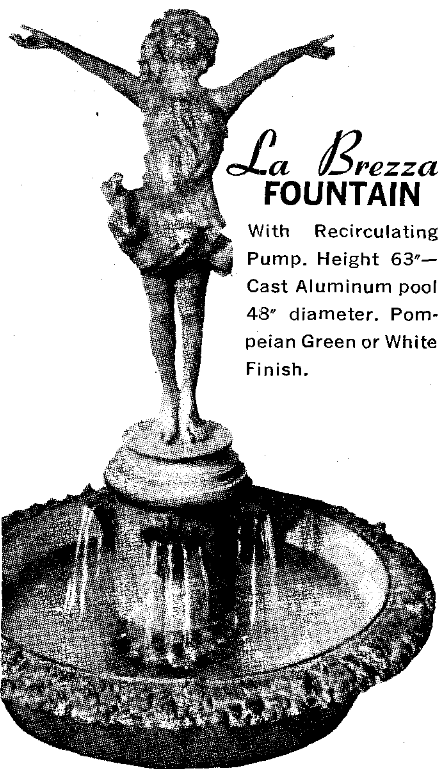
Dr. Ousby concludes by pointing out how crass such fantasies became in John Buchan's Richard Hannay and Sapper's Bulldog Drummond. His thesis (it bears the honorable scars of its academic origin) is that the mass horrors and lunacy of world war dissipated the stable world order in which an enigmatic chevalier such as Holmes could be effective. This, surely, is part of the story; so is the advent of psychoanalysis, with its new sacraments of detection and exposure. The ego had become the private eye.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A QUIET LIFE, by Beryl Bainbridge (Braziller). The pinched, bleak life of an elaborately unhappy, genteel-at-all-costs English middle-class family of the nineteen-forties. The setting of this murderously restrained story is a small, gossipy seaside town just after the Second World War, when German prisoners of war are still incarcerated in a camp near the sea. Father, a ne'er-do-well bumbler, still wears his air-raid warden's beret around the house; Mother, a vain, disappointed romantic, has never forgiven Father for losing in speculation the money she married him for; Madge, their daughter, boils with rebelliousness, which she tries to cover up with whimsical charm; and Alan, their son and the narrator of the book, anguishes in silence over his parents' squabbles and tries to compensate for what he feels is his family's weirdness by being as controlled and conventional as possible. Their house is so small that everyone is constantly grazing his head or tripping over something, and the few corners that might afford privacy have been declared out of bounds by Mother except for company. Crumbs on the floor are observed and discussed, but neither the daughter's affair with a German soldier nor Father's ill health is considered a real possibility, so no one



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notices it. Mrs. Bainbridge has an unfailingly accurate ear for the way that members of a family browbeat one another with chitchat, and a sense of detail that makes the reader feel totally caught up in her characters' pain.

OCELYN, by John Galsworthy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Published under a pseudonym in 1898 and never again until now, "Jocelyn" is John Galsworthy's first novel—the only one that he completely rejected in later years. His biographer Catherine Dupré suggests in an afterword that the book is based on his illicit affair with his cousin's wife, Ada, and that he rejected it because he found it "too revealing." "Too revealing" is a kind critique; in fact, the book is an unwittingly funny Victorian melodrama, as dated as a gothic sideboard. Giles Legard, a gentleman of "more than sufficient means," drifting in a loveless marriage to an invalid wife, falls into a passionate romance with restless, beautiful, twenty-two-year-old Jocelyn Ley, and both lovers writhe in agonies of guilt over their unspeakable crime. The setting is the Riviera, evoked by some fine natural descriptions and a great deal of overworked stuff about gambling at Monte Carlo. But the choice bits are the masochistic declarations of honor: "In return for an hour of mad, intoxicating passion, he had bartered everything!" and "At whatever cost he would not crown the disgrace of his manhood by forcing himself upon her!" and " 'Promise me,' he said with an eager ring in his voice, '*whatever comes*, you won't shut me quite away from you! Promise you'll let me share your suffering!' " and so on.

GENERAL

HE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHAUCER, by John Gardner (Knopf). Learned, long-winded, and exuberant, this book tells all that can be known or suspected about Chaucer's life and times, and probably more than an ordinary uninvolved reader will be curious to hear. Not that Mr. Gardner is a pedantic guide to Chaucer's world, but his tour does involve a lot of exposition. His Chaucer is a gentle, wise man, a devoted student of love, worldly yet trusting in a benign and merciful God, and deserving of all the affection that countless readers have felt for him all these centuries. The book provides a masterly survey of the philosophical, po-

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VIKING

Most of these stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

litical, and social background of Chaucer's life; it makes tolerant use of other scholars' research; it delves lucidly into such questions as the possibility that Chaucer may have married his wife, Philippa Roet, as a favor to his friend John of Gaunt, who appears to have got her pregnant; and it returns again and again to Chaucer's poetry as evidence of his sane, healthy views. Mr. Gardner does not hesitate to fill in historical gaps with his own prankish inventions—witness his comments on the poet's birth: "A difficult delivery, the midwives up till dawn; it was feared they'd be forced to toss the mother in a blanket to get the labor spasms right (or else it was not a difficult delivery and took place in, say, the afternoon, and the midwives stood beaming in their nunnish attire, blowing on their fingers because the winter was cold; or they were absent, having gone to the wrong address). He was born, at any rate."

SEVEN CONTINENTS AND FORTY YEARS: A CONCENTRATION OF MEMOIRS, by C.L. Sulzberger (Quadrangle). This book (the oddly phrased subtitle means that it is made up of excerpts from four previously published volumes of reminiscences) will be a treasure to future historians. It is an informal, rich record of conversations with the men and women who have been at the top of world events—from Edvard Beneš in Prague in 1938 to Chou En-lai in Peking in 1973. Mr. Sulzberger is a newspaperman who always goes to headquarters for his stories; he rarely seeks out the man in the street. Nor is he a one-shot interviewer; he goes back again and again to his lofty sources, until they know and trust him. They see him after hours and eat and drink with him, and sometimes charge him with ticklish diplomatic errands. In a foreword, his old friend André Malraux says, "You are about to read a hubbub of giants' voices." For the most part, Mr. Sulzberger is content to set down what the giants said, seldom giving an opinion of his own. As a result, the hubbub is a little confusing and a little monotonous.

ELIOT'S EARLY YEARS, by Lyndall Gordon (Oxford). Mrs. Gordon, using T. S. Eliot's notebooks and manuscripts and a manageable number of biographical facts, has interpreted the poet's early years and his early writings so that the life reflects

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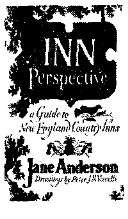

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the work, and vice versa. She shows that despite Eliot's insistence on the impersonality of art his poetry was rooted in his experience and had aspects of spiritual autobiography. His grandfather was an enterprising minister, his mother a failed scholar who wrote passionate didactic verse, and though Eliot rejected the decayed New England Unitarianism of his family he retained a visionary's search for enlightenment. This search reached fulfillment in 1927, when, at the age of thirty-eight, he was baptized as an Anglican in the English village of Finstock. Mrs. Gordon rounds off his early years with this event, but she places the actual turning point of his life in 1914, when he first interested himself in the lives of saints and, through successive rewritings of such poems as "The Waste Land," began seeking a religious direction for his life. Much of the story is familiar—the poet's ordeals in his impulsive first marriage, for instance—but the lucid and thorough tracing of the various strands makes this a valuable and notable book.

IN LENINGRAD, by Joseph Wechsberg (Doubleday). A discursive biography-*cum*-portrait of Russia's second city. This is the sort of thing Mr. Wechsberg does well: he is entertaining and anecdotal, and at the end you find that you have absorbed a surprising amount of information. He tells of the Romanov past, and how Peter the Great created the city as an act of will; of the building of the palaces and monuments; of Catherine the Great's amassing of the treasures of the Hermitage; of the Revolution of 1917; and of life in Leningrad today. Included is a powerful chapter on the great siege of 1941-44—eight hundred and eighty days of progressive starvation and death, with Ritter von Leeb's troops only a streetcar ride from the center of the city.

HARRY HOPKINS: A BIOGRAPHY, by Henry H. Adams (Putnam). A professional, scrupulous account that could easily have been twice as long, because its subject, President Franklin Roosevelt's gray eminence, did so many fascinating jobs and was involved with so many fascinating people. Hopkins' first set of tasks was domestic: he headed the W.P.A. through the worst of the Depression. During Roosevelt's second term, the author tells us, Hopkins planned to run for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1940, until his health,

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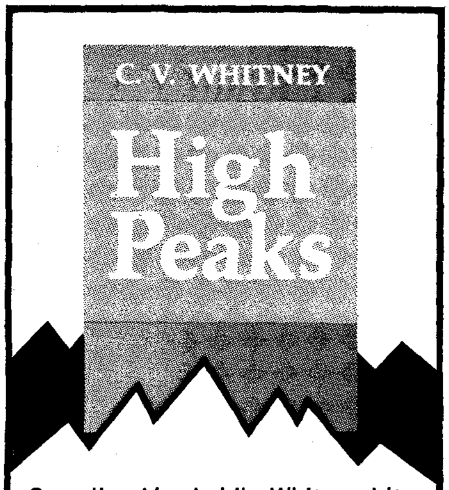

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never good, deteriorated to the point where he thought himself lucky merely to be alive. Thus Hopkins' second career, as the President's wartime fact finder, negotiator, and expediter, was, among other things, something of a medical miracle. Adams repeatedly emphasizes that the peculiar asset which made Hopkins so valuable was his speedy analytic intelligence: he could isolate the crucial issue from the mess of facts, arguments, opinions, and feelings that pile up around questions of policy.

Gunpowder, Treason and Plot, by C. Northcote Parkinson (St. Martin's). In counter-espionage, as in judo, the trick is to use the weight of your opponent against him. Three treasonous plots were hatched against Queen Elizabeth I, and one literally explosive one against her successor, James I, and in each case the sovereign's ministers were able to foil the conspirators—thus demonstrating the deadly risks of treason, enhancing the monarchy's position over the aristocracy, and revealing God's favor toward a Protestant England. Mr. Parkinson, setting the stage with the Elizabethan conspiracies, here tells the fascinating story of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, which involved an assortment of desperate Catholics, the first bomb scare in history, a prearranged occasion for James I to show off his royal wisdom, and a cool-headed masterpiece of counter-espionage by the King's Secretary of State, Lord Salisbury. It all makes for excellent popular history.

Note: "The Last Place on Earth," Harold T. P. Hayes' portrait of the Serengeti Plain, has been published by Stein & Day. Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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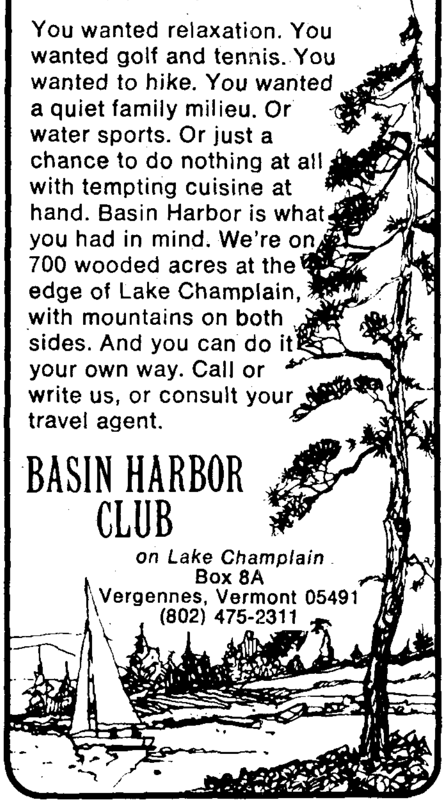

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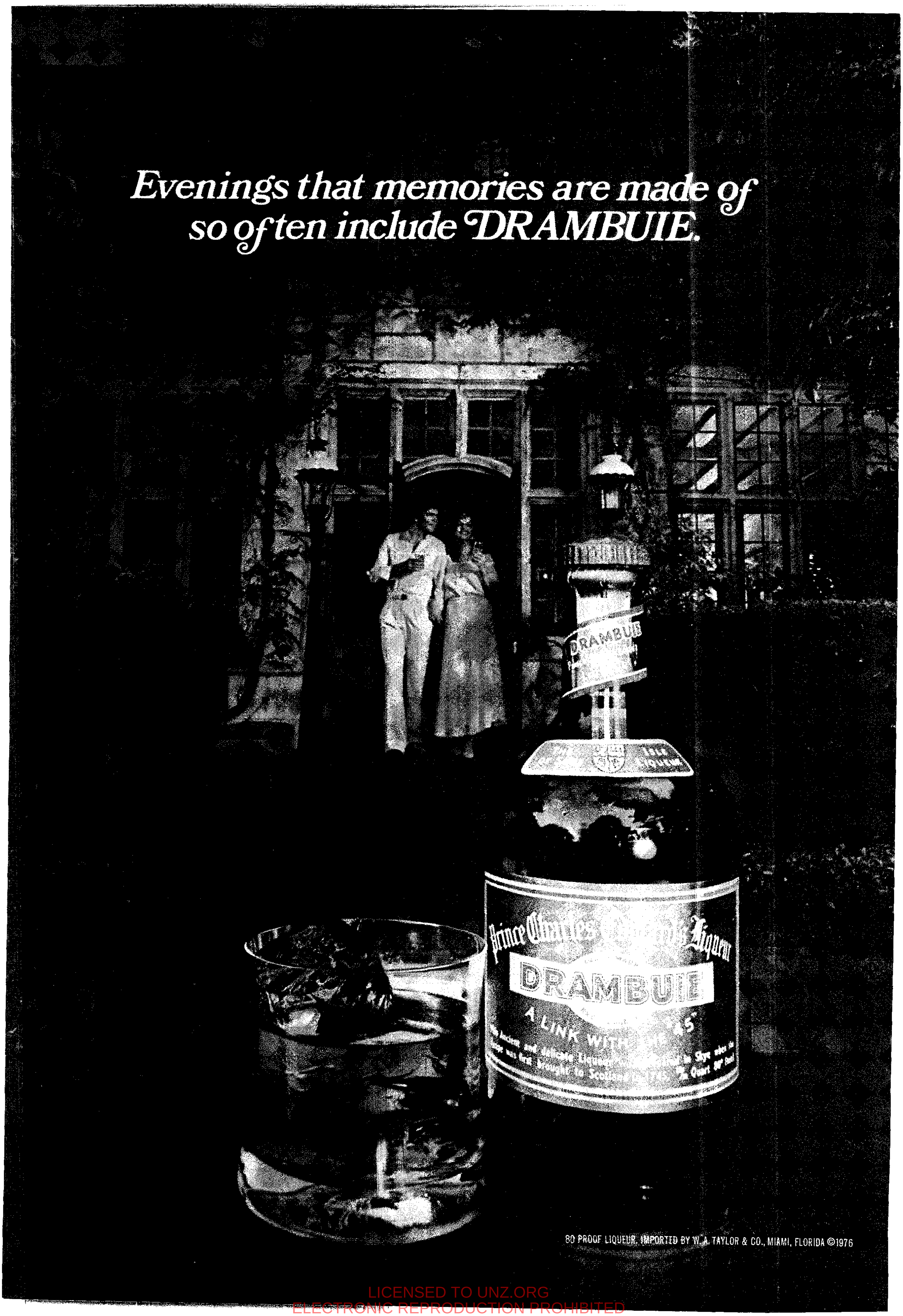
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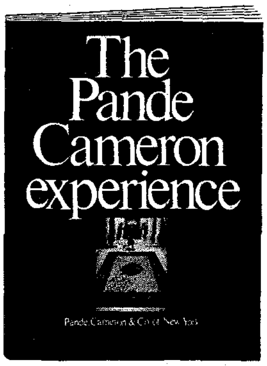

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